EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* APRIL

APRIL *hath* 30 days — *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS — 1913

FROM THE OLD ENGLISH OF BEOWULF

While Aprille showres bring forth Maie flowres,
According to ye Farmer's cry;
Ye rains of Spring doe likewise bring
Ye double-hedder in July.

PREDICTION FOR APRIL, 1913

While we are less than a Hugh Fullerton in the matter of statistics, we are a fearless and intrepid forecaster; hence the assurance is given that when James Thorpe of the New York Giants steps up to bat in his first big league game at the Polo Grounds, New York, assuming the attendance to be 10,612, there will be given 10,612 imitations of the Indian war-whoop.

FARMER'S ALMANACK

Automobile lamps should be lighted at 6:40 P. M. on April 1, and about one minute later each evening until April 30.

The best cigars are those imported from Havana.

About this time it is well to study Bach and his influence on contrapuntal music.

A young man going through Harvard University should not spend more than $8,000 per year.

FASCINATING FACTS

The sum of the digits in 1913 is 14. This will be true of no other year until 1922. Be patient.

"Paradise Lost" was written by John Milton, an English poet, who has been dead for many years.

Europe is a peninsula. Its water boundary, if a continuous line, would reach four-fifths of the way around the world.

ANSWERS

A. H.: No, we do not accept parsnips on subscription.

G. M. M.: Light travels faster than heat. Perhaps that is why the sun rises before your janitor turns on the heat.

W. P. E.: The capital of Bohemia is Kennebunkport, with the stress on the penult. It is marked in red ink on the map.

1—Tu.—William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, born, 1578. J. P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller give entire fortunes to the American public, 1913.*

2—W. —U. S. Mint established, 1792. Nicholas Murray Butler, Columbia University's greatest president since Seth Low, born, 1862.

3—Th.—Washington Irving born, 1783. Reginald DeKoven born, 1859.

4—Fr. —Linus Yale, Jr., inventor of the world's greatest anti-socialistic device, born, 1821. *Warmer.*

5—Sa. —Frank R. Stockton born, 1834. Swinburne born, 1837.

6—Su. —Petrarch's Laura died, 1348. Washington chosen president of our† U. S., 1789.

7—M. —Wordsworth born, 1770.

8—Tu.—Duel between Henry Clay and John Randolph, 1826.

9—W. —Adam finds upkeep more expensive than initial cost, B. C. 3986. Cincinnati, Chicago, and New York baseball fans enthusiastic about new managers, Tinker, Evers, and Chance.

10—Th.—Baseball season opens, 1913. *Cloudy with showers.*

11—Fr. —Civil War begins, 1861. Fort Pulaski surrenders, 1862.

12—Sa. —All duties repealed by Great Britain except on tea, 1770.

13—Su. —Editor EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK wishes it were summer, 1913.

14—M. —Lincoln assassinated, 1865.

15—Tu.—English settlers, on foot, arrive at New Haven, on time, 1638. Henry James born of English-speaking parents, 1843.

16—W. —*African* slavery abolished in District of Columbia, 1862.

17—Th.—J. Bruce Ismay boards S. S. *Carpathia*, 1912. New York baseball fans disappointed with Frank Chance, 1913.

18—Fr. —Paul Revere sets alarm clock, 1775. Richard Harding Davis born, 1864. San Francisco earthquake, 1906.

19—Sa. —Indignation meeting held by Massachusetts school children because anniversary of Battle of Lexington falls on Saturday, 1913.

20—Su. —Siege of Boston, 1775. Cincinnati baseball fans disappointed with Joseph Tinker's management, 1913.

21—M. —Josh Billings born, 1818. Spring, well-known season, begins, 1913.

22—Tu.—Lindley Murray born, 1745. Young man's fancy turns handspring, as advertised by Tennyson, 1913.

23—W. —First operation for appendicitis performed, 1887. Shakespeare died, 1616.

24—Th.—Edmund Cartwright, inventor of power-loom, ancestor of Schedule K, born, 1743.

25—Fr. —Oliver Cromwell born, 1599. Livelier iris comes upon the burnished dove, B. C. 1225.

26—Sa. —Martha Finley, author of the "Elsie" books, born, 1828.

27—Su. —**Rogation Sunday.** U. S. Grant born, 1822.

28—M. —James Monroe born, 1758. Chicago baseball fans dissatisfied with John J. Evers's management of team, 1913.

29—Tu.—Matthew Vassar born, 1792. David Belasco accused of plagiarism, 1901–12.

30—W. —Washington inaugurated, 1789. Louisiana admitted, 1812. Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed, 1745.

*April Fool! †and Mr. Morgan's.

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THE FAMOUS ROOSEVELT ROAD, LEADING UP THE CAÑON TO THE ROOSEVELT DAM. THIS IS THE FINEST SCENIC HIGHWAY IN THE SOUTHWEST—ANOTHER BIG ITEM ADDED TO THE COST OF THE SALT RIVER PROJECT.—"*Uncle Sam, Lawbreaker*," *Page* 435.

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Everybody's Magazine

APRIL
1913

MAIN BUSINESS STREET IN PHŒNIX, ARIZONA.

UNCLE SAM, *Lawbreaker*

by

FRANK BLIGHTON

THIS is a story about the dam that Uncle Sam built—the Roosevelt Dam, far up in the desert mountain region of Arizona, seventy miles from Phœnix.

It is not, however, a story of sensational graft. I am not going to prove that the enormous rubble arch wall, 280 feet high, is really made of papier-mâché.

It's far more important than that. And, besides, even if the rubble arch turned out to be papier-mâché, the fact wouldn't be much of a "news" story in these days of police graft, land steals, starvation wages, and stock-market rigging.

This is a farce-tragedy. Whether it's tragedy or farce depends upon whether your pocketbook is affected. If you live in the populous East or Middle West, if your digestion is good and your income agreeable, and if you "just don't care" generally, it's a farce.

Most of the comedy consists in the fact that Uncle Sam has been "caught with the goods."

For many years now the Attorney-General has been cast for the chief comedy rôle in the amusing playlet entitled "Busting the Trusts." Such dragon combines as the Oil, the Tobacco, the Whisky, the Coffee, the Shipping, the Copper, the Bathtub, the Butter, the Coal, the Woolen, the Leather, and finally the Money Trust, have been attacked with polite decorum by our Siegfried attorneys; but instead of using the magical sword of the Niebelungenlied, they have flourished only a hunting-horn. And, of course, the result has been merely sound—pleasant, harmonious sound.

While all this trust-busting has occupied the major activities of one branch of the government, another branch has broken the same law the trusts have violated.

This, it seems to me, gives the proper turn for ending the last act of the play.

The principal characters are:

(1) The Reclamation Service (impersonated by Louis C. Hill, alternating with a higher official, disguised);

(2) The Pacific Gas and Electric Company (which appears in the early acts under other names);

(3) The Mob (played by the consumers of the city of Phœnix and the settlers and water-users of the Salt River Valley).

In order to portray accurately the atmosphere, and the *mise en scène*, it will be necessary to present a few aspects of the subject

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THE SALT RIVER VALLEY DESERT BEFORE IRRIGATION MADE IT FERTILE.

of conservation. (Sorry, but it can't be helped.)

Conservation is, unfortunately, one of those terms you're always reading about in the papers but never clearly visualize. Ask your neighbor on the way to the office some morning, and ten to one he'll reply that it's something the Government ought to do out west somewhere.

As a matter of fact, "conservation of our natural resources"—whatever those are—was really started ten years ago. Of course the agitation for it dates many years earlier. The exact year is a nice point of research for indefatigable antiquarians. But the actual activity of the Government has been confined to the last decade. In 1902, Congress passed the Newlands Reclamation Act. This law provides for the use of national funds to reclaim arid lands by irrigation projects. These reclaimed lands are to be subdivided into small holdings among *actual* settlers. The cost of any irrigation project is to be paid back by these settlers in ten annual instalments. Uncle Sam merely acts as a credit agency for prospective tillers of arid soil.

This, briefly, is the irrigation aspect of conservation.

In great areas of the Southwest and mountain states, where the fall of rain seems as rare as Leap Year, the four necessities of life are, in their order of importance, water, food, clothing, and shelter. Successful farming has to be done by irrigation. And successful irrigation can be accomplished only after huge expenditures of money on engineering projects such as few private companies, few states, and no individuals are ready to undertake.

The peculiar thing about these arid lands is that, although almost unproductive naturally, they yield enormous crops when irrigated. Their value to the nation is so obvious that it isn't worth while to listen to those who question the policy of the Government's undertaking their reclamation. Life's too short; and, in the meantime, there are ninety-two million mouths to feed.

The Reclamation Act provides that no one may hold over one hundred and sixty acres. However, the Reclamation Service may reduce this maximum wherever circumstances seem to show that a smaller tract will support a family unit. The purpose of this restriction is obvious and right: to prevent speculation in land holdings. But like other restrictions (such as acts preventing restraint of trade, and laws forbidding usurious rates of interest), it doesn't always "restrict." Mistakes will occur in the best-regulated governments. And it sometimes does make a difference who is being "restricted."

The Reclamation Service obtains funds for building its huge projects by selling public lands. Up to 1912, the Service has had about $100,000,000 available—$77,000,000 from the sale of public lands, and $20,000,000 from the issue of bonds.

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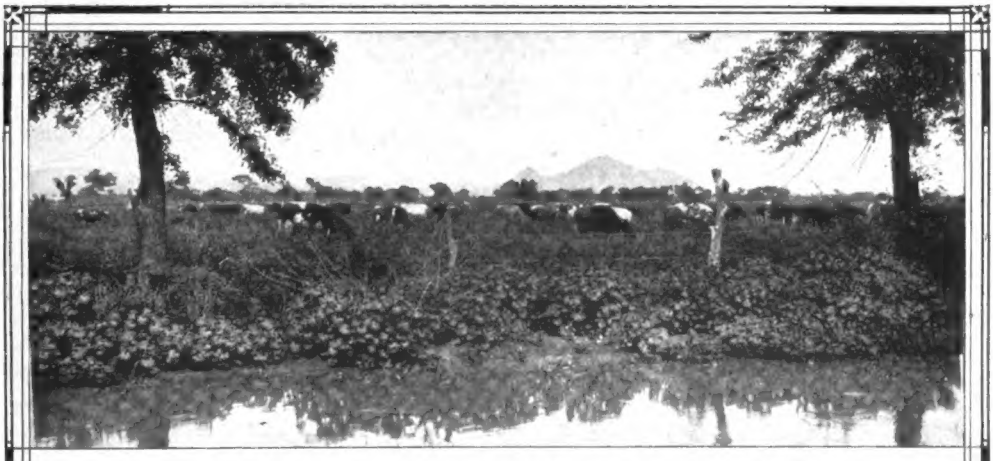

IN THE SAME VALLEY CATTLE NOW STAND KNEE-DEEP IN ALFALFA.

In the ten years of its existence, the Service has completed projects of international fame, monuments of engineering imagination. Among the most noteworthy are the Shoshone (Wyoming), the Pathfinder (Wyoming), the Gunnison Tunnel (Colorado), and the Roosevelt Dam (Arizona). For these, and the men who constructed them, it is impossible to have anything but the greatest admiration.

The complete list of reclamation projects to June 30, 1912, discloses an investment of $70,000,000.

Mr. Fisher, Secretary of the Interior (at this writing), makes this interesting comment in his report for 1912:

"The problems confronting the Service are rapidly becoming those of administration rather than engineering. They concern the use of the works which have been constructed, the distribution of water through them to the settlers, and *the realization by the settlers and the public of the benefits intended by the act.*"

Please remember these lines. They furnish some of the farce later on.

And now to the detailed scenario.

The audience is requested to remain seated until the end. Facts and properties furnished by Uncle Sam & Co. through the Congressional branch.

Down in the Salt River Valley, Arizona, there had been various attempts at irrigation by private companies long before Uncle Sam decided to enter the field. The private ventures had not been very successful. One of these was the Arizona Canal, belonging to a company called the Arizona Power Company. Keep this private canal in mind, for later it got Uncle Sam into a peck of trouble.

Irrigation on a large scale, especially in a region like the Salt River Valley, requires a huge investment. That is why Uncle Sam finally undertook the job and started the Roosevelt Dam. It is indeed a marvel of construction—280 feet high, forming the largest artificial lake in the world, with an area of 25.5 square miles.

This lake furnishes the water to irrigate the dry lands of the Salt River Valley. The system thus irrigated comprises some 250,000 acres. The climate and soil conditions there enable the farmers to produce oranges, lemons, grapefruit, and figs, as well as alfalfa, wheat, barley, and other grains.

When the Government began work on the dam, the farmers of the valley banded together—as was necessary—into an organization called the Salt River Valley Water Users' Association. Its aim had nothing to do with either the theory or the practise of Prohibition. It became the tangible body or agent to act for the farmers with the Government.

The original estimate on the cost of the dam was $3,750,000, and so the settlers, through the association, entered into an agreement with Uncle Sam, promising to pay

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back the cost of the project in ten annual instalments. The contract, naturally, contained a host of other clauses concerning the use of water, extent of water rights, etc.

As the construction progressed, it became evident that the original $3,750,000 was quite inadequate. In fact, the $3,750,000 was all spent before the work was half completed.

Of course the settlers became uneasy. Many of them had taken up land and borrowed money on the basis of the original estimate. As each farmer must pay his proportionate share, annually, of the final cost, it is easy to see that he had a slight interest in this final cost.

Now undoubtedly many of the increases in the estimates were legitimate. Remember, it was the first big irrigation project undertaken by the Service. So costs couldn't be gaged to the last penny. But there are other increases that won't bear analysis.

As the farmers were becoming quite indignant at the prospect of this increased cost, it was pointed out to them that a large sum would be realized by the sale of hydro-electric power. About nineteen thousand horsepower might be developed. The money from the sale of this power would at first help defray expenditures for "upkeep," and later go to reimburse Uncle Sam for the original money advanced. When Uncle Sam was repaid, this income would, it was declared, pay a dividend to the farmers for years, aside from the profits on their land.

One of the largest items in the increased cost was due to the purchase of the Arizona Canal. This purchase led Uncle Sam into such a maze of corporation-contract-now-you-see-it-now-you-don't legerdemain that poor old Uncle Sam in the end has exposed himself "to a fine or imprisonment or both."

This "party of the first part agrees" and "the party of the second part further specifies" is tricky stuff. (Especially to a civil engineer, say.) Not only is the king's English twisted and torn, but the very reason for certain legal equities is just so much Greek to the layman. Fortunately.

So watch the next moves carefully.

The Government engineers thought the Arizona Canal should be included in the project. This canal, you will remember, was a private system of irrigation canals, built long before the Government thought of the Roosevelt project.

But here comes the first complication. The Service found out that this Arizona Canal had a contract with the Phœnix Light and Fuel Company that would have to be abrogated.

The Phœnix Light and Fuel Company was a private corporation supplying the citizens of Phœnix with light and power.

The troublesome contract between the Arizona Canal and the Phœnix Light and Fuel Company had been made in 1901 and had until 1927 to run. By its terms the Phœnix Light agreed to take such power as the canal might develop incidental to carrying water from the Salt River for irrigating lands around Phœnix.

Now this sounds perfectly legitimate; but——

A former owner of the Phœnix Light states that this old power contract was made, not because of its value, but for fear competition might ensue in the lighting business if this *possible* power were not controlled.

It was known perfectly well at the time that this "possible power" was mostly blue sky and east wind. And subsequent events have proved it. For the simple reason that when the Salt River carried a great volume of water the canal company's diversion dam was destroyed, leaving the canal dry.

And when there was no water in the river of course there could be none in the canal, and hence no power.

Thus there is very little, if any, reason why the Government should have considered itself obligated to consider the contract.

The farmers wanted to sell power to the Phœnix, or any other private company. They needed all the incidental income possible. But here was insult added to injury. To be saddled with the expense of the Arizona Canal system was bad enough; but to have this purchase include a worthless contract which soon was made the basis of a new contract—words failed them, in a way peculiar to the Southwest.

The Reclamation Service, after the purchase, made the following statement in its report:

"In purchasing the existing canal system certain obligations were assumed by the Reclamation Service for the supply of electricity to the Phœnix Light and Fuel Company. The power canal used in the construction of the Roosevelt Dam is now

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THE $10,000,000 DAM BUILT BY UNCLE SAM, THE POWER FROM WHICH HAS BEEN ACCOMMODATINGLY TURNED OVER TO THE ELECTRIC TRUST FOR A SONG.

applied to the generation of electricity for this company, with whom a ten-year agreement has been made, the electricity being furnished at the rate of *one and one-half cents per kilowatt hour* for this period. *No restrictions were included in this agreement as to the amount this company should charge the people of Phœnix.* The receipts are used to diminish the operation and maintenance of the canal system."

You will please notice that it calls attention to a ten-year agreement: a contract.

This new contract was made June 22, 1907, between Uncle Sam, party of the first part, and the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, party of the second part. The latter is a new character in name only; just another corporation complication! In 1906 it had succeeded the Phœnix Light and Fuel Company.

In the new contract our trust-busting Uncle Sam agreed to oblige the Pacific Gas and Electric Company to the following extent:

To furnish the company electric current for ten years at one and one-half cents per kilowatt hour;

"*To refrain from entering into a general retailing of power to customers in the city of Phœnix, Arizona, or from furnishing power to any one in said city to be again sold or retailed.*"

Shades of John Sherman! If that clause is *not* a contract *in restraint of trade*, what is it? I have quoted it verbatim lest you accuse me of misrepresentation.

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CONCRETE GATES FOR DIVERTING WATER FROM THE ROOSEVELT DAM INTO NUMEROUS SMALL DITCHES FOR IRRIGATING RANCHES.

The contract was signed on behalf of the Government by Louis C. Hill, the engineer of the Reclamation Service in charge of the work. It was stamped "approved" by George W. Woodruff, then Acting Secretary of the Interior.

Now you are in a position to observe the "benefits," in Secretary Fisher's phrase, realized by "the settlers and the public."

First the settlers watch the cost of the dam project leap from $3,750,000 to $10,000,000. Then they observe the Service sell the bulk of the power generated to a private company for a song. Not content with this, Uncle Sam goes even further. He builds transmission lines forty miles through inaccessible mountain country and thirty miles more over fertile valley, to the transformer station of the company in Phœnix. Hands the power to the corporation on a platter, so to speak. No charge for carrying the freight. "We strive to please."

Ours is verily a beneficent government.

And the "people—" the consumers of Phœnix?

They watch Uncle Sam hatch a chirping electric trust right before their eyes: If the trust can get all the power it needs from Uncle Sam at one and one-half cents per kilowatt hour; and if Uncle Sam won't sell —can't sell—to any other company which might start competition, what *more* monopoly could you have?

Then the consumers of Phœnix must submit to a little pinching and squeezing. The trust starts out by charging twenty cents for this one and one-half cent power. The consumers squeal, and the trust obligingly reduces the rate to fifteen cents. Still the people will not be quiet; and the trust, with the air of who should say: "Here, beggars and varlets, begone! You annoy me," lowers the rate to twelve cents. That's what it is now.

And that's what it will be for four years more, unless *something* is done by *somebody*.

After all, you can't blame the Pacific Gas and Electric Company for accepting all these gratuities from Uncle Sam. Nor for trying to squeeze the last drop from the public lemon. Business is business.

You may rest assured that the electric interests realized their fortunate position. They proceeded to capitalize it immediately for five hundred thousand dollars by a brand-new bond issue; and the bonds, with only this contract as their principal asset when issued, found an immediate sale at a good price.

"There's a reason." Louis C. Hill, in recent Congressional hearings, testified that at the rate of one and one-half cents per kilowatt hour, the trust paid the Government about sixty thousand dollars a year. The trust sells this same amount of power to the consumers of Phœnix for about $480,000—*cash*.

Moreover, the trust doesn't have to settle with Uncle Sam until after it has collected from the consumers!

This local trust is truly a risky venture.

Now this crime—might it is a crime—could

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not have been slipped through in any pussy-footed manner. For in addition to the compliance of the Reclamation Service, it required the sanction of at least two Arizona executives.

(Enter two minor characters, those stalwart public-spirited citizens, Joseph H. Kibbey and Richard A. Sloan.)

In 1907, when the contract was made, Arizona was a territory. Joseph H. Kibbey was territorial governor, appointed by Roosevelt. He used that office, and its prestige, to help persuade the people to assent to the illegal contract. So did Mr. Sloan, his successor.

And, what is more, while each in turn was receiving a salary as Federal Governor of Arizona, he accepted two thousand dollars a year as attorney for the Salt River Valley Water Users' Association! With this double reason for protecting the interests of the farmers and the public, they still let this contract go through.

Mr. Sloan, it will be remembered, is the man whom President Taft (and the corporations of Arizona) decided upon for the new Federal judgeship having jurisdiction over Arizona. After Taft nominated him, the Senate refused to confirm him. So Taft just named him anyway, as a "recess appointee," after the Senate adjourned.

He is now on the bench. He'll stay there, too, unless President Wilson appoints a successor.

His presence there may be particularly fortunate some time for the electric interests. The corporation commission of Arizona may take it into their heads to order a reduction in rates. They can do this under the new state constitution. Then the trust might claim the new rates to be "confiscatory" and carry the case over into the Federal Court, where Judge Sloan presides. And there you are!

In the meantime, this illegal contract goes merrily on. Nothing has been done about it. And *also*, in the meantime and for four years more, the farmers of the Salt River Valley will have to toil early and late, mortgage everything they can, or otherwise raise money, to pay back that ten million dollars to the Government.

And the Secretary of the Interior won't consider their difficulties in the past and grant them longer time in which to repay Uncle Sam. No; that would be setting a bad precedent. At any rate, that's what Mr. Fisher says.

But the farmers and the public have not given up without a struggle. The Commercial Club of Phœnix protested to the Government; so did the Phoenix city officials. But nothing was done.

The first Arizona state legislature sent a joint memorial of protest to Congress. This memorial had the almost unanimous approval of both state bodies.

And still nothing has been done.

As a measure of relief, the city of Phœnix voted to issue bonds for the construction of a municipal electric plant, to be run by oil. Since Arizona was then a territory, Phœnix could not issue bonds without the consent of Congress. The trust's lawyer took the train to Washington—and the bill died in committee.

Last year Congress waked up to the extent of appointing a sub-committee of another committee to investigate the affair. Then Congress promptly went off to sleep again.

This sub-committee went far enough to bring out all the facts hereunto specified. It unearthed some other startling things, too. It found that Uncle Sam had for four years been paying nine cents per kilowatt for the first thousand kilowatts at the Phœnix Indian school, eight cents per thousand for the second thousand kilowatts, seven for the third, and six for the fourth thousand used for light; and six, five, and four cents per thousand kilowatt hours for the first, second, and third for power, from January 1, 1909, to June 30, 1911. After that the obliging Electric Trust allowed Uncle Sam to rebuy the power which he generated and brought down on his own transformer line, for five cents for light and three cents for power for each thousand hours.

Pretty small way of getting something for nothing, isn't it?

Mr. Louis C. Hill, the engineer, testified that there was not enough power remaining to take on other private contracts using the water from the dam; nor, with the present machinery, to supply additional demands, say, from the farmers for power to run cream-separators or like farm machines; or to supply additional power for manufactories in and around Phœnix.

Nor is there enough power to operate all the pumps which the project calls for to lift water from wells to levels of land too high for the gravity irrigation system.

And while the trust, backed by Uncle Sam, gobbles the power and eats up the money——

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While most of the farmers toil early and late—and then some—to earn that ten million dollars which must be paid back——

Other disappointed settlers flocked by the score into the sub-committee hearing and told how they could not get enough water from the ditches to irrigate their land——

And others, within the project, couldn't get any!

Before that same committee, Dr. A. J. Chandler of Mesa, Arizona, admitted procuring more than seventeen thousand acres of Government land by fictitious entries as homesteads by people who were not even farmers, and some of whom were actually employed by him in various trades. He told of building a ditch to convey water to each forty acres of this land which the Government intended for bona-fide residents; told of selling that same ditch back to the Government for $187,000, all of which must be again paid by the farmers of the valley.

The committee included in its report to Congress the maps and printed literature which Chandler and his associates were using to resell this same land at ninety-nine dollars per acre, with interest at six per cent. on deferred payments, *offering perpetual water from Roosevelt Dam, using Government officials' names, including the names of the very men who were behind the trust contract.*

This deal will give Chandler and his associates about $1,500,000 profit. Chandler has even founded a city on this land, bearing his own name. Yet Chandler declared on the witness-stand that he did not believe he had done anything wrong!

Congress knows all these facts. The Interior Department knows them. The Department of Justice knows them. And nothing is done.

With this exception: The Congressional Committee on the Investigation of Expenditures in the Interior Department has submitted its report to Congress. Among other things it recommends the removal from office of F. H. Newell, Director of the Reclamation Service, and Louis C. Hill, Supervising Engineer. It also recommends that the Department of Justice be ordered to take steps to annul the contract with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company.

The settlers and the public want relief —not revenge. It won't do any good to fine or imprison anybody, even if the courts got around to it about the time of the millennium. And the settlers and the public want relief NOW. They want that contract with the Electric Trust set aside, and a fair one substituted. It has four years yet to run.

The settlers want an extension of time in which to pay back that ten million dollars. Even then many of them will have to stare failure out of countenance.

Why can't these things be done? Have our departments reached that stage of bureaucratic insolence where they can ignore public demands for justice, or even adjudication?

Is Congress so occupied by its petty politics of tariff jugglery and pork-barrel log-rolling that it hasn't time for those "wild and woolly" Westerners out in the transformed deserts?

After all, this story is much bigger than the chronicle of this one region's obstacles. For the question immediately arises:

If the Reclamation Service has made such a bungle in the administration of this one project, what may we expect of the others? So far, Uncle Sam has invested about sixty million dollars in reclamation works elsewhere. Thousands of horse-power are being made to grow where not one grew before.

Private capital in these days is mobile; nay, more, it's fluid. Thousands of horse-power are the particular prey of a particular type of capitalist. There are other electric trusts; there will be others. They too have a keen eye on the main chance.

How is Uncle Sam protecting the thousands of horse-power, the thousands of settlers, and the thousands upon thousands of reclaimed acres in those other projects? As he did in the case of the Salt River Valley?

Some time this spring, President Wilson will appoint a new Secretary of the Interior. Here is a big chance for a big man. This subject of irrigation is worth as much thought and time as any other one aspect of his work as Secretary. Not excepting Alaska.

One thing is imperative: relief for the settlers and public of the Salt River Valley.

Thus there may be another act to this farce-tragedy. And in accordance with the popular demand in this case, it should have a happy ending. The Secretary-author should now study his public. Then it will be a good play, even if not a great one.

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"IS IT YOUR OPINION THAT PROLONGED ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD IS INJURIOUS TO THE HUMAN BODY?"

OF THE LOST LEGION

by

EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

and

LAURENCE YATES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

YOUNG Lochinvar came out of the West; and it was Br'er Rabbit who riz up dry, jes' so. Sir James did both.

At 7:41 A.M. and 12° F. the Rah-Rah local emitted Sir James at Vesper, together with the paying passengers.

A bleak wind from Labrador raked the station. For Sir James it brought late to mind his neglect to provide his overcoat with the Astrakhan collar affected by grand-dukes, politicians, and vaudeville actors. His overcoat was not even furlined. In fact, he had no overcoat.

He shivered as he climbed the stairway to the town bridge. Vesper proper lay beyond the Kanakee: the Arrahwanna depot was in "Brooklyn."

It was a chill quarter-mile across the river. That behind him, Sir James was glad to loiter in the lee of a business block, while he looked patronizingly on the Vesperian world to get his bearings, and at the same time made mental inventory. His needs were three and pressing—booze, breakfast, and a shave. His assets were experience and wide knowledge of the effect of causes upon the human heart.

The wind whipped up the street with wolfish eagerness. Lean clerks, sweeping the sidewalk, were cross and blue and looked the part. Sir James gave his back to

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them with no second glance. He drifted up the street with a shrewd eye a-watch for men of good-will. Within the block came one, prosperous of figure and attire, round as to face, hearty and smiling of mouth and eye. He bore a small black case; and Sir James made a chance for himself.

"I beg your pardon, sir." The jovial one paused, questioning. "Am I wrong in my inference that you are a physician?" asked the baronet, with an explanatory gesture for the medicine-case.

"You wish——"

"Attendance? No. But do not let me waste your time." Sir James turned back and fell into step. "Briefly, I would ask for a trifling bit of information to resolve a doubt, which information, I trust, you will deem only semi-professional. For it must be owned," admitted the baronet frankly, "that I am not able to manage a fee."

"Well, sir?"

"Is it your opinion"—Sir James tapped his query with a fat, red finger on a fat, red palm—"that prolonged abstinence from food is injurious to the human body?"

"I have heard a theory to that effect, yes," said the other dryly. "And then, too, many hold that abstinence from strong drink is beneficial." His eye rested accusingly upon the baronet's nose, whose shape was precisely that of a ruddy pear.

Sir James noted with misgiving that the doctor's front of warm and abstract kindliness hardened to a cold and concrete smile; yet he continued with a brave jauntiness that almost compelled admiration. "Then, I ask you, sir, will you prevent such grave injury to the human body—to my own, in fact? For I would have you know," said the baronet earnestly, laying his hand upon the spot held by certain of the ancients to be the seat of the soul, "my digestive organs have just reason to suspect that my œsophagus has unfortunately been severed."

"So you are a man of education—and a common beggar! Shame on you!"

Sir James removed his battered derby and bowed with an air. "Pass by upon the other side!" he said.

The doctor strode down the street; if mere feet ever cursed, his receding soles beat out anathema.

Sir James resumed his constitutional. On the opposite shore of Lake Street a broom-wielding clerk in front of a cigar-store stopped to light a sample of the shop's wares. One match lit the cigar: no slight feat in the swirling winds. Sir James—himself a Foley of Ballyhaise—looked again, and bore across the pavement. His attack was frontal.

"'Tis an Irish face above your two shoulders, la-ad. Have ye ever an Irish heart in you? Your Uncle James is weak from hunger, and th' drouth be upon him sore."

The clerk, not quite sure of his Irish heart, eyed his Uncle James dubiously. A voice, hearty and deep, broke in upon his doubt. "Do not be botherin' Joey, for he has more mouths than his or yours to feed. 'Tis myself instead ye should be tellin' your troubles. Come within doors, man, but shut th' door tight when ye are in. Well enough for warm lads like Joey to stand bare to winter, but not for old men like th' two of us."

Captain Michael Quigley, just down from the rolling-room, faced the half-open door. His was a big and kindly heart, even at the worst of times. But now he was fresh from sausage and buckwheat cakes; his plump person tingled pleasantly with his morning glass, the warmth of it glowed pink on his smooth-shaven cheek; and his distaste for hunger and cold amounted to intolerance.

To this pleasant summons Sir James entered jauntily, and closed the door, as instructed.

Scarcely a minute later he came out, pushed past Joey roughly, and stumped up the street.

"Hi, you! Kelly and Burke and Shea!" shouted Joey. "The captain's calling you." But Sir James kept his way doggedly, without turning his head. Captain Michael Quigley came to the door and stared after him.

In the business heart of Vesper, Front Street, Lake, and Main form an H. Exactly opposite the head of Lake Street, the bar of the H, is the office of the *Vesper Eagle*. Ben Starr, the junior editor, lounged in the broad window, reading the morning papers.

Many wrecks have drifted in the high, narrow door of the *Eagle's* editorial room. It is likely that some cabalistic character is traced on post or lintel of that narrow door, which reveals to the initiate the generous heart within—or, as civilization aptly has it, the Easy Mark; it may be that in the

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guide-book for Broken Men, Ben Starr's name is followed by a cross. Perhaps, too, for that sign-mark, the Destroyer may once pass over that narrow door, when he smites in wrath; perhaps, for the last book, the Great Compiler may take one line from that humble record.

Sir James was one of the clan. His entry was superb. From around the end of the tall counter supposed to hedge the public from the editorial aerie, he ambled slowly into Ben's field of vision, confident and debonair. The ancient derby swept low; he bowed urbanely.

"You see before you, friend, one who has weathered every vicissitude of life; a wanderer like Ulysses, like him a soldier; twice left for dead on the field of battle; loved, feared, hated, and admired in two half-worlds; known in Mexico, the Indies, Chile, and Peru; on African veldts; in England, Barbary, and Spain. Like Ulysses, too, I have felt the force of Circe, heard the siren's song——"

"Fine music, what?" said Ben enthusiastically. The newspaper slipped through his fingers.

"Ah! we have mutual friends? Allow me, then, to introduce myself—your Uncle James——"

"Oh, my prophetic soul!" murmured Starr. "Uncle—I am pleased—an unexpected pleasure—I am joyed. Smoke?"

The baronet tucked the proffered cigar away. "Thanks. I will smoke it," he said with a slight but eloquent pause, "after breakfast. You have heard, doubtless, of the Ninety and Nine?"

"Heavens, man, they live here! I trust for your own sake that you were not expecting to breakfast with them?"

"The Ninety and Nine have no lot nor part in me, sir! I am the other one—the Hundredth Man——"

"YOU SEE BEFORE YOU, FRIEND, ONE WHO HAS WEATHERED EVERY VICISSITUDE OF LIFE; A WANDERER LIKE ULYSSES, LIKE HIM A SOLDIER; TWICE LEFT FOR DEAD ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE; LOVED, FEARED, HATED, AND ADMIRED IN TWO HALF-WORLDS."

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"Sheep," corrected Starr dispassionately. "Black sheep. Wool-less. By the way, I am going out presently to do a little shopping. Perhaps you will join me? In the meantime, be seated. As we say in the first act, your story interests me strangely. Take a running start and try again. You are not of the Ninety and Nine, you were saying. That doesn't sound dull. Proceed, my Uncle James!"

Uncle James proceeded, not without a tinge of bitterness.

"Yes—your Uncle James—one who has fallen out with fortune; Sir James once, Sir in deserving, if not by sword-stroke, bold, fortunate, and free; Uncle James now, battered, scarred, broken, outworn, stiffened, waxing old, knowing miseries; citizen of the world, gay in camps, foremost in fields, stern in retreat; pioneer, path-maker, foregoer in the wilds; in cities master of many arts, orator, poet, actor, musician—a sometime journalist. It is in the latter capacity that I now address you, asking, Is there an opening here for a young man of small principal—capital, perhaps I should say? Barely past seventy, you observe, and exceptionally well equipped as to the other qualifications."

"Not a crevice. Sorry, Major, but I am precisely filling that opening myself. But, still, yet—Eureka!—Hot Springs!" His face lit up; vaguely groping in black space, his mind had clutched booty. Quitting his dreamy drawl, he sat upright, energetic.

"The Business Men's Club is going to pull off a little doings to-night—feast of reason and a keg of beer—joy as a side-line—that sort of thing. You tell me you've been an actorine. What say I get you on for a sketch—monologue, song, or some such stunt? I've got the pull, if you can come across with proper dope. We'll warm you up back of third base and hold you in reserve."

"The proposition does credit alike to your head and heart. I am at your orders. Samples cheerfully furnished on approval," said the baronet. "But, if you will allow me, let me suggest that I also do impersonations to please young and old. My imitation of a hungry man, in particular, has been thought marvelously good. Would you—ah—like to see me put that over the plate?"

"I get you," said Ben, grinning joyously. He balanced a coin on his middle finger and tapped it slowly with his eye-glasses. "Here, Uncle James, is one-half a plunk. Observe now! A little piece of money, but it will—might—buy one breakfast, one frugal shave, and a couple of drinks. But only one shave and two drinks, mind you—two." He held up two fingers. "You come back along about ten o'clock for a try-out and we'll see what you got."

"Eaglet," said Sir James, "I will not fail you. 'Tis a pleasure to deal with a man of heart. Thanks are dreadful, alike to say and to hear. Would you add to my gratitude by taking it for granted? Two drinks, I think you said?"

"Two," said Starr. "Gentleman's size. *Adios—au revoir—auf wiedersehen*—in fact, fare you well! Until ten."

A quarter would have done less harm. Shave, ten cents; sandwiches, ten; thirty cents for necessities. The coin crossed the Morehouse bar; six tall glasses of amber liquid followed one another down Mr. Foley's parched throat. Then, assuming the center of the stage, he created the part of Sunny Sir James for cheerless early morning patrons of the café. He sang, he danced, he recited—not badly. The delighted audience gave largess, in unwise variety, to keep him going. Thereafter, events became involved and hazy.

It was four in the afternoon when, with a violent effort and after several previous failures, Sir James remembered his appointment with Ben Starr. He came, a penitent, to the *Eagle* office, abject in apologies.

"You see before you, lad, a waster of opportunity, an abuser of kindness, a promise-breaker, a wine-bibber, a poor, pitiful clown. I boasted myself a man of parts, but what I really am is a most unhappy combination of knave and fool. I have not the wit to pour water from a boot if the directions were printed on the heel."

"Nix on that remorse thing, Colonel!" said Ben cheerfully. "Keep your shirt on. The Government at Washington still lives. Nobody is pained, injured, disappointed, grieved, or particularly surprised. Leaving ancient history, what do you now propose for your stunt to-night?"

"Monologue, impersonations, rag-time, the ballads of the people, what you will." Uncle James displayed a resilience of spirit worthy of all praise. His pudgy hand waved airy gesture; he puffed out his chest and strutted—a stuttering strut.

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On the way to the club rooms Ben picked up Vance Devine and pressed him into service as pianist. Frank O'Connell went along as volunteer critic. To these gentlemen his protégé must needs be presented at once and in form, as Sir James, to the disturbance of traffic.

At the try-out the artist failed to show form, having adventured too far down the primrose path. That joyous repertoire which had so charmed the morning hours dwindled until soon the only thing he would do was to sing "The Low-Backed Car," in a wobbly tenor.

"Much-endured Ulysses," said Ben resignedly, "you are over-trained. I can not longer conceal from you that you are tanked-up—or, as they say in polite circles, soused. About the only thing you could get away with now would be an imitation of that well-known moving picture—'The Curse of Drink, in three reels.'"

"What's the matter with taking that song on the phonograph?" asked O'Connell. "It wouldn't be so worse for our collection." He rummaged out the recorder and adjusted it.

"Oh, hell!" growled Vance. "Think I'm going to fool any more time away on that old sop? Say, you, can't you whistle a tune and accompany yourself on the jew's-harp?"

"I usht—I use to, but I'm too fat." Sir James replied lightly enough, but he withdrew himself from the piano somewhat stiffly.

"Know any more old stuff, Uncle?" Ben nodded toward the pianist. "Knock out some real old-timers, Vance."

Grudgingly, Vance ran through the opening bars of three or four world-known Scotch and Irish ballads. Then he struck the first chords of "Allan Percy." By the mantel, Sir James braced himself visibly; his head came up. The electrics were yet unlit; without, the wintry day was fading; dusk, the merciful, crept about him, hid the sodden features, curtained the dull, stained eyes.

"Start again," he said. He tried the chanting, crooning notes, and then began. Low and uncertain at first, his misused voice cleared, steadied, grew firm and sure.

". . . Well knows that earl how long my spirit pined;
I loved a forester, gay, bold and free;
And had I wedded as my heart inclined—
My babe had cradled 'neath the greenwood tree.
Lullaby!—Lullaby!"

It thrilled with memory, loss, and regret; dim ghosts beckoned from the shadowy corners.

"Slumber, thou sweet, my innocent, my own,
While I call back the dreams of other days;
In this dim forest I feel I'm less alone
Than where yon palace splendor marks my gaze.
Fear not, mine arms shall bear thee safely back.
I need no squire, no page on bended knee,
To bear my darling o'er the greenwood track,
Where Allan Percy used to roam with me.
Lullaby!—Lullaby!"

There was that in the voice for which crabbed Vance Devine, for the last verse, fingered the keys softly: poignant, pulsing, strong, the broken man's tenor floated to them over lost and irrevocable years.

". . . From mine own hair the pearl chain I'll untwist,
And with a peasant's heart sit down and weep.
Thy bright and broidered robes, my precious one,
Changed for a simple covering shall be,
And I will dream thee Allan Percy's son,
And dream poor Allan guards thy sleep with me.
Lullaby!—Lullaby!"

There was a silence in the dim room as the words died away. O'Connell was first to speak. "Say! that's fine! Sing the first and last verses again, Uncle Jimmy," he said, slipping a blank upon the phonograph and swinging the horn forward. "Let her go, professor! Easy with that accompaniment, will you?" Under his breath he added, "Why, the battered old rascal!"

"At your service, gentlemen," said Uncle Jimmy patiently. But after the record was made, and while the three were eagerly trying it, he slipped away unnoticed.

An hour later, Ben Starr found him, moody and alone, in the dismal back room of a "Brooklyn" bar; and drew him aside, saying, with some hesitation:

"See here, Uncle James—I knew a man once who let himself be hanged, just to oblige a friend. Now, I seldom sometimes goat-in—it isn't my forte. But just to oblige me this once, don't lap up any more of it to-night. We have another day promptly to-morrow. Let me get you a room and you sleep a few lines. I'll do as much for you some time."

II

The Business-men's Club did not look it. By ten-thirty that night the term uproarious would have been grievously misapplied.

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Fee, fi, fo, went the fiddles; click, click, click, went the billiards; pray do, went the bridge-players,* as merry as could be. By mention of bridge there is no intent to slight the euchrers, pinochlers, and rummyists, whose strange cries filled in any possible chinks in the grand Wagnerian crash.

Big rooms, high-ceilinged, sober-tinted, thrown together by wide, uncurtained arches; the dark-papered walls cheered by water-colors, etchings, and copies of old *chef d'œuvres*. Which brings to mind the clam-chowder famed through the Southern Tier.

The club kitchen would have gladdened the heart of Charles Dickens: Gargantuan coffee-boiler, clam-steamers, salad-bowl, punch-bowl; the trusty beer-pump; orderly battalions of good ironstone cups, saucers, and plates, durable, masculine; noble platters of sandwiches; shelves of good cheer; such staples as pretzels, potted shrimp, olives. Counting both together, can-openers and corkscrews totaled a strenuous score. Browsing was a continuous performance, every man—except, indeed, the fortunate guests—being his own waiter.*

To resume. Many things hung on the walls, besides the work of brush and pencil: trophies of the hunt, "the peculiar treasure of kings and provinces . . . musical instruments and that of all sorts;" a priceless Navajo blanket, Yuma basketry, rare Mexican featherwork; panel photos, autographed by famous actors, and snapshots of wild game and other scenery, especially one of a young lady under an apple-tree—Eve, perhaps.

On the central table under the clouded chandelier posed a loving-cup, pride of the club, wrought from, of, and around a short and ugly rhino's foot, gift of that great hunter whose exploits received modest mention in poster type for a time, times, and half a time. A Vesperian, Tod "Square" Deal, had field-naturalized, in small caps., across East Africa in the train of that great hunter, what time Wall Street expected every lion to do his duty.

Enough of upholstery. Ben Starr, as master of ceremonies, rapped for order, and failed to get it. Persistent, he managed to announce the fun-fest about to begin. The Vesperians were divided in the usual proportions: about ninety per cent. were spectators and ten per cent. were spectacles.

For the opening number, the Zobo Hoboes, six masked Happy Hooligans, pranced down the stairway, and circled raucously about the rooms, producing a concord of sounds (said to be "Oceania Roll") which moved the card-players and turned their thoughts to treason, stratagem, and spoils.

Next came a solo by Wee Winkie Goodrich, leader of the sextette. With a Zobo trombone he took spot-light station and rendered the "Mysterious Rag" with earnest and faithful artistry, his body a-sway to the quavering time, cunning hand and curving wrist rippling the silver slide with instinctive grace. Too impetuous, in mid-blare he slid his trombone in two.

Despite this distressing circumstance, the weird refrain marched on with sprightly fanfare; miraculous rather than mysterious. The luckless artist cast one frantic glance over his shoulder, jammed the instrument half together, and made a gallant, desperate effort to overtake the anonymous and ghostly melody: barely a length behind and still gaining when, at the wire, Archie Taylor, the real trombonist, stepped from his hiding-place behind the piano to share the roaring applause.

Ex pede Herculem. (See dictionary.) Sketches, monologues, duodittoes, solos, duets, triplets, musical glasses and steins, The Road to Mandolin, by the Mandalay Club. Heigh-ho! 'Tis a poor heart that never rejoices!

The kitchen was dark; the caterer homeward dragged his weary way. Singly—some doubly—and by whole battalions, the revelers drifted off. In the corridor the last echoing footsteps died away and left the banquet-hall deserted, the garlands dead, one solitary sleepy light in the reading-room, and all but three departed: Ben Starr, late Master of the Revels; Frank O'Connell; and Captain Michael Quigley, interested spectator, peering somberly at the coals in the open grate.

O'Connell sprawled comfortably in a leather-padded chair, made to order for Og, King of Bashan, and conjured a low and wandering air from his banjo. "Now, you're setting a fine example for us young fellows, Captain, I don't think! Look the clock in the face if you dare!" he said.

"Well, I couldn't leave you to go home

*NOTE. Groaning tables, etc., omitted through inadvertence. Also, in first paragraph, sound of revelry by night and merry marriage bell.

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POIGNANT, PULSING, STRONG, THE BROKEN MAN'S TENOR FLOATED TO THEM OVER LOST AND IRREVOCABLE YEARS.

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talking to yourself and bowing to lamp-posts," retorted the Captain. "Some one had to stay."

"Me!" said O'Connell, highly indignant. "I could walk a cobweb over Niagara Falls. Ben, you mean."

Starr, who was taking twenty winks on the davenport, roused up at mention of his name. "What's the matter with Ben? *He's* all right! Say, Captain, Frank, *don't* go talking about breaking up the party—it's early yet! I've got a good song here, fine song—bully song! Let me play it for you, Captain. Phonograph record. I got an old duffer to sing for us this afternoon. Old buck came into the office this morning. Negotiated loan. Surprising good!—this song. Real thing! Frank, you were here. You tell him!"

"Some song! It's worth hearing, all right," agreed Frank. "But the record won't carry over like the real thing did, of course. The old chap was in pretty bad, but he seemed to sober up as soon as ever Vance played the first few bars of it. Along toward the last he had us going. Cold chills chasing up and down my back like some one was walking on my grave. Not the thing you'd expect from a hard lot like him. For if he was not an undesirable citizen he could get damages from his face in any court." He wagged his head slowly. "It sounded . . . as if he meant it. There was a story, I'm thinking."

"I wonder if that wasn't the old fellow who came to my shop in the morning?" mused Quigley. "Wasn't he out in the street with you, obstructin' traffic, along in the afternoon?"

Ben nodded. "That was Sir James. Good old scout! I'll get the record for you."

Quigley straightened up in his chair. "Sir James! That's the man, and a fine start he gave me! He's been in the back of my head ever since. D'ye know, when I first clapped my two eyes on him I thought 'twas the ghost of a man dead these fifty years gone!" The Captain puffed solemnly at his cigar. "He set me dreamin' of old times. 'Tis why I am here, associating with some of our most promising young rascals near cockcrow in the morning." Michael Quigley looked into the fire again, and stooped to stir it up as if dissatisfied with what he saw there.

Ben fumbled for the record in the secretary's desk. "How's that, Captain?" he threw back over his shoulder.

"Why," explained Quigley, "poor company is better than none, and I have little mind for sleeping."

"No, no! The ghost, I mean. If you've a good, lively, sociable 'hant,' have him in. Just the time for ghost stories—and I'm afraid to go home in the dark. Hark to the wind! W-u-u-u-g-g-h! Stir up the fire, Frank! The ghost—the ghost, give—us—the ghost! Not if it's a family skeleton—secret crimes, or anything like that. But if you've got a good, reliable, unattached phantom—trot him out!" He came back to the fire, setting the record on the mantel. O'Connell laid the banjo down.

"It is not a short story," objected Quigley, "and it will be a sore hardship on you boys to sit quiet and hear another man talk."

"Oh, I'll make him keep still!" said Frank and Ben in unison.

Quigley shuffled in his chair uneasily. "How may I tell it—and you before my two eyes wriggling like a can of angle-worms? 'Tis in the fire I must see the faces there, the hills and the valleys. Sit you down, you young scape-gallows, and hear of better men."

"Oh? Autobiography?" said Ben. "'Me fathers were kings of Ireland'—how does it start?"

"Shut up, ye wastrel!" Michael Quigley flung his half-smoked cigar into the grate, filled a brier-wood pipe, tamped it carefully, hesitated, and slowly began his story, clutching the unlit pipe in his hand.

"Born in County Leitrim on the River Shannon, two and seventy years since, I was; five, or near it, when the Black Famine fell upon Ireland, and my father, God rest him, flitted with the brood of us to Mayo, to bide with the fisher folk till better times. So my earliest memories and deepest are of the great salt sea, the boats white against the low sun, the blue slope of Slieve League north beyond the bay, the twelve pins of Connemara watchful behind me, the mackerel drying on the racks, and my brothers mending the nets.

"Nine of us there were, all told. Mother was first to go. She died there at Killala Bay. Not one is left of us now. . . . I was youngest but Katy—and she died a slip of

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a girl. Laughing eyes she had, always. . . . A good maid, a happy maid. . . . Sixteen, she was.

"Well, we went back to Leitrim after three years and Nora was mother to us. 'Twas then I was friend to Jimmy Foley of Drumhierney House. He was older than me by two years. He could beat me and most at the wrestling; at leaping, running, swimming, fishing. I thought him wonderful then. Maybe I do now. Man or boy, there were few things where he could not be first when he cared to.

"We were best friends, for all his father lived in a fine, great house, with sixty broad acres to his own and more rented, and mine was but a poor tenant who burned charcoal in the high hills, of winters, to help out. 'Tis like he was thinking no worse of me for that he knew I made a hero of him. 'Tis so we are made.

"For all his grand ways, he was a kind-hearted lad and generous. There was a pony—for he was an only child—and none of us but was as free to ride it as himself. And while I was yet too young for much work afield, he was about our cottage full as much as in Drumhierney House.

"Jimmy was to be sent to Dublin to the university. Father Roche was tutor to him betimes. The years were to hold great things for him: while I was for the Hiring Market of Carrick-on-Shannon, when I should come to fifteen. But it was before these days that a girl came into the lives of the two of us—Janey Considine.

"Indeed, she had been neighbor to us all the while, but we had been taken up with the birch and pinewood of the high hills, the moor-fowl, the pony, Jimmy's punt in the sedges, fireside tales of the Gentle People, or strange lands which Jimmy was to see when he grew up. And, all at once, there was nothing but Janey.

"It was Janey who now joyed in the greenwood when we walked there with her—but the two lads of us had no eye for oak or beach or birch or pine; for her, the punt was new painted. . . . Those were days.

"I am not telling you of Janey. Oh, yes, her eyes were gray and merry, and warm with little flecks of brown-gold; and they had great, long lashes to them; her face was the true Irish oval, for all her mother was a lass of Cumberland; her hair was soft and brown and curly, and short like a boy's; but *that* was not Janey Considine.

> "She was brave and sweet and witty;
> Let's not say dull things about her."

The old man paused and became aware of the unlighted pipe. He held a match to it, shielded by cupped hands.

"Nor am I to tell you of the years that next followed, for ye would not understand—now. When you are come to my age you will know. Moonlight was mellower then. And though I have seen your New-World mountains, the green hills of Leitrim are grander still.

"Jimmy grew up young—an' he grew up wild. At seventeen he was as fine a young rascal as ever played with the cudgels at frolic or fair, or kissed a lass under a thorn-tree. He had the come-hither eye, and hair as curly as Janey's own. Well set up an' active, but not over tall. Where he went, high and low, he was the most loved or hated—the handsome, roarin' young blade! Sing! it was his voice that carried all before him. He had got songs of the old tongue at my father's knee; but the one he sang best of all, the one he sang when we lay on the green turf and watched the stars go down, was one Janey had taught him—as it had been taught to her when her mother grieved for Solway Firth and the walls of merry Carlisle. 'Allan Percy' the song was. Times I hear the sound of it yet, when the streets are still, and I lie warm in my bed."

O'Connell shot a keen glance across the table, but Ben did not or would not meet it.

"There was another decent lad, Danny Fallon from up Killashandra way, steady and hard-working, but with a way of his own, too. I am thinking it was Jimmy Foley that Janey liked best at the beginning, but later I was not so sure. Nor yet was Jimmy sure of her, nor Dan Fallon, nor even, as I mistrust, Janey herself.

"But after Jimmy Foley's father was laid away and Drumhierney was Jimmy's own, he grew wilder yet and broke all bounds when the drink was in him. A ne'er-do-well he was—as it is like I should have been myself, God knows, but for the poverty on me.

"Brawling, gaming, drinking—so it went from bad to worse with James Foley, and him ever promisin' Janey to do better; until at the last there were high words atween

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them under the hawthorn by the Monk's Well, and he flung away back to Dublin. An' within year and day she was promised to Dan Fallon.

"And now we are come again to what you may not compass nor understand, you who walk free and safe; and words will not clear it for you. For England bore on us harder then than now, and there were sore hearts in the land and hot heads—and more's the pity, unwise heads, it seems, else more would have come of it all. For it is a curious thing that Irishmen, who fight so well for other lands—yes, and lead too!—can do naught but blunder for their own green island.

"Well, those were the days of the I. R. B.—the Revolutionary Brotherhood—with their Circles and Head Centers, 'V's, A's, B's, and C's'—whispers at the door and empty beds at night—and all come to nothing but death and ruin and shame. Myself, I think it was most because, being a secret society, it fell under the ban of the Church. However it was, all things went awry with it.

"The hillmen of Leitrim were a stubborn folk, and held out after all just hope of a rising was rightly past; but even they came to see that all was lost and by for that time. And it came that on a fair night of August a score were gathered together for the last time, to hide their few rusty and worthless muskets and set a word against a brighter day—happen to hearten each other and bear away a poor spark of hope. And of them were James Foley and Danny Fallon.

"It was a dread and fearsome place in the hills—a nook called the Dermott's Grave, because it was there that a robber sept of that name was overtaken in the wild old days and cut off to the last man. Fear sat with them; and, as it proved, with reason. Traitor, spy, or chance, it is not known; but barely had they hidden what scanty arms they had when the constabulary broke in upon them, headed by young Squire Brookfield of Lough Sheelin—a fiery man and overbearing.

"You may guess they were all for going, when only a choice of death was to be gained by boldness. 'Twas their own hills, and they might well have won clear at the cost of a broken crown or so; but in the dark and hap-chance an evil thing befell; and in the dawning the young Saxon lordling lay slain on the Dermott's Grave, Jimmy Foley's blackthorn by his side; and young Jimmy Foley was fled away with the price of blood on his head.

"High and low and far and near they sought him; the blood-money was doubled. But Jimmy Foley was gone, as if he had dropped through a hole in the bottom of the sea. A many must have seen him in his flight. But no red gold could win one of those poor and wretched to betray him.

"There was a story that he won through to Galway, another that he perished in the Bog of Allen; but the tale whispered by the trustiest, and most like the devil's daring of Jimmy Foley, was that he pressed through to Belfast itself, where he was least looked for, and took ship in the *Maid of Meath* under the very noses of the Englishry. The *Maid of Meath* went down the Irish Sea, the sun broad on her sails, outward bound for the Americas, and was never heard of more. And that was the end of the story of Jimmy Foley for more than twoscore years.

"In the '61, Janey and Dan Fallon were wed in the parish church of Killashandra. Then there was no more for me to do in Ireland. The great war was breaking in the States. So my last look of Ireland was the blue line of Wicklow Mountain dimming through the mist, and I have not since seen a sight so fair.

"Dan Fallon came to this country in the seventies, and all things prospered to his hand. He took root at Painted Post. There I have seen him many times, and Janey with her grandchildren at her knee. It was there he died, nine years since; and on his last bed he told me the story of that night at Dermott's Grave.

"As you may guess, 'twas himself that did the deed, and not James Foley. It was kill or be killed, Danny told me. He had gone amiss in the murk and was cornered, the young squire would hear naught of reason, but ran in upon him, cursing him for a damned rebel, and striking with his sword; so Fallon struck out, and struck home.

"Now Jimmy, hearing Danny cry out, had turned back from flight for no reason but to save for Janey the man she loved best, and he came upon the two just as the squire went down. So what did he but take Fallon's stick from his hand, and, in the dark, cast his own stick down by the

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"AT LAST THERE WERE HIGH WORDS ATWEEN THEM UNDER THE HAWTHORN BY THE MONK'S WELL, AND HE FLUNG AWAY BACK TO DUBLIN."

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dead man, and Danny not knowing to it.

"And so they crouched and crept and ran and came clear, it being not yet known the Englishman had been slain. At last, when they were in a safe place, Jimmy Foley said what he had done, and that it was himself that would bear the blame.

"That was a sad case for poor Danny, and it is him that I pity most. For he could better nothing by claiming the deed, only to hang two instead of one. For Jimmy's known blackthorn was by the body; it was no question of proof, but catch and hang. Danny was shaken and torn with horror, and his thought was on Janey; and there in the dark night Jimmy made him swear a terrible oath that the thing should bide so, that Janey should have her happiness, and that she should never know.

"Now this thing saddened all the days of Dan Fallon's life, useful and happy but for that; yet he could not do else in this cruel pass. And Jimmy was an ill man to thwart when his hand was set to a deed: who knows better than I? More than once I have been sorely minded to tell what he did to her for whom the thing was done—for she lives still. And as often I have drawn back, fearful lest James Foley should rise from the Atlantic ooze to forbid.

"Now that is the story of my first friend and my best—God be good to him!—Judge then the shock it was yesterday when that poor old hulk came into my shop and spoke to me with the voice of James Foley! 'Your Uncle James gives you greeting,' says this sodden wreck of a man, 'and asks could ye find it in your heart to help a fellow mortal to drown such a thirst as would do fair to burn the bristles off the back of his neck;' and with that he tosses his head with just the trick of poor Jimmy Foley as he tossed back his black forelock when we were boys together.

" 'Love of God, man, who are you?' says I. 'Who were you once, Uncle James?' I says, correcting myself.

"The old duffer stared me in the face for a blink of time, out of his bleary eyes. 'An' who the divil might ye be yourself?' says he, impudent as you please.

" 'Can't you read, man?' says I. 'Look in the window. 'Tis my name you see there.'

" 'Michael Quigley, Manufacturer of Fine Cigars,' he reads. 'It's pleased I am to meet so grand a figure of a man. Sorry not to have made your acquaintance before. Th' loss is all mine,' he says, and he gives me an ugly look out of his eyes. Insolent piece, he was!

" 'What is your name then,' says I, 'and what parts are ye from in th' old country?' I asks.

"He blinked at me with that impudent, fleering eye of his. 'Though it's none of your business, Mister Michael Quigley, Manufacturer of Foine Cigars,' he says. 'I don't mind tellin' ye that I'm Uncle James Corrigan—Sir James when I'm drunk—an' I come from Dublin town, where I was born me father's own son, Hiven rest his soul!'

"Then he turned to the door and was for going out without a word more and without turning his head. 'Here, man!' I called after him, 'here's a dollar for the sake of the old sod. Ketch!' I tossed him the coin, but he let it fall to the floor beside him. He shuffled out with his head lowered and no look behind."

Quigley paused. "I had a bad morning for it. . . . But no, that could never have been young Jim Foley of Leitrim. He dropped through the hole in the bottom of the sea—dead these fifty years, God be thanked! Better dead than like that!" He tapped out the unburned tobacco of his pipe. "Come, Ben, give us your song on the machine, and then we'll go home."

"Oh, never mind the song," said O'Connell bruskly. "It's late."

"Late, ye night-hawk?" scoffed the Captain. "One hour is as good as another to the likes of you. Give us the song that I interrupted with my long-winded yarn. 'Tis good of ye both to listen so patient to an old man's maunderings."

Ben Starr rose, swayed a little, wavered toward the mantel.

"Oh, cut it out, Ben, and go home," said Frank. "Go while you can get there. You can talk all right, but you can't walk!"

The Captain, deep in retrospection, hardly noticed the by-play.

"Don't butt in, buddie," said Ben in a queer voice.

O'Connell hesitated: Ben's obstinacy in unfavorable moments was well known. Ben took up the pasteboard box, turned, and tacked toward the phonograph. A chair stood in his path. He lurched to

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avoid it, swayed back, tripped, and fell: the record of "Allan Percy" was crushed beneath his weight.

"Captain—Captain, my foot slipped!" he said in part, remorsefully trying to gather up the scattered fragments. "Sorry! Devilish luck! Bully song! Too bad!"

"Leave that mess, Ben, and come on," snapped O'Connell, darting a look of admiration at Ben as he spoke. "The Captain is ready; I'm going to put out this light."

The morning after—not precisely in the cold gray dawn, yet early enough—Ben Starr waited in the dingy office of the "Brooklyn" hostelry while a boy went to arouse Sir James, and word came after a little that the gentleman was to come up.

Sir James was a sorry sight: his face pasty and gray, his eyes puffed unwholesomely, his hand trembling.

"And how do you find yourself, old scout?" said Ben.

"As you see, Eaglet." The old man cast a look around the sordid room and shrugged his shoulders. "Have a chair. Have *the* chair! As you see, sitting, if not sleeping, on the bed I have made for myself. I am glad to see you once more, for I am leaving your fair city soon—on my private car. And I carry with me one pleasant memory from this town, and one that will last long. 'Tis of yourself, sir, who did not stint an old man the courtesy and kindliness he was far from deserving."

Ben came to the point. "You need not leave Vesper again, if you care to stay. I think I may say that a home, rest, comfort—yes, and friends—wait for you here if you care to claim them, Mr. . . . Foley."

The man's face changed, his voice grew hard and tense. "Not Quigley—he never knew me? Not after I insulted him to his face when it was fair breakin' my heart to do it? No, no—Michael Quigley was not the man to let me go—even the thing I am now—if he had known."

"He did not know you," said Ben gently. "He thinks you dead—gone down with a lost ship. But you reminded him of—of yourself, of that dead man. It shook him, and last night he told me of his youth—and yours. Did you know—" Ben rose and looked from the window into a cheerless back yard—"did you know that Dan Fallon was dead, that Janey Considine is still living—less than five hours from here; —that before he died, Dan told Michael Quigley what happened on that luckless night before you—went away?"

Foley shook his head. "Dan did not tell —her?" he said in a strained half-whisper.

"No."

"Or Michael—did he tell?"

"No. He thought you dead. He thought you would not wish it."

"He thought right. Let the girl keep her dead! She must not know—now nor ever."

"And Quigley?" said Ben. "Is he not to know?"

"Let Michael keep his dead, too. Would he be glad to see me alive—like this? And his heart to be always torn with the wish to tell her? If you have one kind thought for me, keep your counsel. Do more than that. Forget what you have heard. Dead I am and dead I will stay. What good would life do me? How did Macbeth have it?

> " 'That which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have.' "

"James Foley is dead, sunk in the sea, as you say. I am Uncle James Corrigan—now on my way to consult my solicitors in New York. And so good-by, sir."

"If I could help you——"

James Foley flushed. "Keep your dirty money! I did not throw away life for hire. —No; no!—you did not deserve that I should say that, lad. You mean well, but —don't you see? I couldn't take money for—that one thing. And besides—you have seen me. What good is money to me? You can do this, if you will. Get me a ticket for the next train—New York, or anywhere. I will take that as a free gift from you, partly to make up for my ill words, and partly to make sure that Michael does not see me again."

Ben called the aged "bell-boy" and sent him for the ticket. Then he came back in the room.

"James Foley—" he began.

"Uncle James, if you please."

"Sir James—you would not take my money—will you drink with me?"

He held a silver flask in his hand; he unscrewed the cup from the top, and poured it full. Sir James took it; cup and flask met in air. Ben Starr gave the toast clearly:

"To a gallant gentleman—now dead."

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The Mean Little Town

by

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

AUTHOR OF "MOLLY MAKE-BELIEVE," "THE SICK-A-BED LADY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

AMONG all the people I know who make things, Donald Lester is the only one who makes Poetry.

Now as far as I can understand from what Donald explains to me, Poetry-Making is infinitely more intricate than my own trade, for instance, of Story-Making.

In Story-Making, of course, the method of procedure is as simple as this:

First of all, somewhere on the dingy street or in the crowded cars or at a bright-colored party, Fate fairly bumps you into an Amazing Incident. This Amazing Incident in turn caroms you off most abruptly against a New Idea. Embarrassed by your intrusion into the Amazing Incident, bruised by your impact with the New Idea, half laughing, half crying, you find yourself suddenly all keyed up to such a great state of emotional disturbance that you feel just literally impelled to snatch up the Amazing Incident and shake it, and deliver it over *in toto* to the first sympathetic person you meet.

Then your cool Brain that is always so annoyingly strict with you, joggles its inky finger right in your face and says:

"No! No! You mustn't touch that Amazing Incident, because Amazing Incidents always and invariably belong to other people—and must not under any circumstances be given away! But you can have this New Idea if you want to, because New Ideas are wild things and there's not even a game law on them. All I have to know," warns your Brain, "is that you really and truly want this New Idea."

"Why, of course I want it!" you retort, a trifle snappily. "Why, I haven't had a New Idea since a week ago Sunday!"

"Oh, very well, then," smiles your calm Brain, "oh, very well, then, hand me over immediately all your emotional interest in yon Amazing Incident—your shock, your surprise, your anger, your joy, your approval, your contempt—any feeling at all as long as it honestly does constitute a Big Feeling—and I will take a little paper and a little ink and a few punctuation marks and—vitalize them into a Brand-new Incident for your New Idea to live in, so that you can bring that New Idea boldly home and raise it honorably as your own,

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and no inquisitive person will ever even remotely suspect that you adopted it from your—brother. Dick's romance with the Cuban school-teacher, or from the confession the conductor made to you the day your car was stalled in the subway, or from the great bunch of white lilacs that the Italian fruit-pedler sends your mother every thirteenth of January."

So, out of the accident of a moment, the anger of a second, the rapture of an instant, your Brain proceeds then and there, very laboriously, very painstakingly, through days and weeks and months perhaps of sleeplessness and worry and reluctantly sacrificed pleasures, to create for you what it promised you—a Brand-new Incident for your New Idea to live and flourish in.

Behold then—the Story!

And if that Brain of yours has done its work really well, then two quite extraordinary things are bound to happen; and one of these things is pretty apt to make you laugh for rage, and the other one is almost sure to make you cry just for sheer joy! And the first of these extraordinary happenings is that somewhere at an afternoon tea in what you supposed was the house of a friend some silk-lined imbecile will attack you with a kiss and exclaim:

"Oh, I do think you write the *cutest* things! Why, I think that description of yours of the death in the railroad station is just one of the *cutest* things I ever read in my life! Oh, I do think it must be *such* fun to just sit down and dash off stories and get big money for them the way you do!—Really, you know, I've always felt that I could write a splendid story, too, if I could *ever* find a free morning for it!—And that description you wrote of Mrs. Dunderry in this last story—why, it's *perfect*, absolutely PERFECT—all her little mannerisms, all her little vanities. Why, everybody's talking about it!—What?—You don't know Mrs. Dunderry? *What?*—You never even saw her? W-H-A-T?—You never even HEARD of her? You—don't—mean—to—tell—me—that—it—wasn't—a—true story?"

No, Little Silk-lined—Person, it wasn't a true story—not a true word in it; not a true noun, verb, adjective; not so much as one tiny true "the" or "an"—that would come within your particular understanding of the Truth!

And the other extraordinary thing that will happen to you, if your Brain has done its work well at all, is that some stranger 'way off in British Columbia or South America or East Africa, or the next town, will very surely write you and say:

"*O-u-c-h!*—But that's a true story!"

Thank you, Stranger-Dear! Yes, you're perfectly right. It *is* a true story.

Why, of course, it's a true story, inasmuch

WHEN I SAW THE SLOUCHING, SHIFTLESS OLD MAN WHO CAME FORWARD SHEEPISHLY TO GREET HER, I KNEW THAT SHE HAD MADE A VERY TERRIBLE BLUNDER.

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as the emotion which vitalized it actually happened!—But the plot, the people, the printed incident itself? Oh, goodness, *n-o!*—Story-makers don't describe real people. Story-makers don't relate real occurrences.

Repeating facts that the Lord Almighty has already created is reporter's work and carries, no doubt, its own inimitable rewards. But to be able to take an utterly intangible Emotion engendered entirely in your own heart, and out of that disembodied Emotion create a make-believe paper Fact so vivid, so corporeal, that it in its turn can bump the stranger who runs into it, and carom him off against a New Idea, and engender in him a living, breathing, tingling Real Emotion—oh, when that happens it seems as if the Lord Almighty Himself came down from heaven and tapped you on the shoulder—and laughed—and said:

"Oh! Ho! You funny little person!—So you yourself—are just a—tiny bit of a —creator, too?"

Does this seem surprising to you?—Well, it needn't; because every man or woman who works with procreant forces feels just exactly the same proud way about it:—the impassioned Sculptor with his make-believe bronze agony in the make-believe bronze muscle of a make-believe bronze African, forcing his own infuriate horror of slavery upon an idle, gaping throng who thought to see—only bronze; the ecstatic Painter with his little toy sunset made of canvas and turpentine and a truly abnormal combination of carmine and purple, lifting some poor, hectored, day-goaded soul into the actual "peace of God which passeth all understanding;" the amorous Musician, by his incalculably shrewd, incalculably scientific manipulation of F-sharps and D-flats and minor thirds and diminished sevenths, passing on to the startled nun, the jaded cynic, the barren crone, a sudden literal, illuminating comprehension of Love!

The consciousness of being able—even once in your generation—with paint or plaster or ink or brass or vibrant wires—to create an Imitation of Life—so much like Life that Life's own Emotions shall come and breed in it!—*That's* what gives all creative people the strange little twist to their necks, the strange little glint to their eyes. It isn't fatigue. It isn't self-confidence. It's just the mark of the one day of the world when the Lord Almighty leaned across their shoulders, and looked at their work, and laughed for joy with them!

Does this seem stuck-up to you? Well, it needn't, because you yourself bear also on your person some unmistakable sign of the Lord Almighty's special favor to you! Maybe it's a singing voice; maybe it's a memory for dates; maybe it's a wonderful face; maybe it's a genius for friendship. But even the least of us of course does not pretend to be satisfied with his gift. I, for instance, would so much rather have had curls myself than any amount of pen-and-ink ability to bestow them on paper people. And only last week I met a tramp who would most joyously have exchanged his really remarkable gift of never-catching-cold for almost anybody's prosy knack of owning a fur-lined coat.

Donald Lester, I am perfectly positive, would infinitely rather have been a Baseball Player than a Poet. *But he had to be a Poet!*—Life is funny about things like that.

Whether Donald Lester, whom I am going to tell you about, really happens to interest you or not, it has always been essentially natural that he should interest me, because it was practically I who discovered him—sitting eight or ten feet in front of me on the grass at a baseball game in a little northern Vermont town where I have spent two May-times of my life.

Also, if you know anything about northern Vermont you know that its little towns breed a great many more Baseball Players than they do—Poets. So you can imagine how astonished I was between the seventh and eighth innings to glance up suddenly and behold—Donald.

Surely up to this time in Vermont, in May, I had never yet discovered more than just two types of young masculine faces—the lusty, ingenuous, ruddy-cheeked, gum-wadded high-school face, and the listless, waxen, long-bearded, long-haired, startlingly saintly, burlesquely biblical wood-chopper physiognomy of the older youth who, having just emerged from the dark, wintry forests, limp as salt pork, bloodless as potatoes, is basking round in every sunny corner, on every sunny slope, waiting for bright green food and bright yellow springtime to revive his interest once more in labor and—hair-cuts.

The surprise of discovering Donald Lester in just this particular company would have made almost anybody cry out.

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"Who's the Boy with the Face?" I suddenly blurted out, so impulsively that the unknown countryman at my right reached up and grabbed at his forehead rather anxiously, and 'way over at my left a small child tittered audibly and protested: "Why, everybody's got a face!"

But the woman just behind me leaned forward and touched me on the shoulder. "It's Donald Lester," she whispered.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Donald Lester? You don't mean—Virginia Lester's boy?"

"Oh, yes," said the woman.

"But Virginia Lester couldn't have a son as big and grown-up as that," I expostulated.

"He's just nineteen," said the woman.

"But where's he been all this time?" I persisted with some vehemence.

"Over the other side of the mountain, livin' with his gran'pa," explained the woman amiably. "Been teachin' grammar-school over there ever since he was took fourteen."

"What's he doing now?" my insistent curiosity demanded.

"Teachin' high-school over here and courtin' Jade Brigham's daughter," giggled my new acquaintance.

"But—Virginia Lester?" I mused.

"Died the night Donnie was born," related the woman blithely, with all the cheerful historical acceptancy of a nineteen-year-old fact.

"Oh, yes—I remember all about that," I said.

"Reckon you knew Virginia Lester pretty well?" asked the woman, with a reasonable amount of rising inflection in her otherwise monotonous voice.

"Oh, yes," I acknowledged, "once upon a time I knew Virginia Lester—very well indeed!"

Now Virginia Lester was a poor, pretty, haggard-eyed, pleasure-starved little New York stenographer who, permanently frightened by her married employer's attentions to her, and temporarily rattled by the annoying economic principle of always and forever being obliged to wear out her face in order to earn a new hat for it, had done that maddest of all mad things—answered a matrimonial advertisement in a Sunday paper.

And the only "once upon a time" when I had known Virginia Lester so well—I don't even know what her name was then—was on an accidental half day's train-ride together. Brimming full of a piteous sort of self-importance, and fairly bursting with the consciousness of her own perfectly sweet, perfectly innocent-minded audacity, she had knelt round suddenly in her dusty red-plush car seat and announced nonchalantly to me—an utter stranger—with no preface but a blush, no apology but a giggle:

"Say, Girl!—What do you think?—I'm going to be married to-day to a man I've never seen in my life!"

Just the explosive impetuosity of the confidence was proof enough that she was naturally one of those morbidly taciturn, morbidly reticent people who have never introduced any little foolish, chatty conversational safety-valves into their daily lives.

"Going—to—be—married—to-day—to a man you've never seen—in your life?"—Goodness me!—I was nothing but a youngster myself. The garish temerity, the fantastic impropriety of this other youngster's connubial project fairly paralyzed me with a dull, thrilly sort of horror!—And yet as she poured her desolate, dangerous, brave little life-story into my astonished ears,

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and yet, contrasting clean country byways with foul city highways, and honest hayseed with insidious orchids, how was one youngster to convince another—or herself—that the hand of the Lord Himself might not, possibly, be in the adventure?

"And I know he's good because—I've got letters from his pastor!" Virginia Lester had argued with passionate exultation. "And though the house has never been painted," she said, "it's right in the middle of an apple orchard!—Of course it will be bleak in winter—but there'll always be apple blossoms in the spring!"

"Bleak in the winter but always apple blossoms in the spring." Yes, young Donald Lester looked just exactly like that:—like something fathered by a fact, mothered by a hope, inherently bitter, most incongruously sweet!—But how about you, you little Virginia Lester, who, having suffered the winter, failed to survive the spring?

Even as late, I remember, as that last dramatic moment when the Vermont train had puffed into the dingy, primitive railway station, Virginia Lester had come running back to me from the very door of the car, and clutched at my hands and cried out laughingly: "Girl! Girl! Even now if you tell me not to get off the train—I'll mind you!"

But who was I, at twenty, to plunge my ignorant hands into the machinery of another person's life and break off, for all I knew, what might prove to be the very warp and woof of Providence? And in that moment of puzzled hesitancy Virginia Lester left the train, and when I stepped out on the rear platform to wave good-by to her and saw the slouching, shiftless old man who came forward sheepishly to greet her, I knew that she had made a very terrible blunder.

Yet out of such blunders poets apparently are made.

Chokingly now, after almost twenty years, I turned and scanned the faces of young Donald Lester's daily associates. As far as I could estimate, the whole village was camped there on the grassy slope, watching the ball-game: little barefooted, towheaded, blasphemous children; giggling school-girls bucolically sex-conscious; hot-blooded, horny - handed, brutish - muscled men tamed by fatherhood into slow-plodding, cautious farmers; kind-hearted, evil-minded married women equally quick with their slanders and their charities; one or two flashy-looking youths whose parents had mortgaged their farms to send them away to college to learn the—cigarette habit; an occasional senile, open-mouthed grandfather leaning oddly forward as if hooking his one remaining upper tooth into some invisible prop.

Here was the one type of obtuse, self-centered, inbred rural community—north, east, south, or west—that no amount of culture can polish deeper than the skin; the one type of stock that, transplanted fifty years to smooth city pavements and big civic interests and world-famous art treasures and soft, silken luxuries, would still be chewing its cud of gossip or tobacco, and haggling over its purchase of a postage stamp, and listening to its neighbor's telephone messages, and peering out through its costliest window-curtains in passionate, nasal speculation as to whether—Mrs. Smith was going up the street or—down.

With a quick forward nudge of her shoulder, the woman behind me joggled me out of my reverie concerning certain country towns.

"Say!" she said. "See? That girl sittin' close there to Donnie is Aurelia Brigham. Cute, ain't she? Though ther're some do say that she wears her corsets awful tight. —And smart?—Oh, Lor'!—She's the milliner, you know—has the shop next to the ice-cream place, and sometimes—sometimes I bet she makes as much as nine dollars a week!"

"Not really?" I cried, with all the astonishment I could crowd into the two words.

"Y-e-s," said the woman impressively. With another quick nudge she heralded the further advance of her confidences. "And —now—would you think," she whispered huskily, "and now, would you think that a girl like that would want to waste her time foolin' round with a fellow like Donnie Lester?—Why, there's a ribbon drummer from Bennington who's perfectly crazy about her; and one of the cottagers last summer——"

"What's the matter with Donald?" I interrupted apprehensively.

The woman looked at me a trifle askance and lowered her voice. "Why, he ain't all there," she whispered. "He — writes — poetry."

But when I started to curse—and laughed instead, it was not Donald Lester's

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marvelous, tragic face, but the face of the silly little blonde Milliner beside him that I turned most inquisitively to fathom. The little Milliner certainly was "all there." Tugging at the longest temperamental rope she had, she could not possibly have strayed half a thought away from her established limitations. Laboriously decked out in a pitiful little imitation of city fashions —pretty, prattling, inordinately self-conscious—she posed and coquetted there among her simpler brothers and sisters, a meager anatomical framework of ultimate peevishness and inanity, temporarily rouged, temporarily fleshed, temporarily magnetized by that most deceptive of all Life's cosmetics—Youth.

A dozen times I saw Donald Lester's dark, mysterious eyes look down upon her with a hurt sort of perplexity, and then go wandering off in frowning exploration to all the neighboring faces and tiptoe on behind half-lowered lids across the mangy ball-field, across the lush green meadows, across the quiet river, to buffet themselves at last like two caged birds against the towering indigo-colored mountain that blocked the whole horizon—and then come worrying back to the girl—and then go buffeting back against the mountains. Yearning for the woman who did not remotely satisfy him, pining for the boyish sports that could not possibly recreate him, smiling wanly at jokes that offended him, floundering desperately into conversation that sickened him—poor, puzzled Donald Lester, with his great, hopelessly isolated young intellect, suffering his first agonizing, turbulent consciousness of being different from his mates—before Time should soothe him with the sadder, saner realization that it was his mates who were different from him!

Thinking so intently about Donald Lester that my mind grew almost as cramped as my body, I jumped up with a sigh of relief the instant the ball-game was over, and went directly to him, stretching out my thought as well as my hand.

"Donald Lester," I said, "once upon a time I knew your mother very well—and your mother was in several ways a very remarkable woman. If you will come up to the hotel this evening I would like to tell you about your mother.—And will you please bring all your poems with you—every single, solitary little poem?"

With a quick, nervous titter the little Milliner slapped her fingers mufflingly across her mouth.

"S—h—h!—Don't say 'poems!'—The minister might hear you!" she cried warningly.

But Donald Lester had risen to his full bashful six-foot height and was shining down upon me with a sudden silver-moonlight sort of rapture that made the waning afternoon sunshine look like tarnished brass. Abruptly as it came the radiance vanished from his face.

"You—knew—my—m-mother?" he stammered. "B-ring my poems?—You don't mean—bring my—poems?"—His voice had wilted to a whisper.

Half an hour later, dallying on the hotel piazza, waiting for supper to be announced by the great, noisy, tattling bell that should proclaim to every house in the village, to every farm on the hillsides, to every echoing mountain ravine, the amiable fact that the single hotel-guest was about to be fed, I saw the little Milliner pass, dragging coyly on the arm of a gum-chewing baseball hero who was neatly if not convincingly attired in a somewhat abbreviated pair of white cotton "baseball pants," a short-sleeved undervest, and a furiously visored gray-flannel cap that could easily have sustained an ordinary-sized mantel-clock and a pair of candlesticks.

"Ain't he got nice legs?" whispered a tremulous feminine voice close to my ear, and in another instant the waitress's slender, brightly bangled arm shot out through

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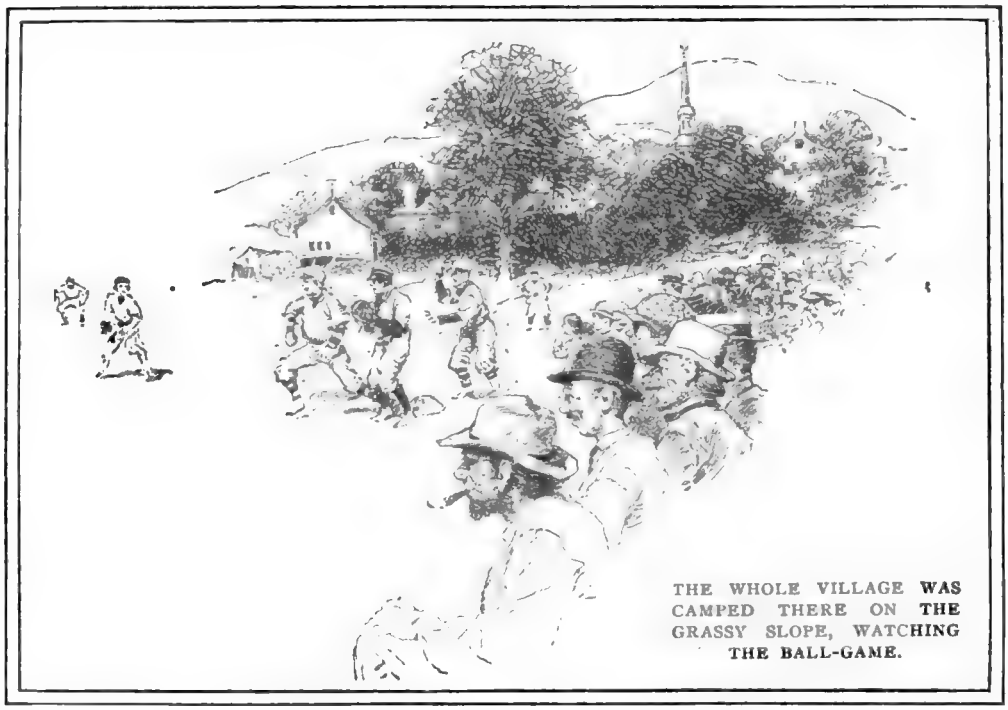

THE WHOLE VILLAGE WAS CAMPED THERE ON THE GRASSY SLOPE, WATCHING THE BALL-GAME.

the window and, grabbing from the shelf close beside me the big brazen bell, began to ring it, and ring it, till I thought my ear-drums would split. Then as soon as she was able to hear her own voice again, "Your supper is ready," she confided decorously.

Sitting presently at my clean little red-clothed table, nibbling alternately at canned beef and tinny-tasting cherries, I saw the whole baseball crowd, spectators and players, go trooping by to the railway station to watch the evening train come in, and jolly the brakeman, and stare at the possible passengers, and inspect the outgoing express packages, and see if by any deliciously scandalous chance somebody in the village had ordered beer for Sunday. Every one except Donald Lester seemed to be in the procession.

It must have been almost fifteen minutes before Donald Lester appeared. Walking slowly and alone, his gloomy, brooding eyes were more than ordinarily filled with puzzled questionings.—Perhaps the little Milliner's defection to the baseball hero was giving him undue concern. Just in front of my window he turned abruptly and swung off at a quick, jerky sort of stride into the narrow, undulating country road that ran straight as an arrow from my meager little supper table to the great, generous, cone-shaped, indigo-shadowed mountain that reared up tantalizingly just beyond the sunset-tinted river like all the blueberries you've ever wanted, piled in a saucerful of juice-colored cream.

Whimsically, from my own physical hunger, I wondered what the indigo mountain suggested to Donald Lester's starving spirit. Through a great cloud and spray of yellow dust, like a strong swimmer battling against heavy odds, head thrown back, shoulders tense with action, now rising triumphantly to the crest of a daisy-white hill, now fading ingloriously in a trough of sliding sand, I watched his solitary figure go plowing toward his goal.

"Eh!" said the waitress amiably. "Don Lester seems to be in an awful hurry tonight to get home and feed his cows.—Maybe he's coming back to town for something after supper. Usually I guess he goes up on the mountain after supper." Majestically she glided to the little window that opened into the pantry, and stuck her much-bepuffed blond head boldly into the aperture. "S-a-y, Mrs. Campbell," she

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called shrilly, "why do you s'pose Don Lester is hiking out so everlastingly for home? Anybody sick to his house? S-a-y, maybe he's going to take Aurelia buggy-ridin' tonight. S-a-y, why don't you send over to the Brighams' to borrow some sour milk or something, and find out?"

"Oh, dear me!" I protested with a secret twinge of conscience, "you don't mean that he's got to go 'way out there to the mountain and back?"

Reluctantly the waitress returned to my service. "Sure," she murmured laconically. "It's only four miles. Some fellows, of course, wouldn't foot it that far if they never came to town. But Don don't mind. Don don't mind anything like that. Don's awful strong. Strong as a ox!" With some condescension she reached over and poured out a second glass of milk for me. "It's too bad about Don Lester," she snapped with surprising emphasis. "I sure do feel sorry for Don Lester. You can search me—but I don't see one single solitary thing to make so much fuss about.—I don't blame him one single bit.—So there!"

"Blame him for what?" I asked in astonishment.

"Why, for that poem that was printed in that New York paper last week.—Didn't you see it? Why, everybody's crazy about it!" she volunteered cheerfully. With great precision she began to rearrange the knives and forks on the table nearest me. "Why, it was a dream he had," she explained above the quite unnecessary clatter of dingy silver. "Folks can't help what they dream! —Why, he dreamed that the—that the Lord was coming back to earth; and all the swells made a great fuss about it, and they strewed the cities with flowers, and there were bands playing and flags flying and automobiles tooting, and everybody sat around waitin', and when he came he was a—was a—" nervously her hand went up to her mouth—"was a—negro—this time," she tittered. Frankly she dropped a handful of spoons on the floor. "Why, you don't seem shocked at all!" she accused me.

"N—o," I said, "I don't feel shocked at all. It's a pretty big sort of dream, though —concerning the brotherhood and equality of man—and it makes me feel sort of parched on the inside of my cheeks. But there was a poet once named Lord Byron who had something more or less to say a very long time ago about a Christ of mixed bloods.—But it's a pretty—big—thought—for an Anglo-Saxon to—swallow."

DONALD LESTER'S MARVELOUS, TRAGIC FACE, AND THE SILLY LITTLE BLONDE MILLINER BESIDE HIM.

A little contemptuously the waitress began to push her hips down at least two inches below their natural level. "I don't know anything about your angling Saxons," she sniffed, "but I've tended lunch-counter two winters now at the Bellows Falls railroad-station, and I ain't by any means as narrow-minded as most of the folks round here. You see, there was a fellow there I went with who kept the news-stand, and he lent me magazines almost regular—and I tell you I'm pretty well posted on this literature business. These ignorant folks round here can say what they want, but I call Don Lester's effort a real *cute* poem!—And he got seven dollars for it! And, oh gee! I wish I could get seven dollars for some of my bad dreams!" Haughtily she picked up a pile of clean napkins and started for the kitchen.

"Oh, but what does Aurelia think about it?" I asked casually.

The waitress's eyes rolled whitely heavenward. "Oh, Lordy!" she giggled. "Aurelia feels perfectly awful about it!—Didn't the minister preach about it Sunday?—Didn't the lady superintendent of the Sabbath-school cut Don perfectly dead right there

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in the grocery store, with them both yanking pilot-crackers out of the same barrel?—Oh, Aurelia, I tell you, she feels awful! First Aurelia says the old poem is sacrilegious, and then she says it ain't refined. Ever since Aurelia learned millinery, you know, she's perfectly great about being refined. Why, Aurelia's so refined—" the waitress's lip began to curl—"why, Aurelia's so refined that she won't even walk on the mountain with Don Sunday afternoons! And Don don't mean any harm at all, walking on the mountain. Lord knows there ain't anything to see when you get there except just mountains and spaces, and there sure ain't any special harm in that. But Aurelia she says it ain't refined to go mountain-climbing on Sunday."

"But maybe after they're married," I said, "Aurelia will learn to walk on the mountain with Donald."

Stridently through the little pantry window a woman's voice interrupted the moment's silence.

"S-a-y, Tessie," called the voice, "Aurelia's just telephoned over to ask if you'll lend her your blue silk dress to wear to the dance to-night. She says she's just torn an awful gash in her white one and she's just too plain, plumb tired-out to iron another one."

"Sure I'll lend it to her," said the waitress genially.

"Now don't you do any such thing!" warned the nasal voice from the pantry window. "She'll stretch it all out dancin', and more than that her mother's a mean, hateful, spiteful old busybody, and if I were you I wouldn't do one single solitary thing for any member of the family!"

"Humph!" grunted the waitress with a mighty snort. "What's eatin' you?—And whose dress is it, anyway? Friends like me and Aurelia are, now wouldn't I be the pig not to lend her my blue dress when she asked for it?"

"Oh, suit yourself!" mocked the strident kitchen voice through a temperish rattle of pots and pans. "Suit—yourself!" Then after a moment's tranquil silence the voice turned suddenly buttery and wheedling. "Well—Tessie!—As long as you insist on goin' over, maybe you'd be willin' to ask Mrs. Brigham if she won't come over to-night and set up with old Pap Campbell. This jumpin' out of bed every hour to feed him medicine is raisin' sin with my neuralgy. Bein' a church-member, you know, Mrs. Brigham won't charge me nothin' for it; but if I get anybody else I'll have to pay 'em a quarter!"

Slowly, in one argument and another, the waitress and the thrifty Mrs. Campbell faded from ear-shot.

Very leisurely then, still keeping my seat at the little red-clothed table, I opened a magazine and began to stare dully through the pages. The clatter of kitchen dishes was rather unpleasant, the room was graying fast with eye-straining twilight. But there was really no other place to go while I waited for young Donald Lester. My little room upstairs reeked like a paint-shop with its brand-new turquoise-colored woodwork; the gloomy hotel-office rang with the whining snappishness of half a dozen quarrelsome children; and already along the narrow, white-railed piazza just outside my window the "menfolks" of the village were beginning to gather for their evening gossip, glow after glow of pipe or cigar or cigarette signaling its mute answer "Present!" to the silent roll-call.

On that particular night of that particular week of that particular year there was a good deal going on in the world, if I remember correctly—wars and the rumors of wars; a blood-curdling aerial disaster to a scientist who gave his life to prove that Science itself was still too heavy for the air; the first authentic newspaper announcement of the discovery of a serum for the prevention of typhoid fever; a great economic proclamation from the Department of Agriculture at Washington concerning the heretofore waste-products of the American farm. An old, white-haired, deacon-mouthed man, his face fairly shining with celestial fervor above the spurting flame of his corn-cob pipe, opened the evening's discussion without preface or preamble.

"I call it—blasphemous!" said the old man succinctly. "Just plain—plumb—damn—blasphemous!—And if that 'ere—blankety blank—Lester boy was mine I'd knock his blankety- -blank—blank block off!"

"But it ain't poetry, anyway," volunteered the apothecary, with the natural superiority of a man who is able in a real emergency to decipher a reasonable number of Latin nouns—provided, of course, that the prescribing physician in his turn has been able to spell a reasonable number correctly. "It ain't poetry, anyway,"

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explained the apothecary. "Poetry is rhymes—cat, rat, mat, fat, and all that sort of thing. It don't matter so much about the idea, but there's got to be rhymes! Now this thing of Lester's—there ain't a rhyme in it! I tell you it ain't honest! It's cheatin'! All snipped off at the end of every line same as if it was goin' to be poetry—likelier than not the boss of that New York paper was so darned busy he just rushed it in and never even noticed that it weren't right. Oh, I tell you I'm going to keep my eye on Lester after this. Wasn't it only last week I let him go round behind the counter and weigh out his own pound of *pix burgundica* for the old man's rheumatism?"

"Writin' poetry!" snarled a younger voice through a cloud of cigarette smoke. "Stuck-up sissy!—Won't chaw. Won't swear! Won't booze with the fellers! Won't spoon with the girls!—What's he good for, anyway, except breakin' horses and yankin' rocks out of the pasture, and cartin' his old grandpap round on his back, and goin' off fishin' with that blankety—blank old convict Lorenzy?"

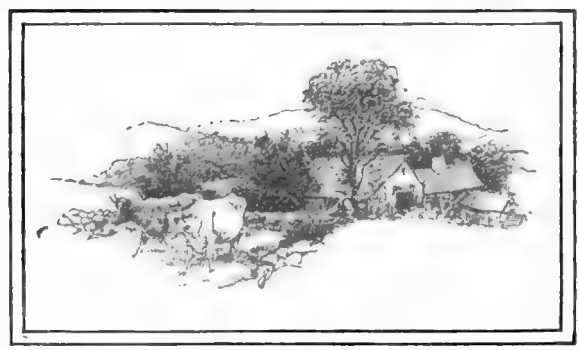
"You're a lot of fools," interposed another young fellow with astonishing loyalty. "Let the poor beggar write poetry if he wants to. It don't hurt your thick hides any. Only, for heaven's sake, what does he know about *cities?*—Never been twenty miles away from this burg in all his life. Talk about a factory's 'slender chimney-buds'—wasn't that what he called 'em? 'Slender chimney-buds—bloomin' always into—into—noxious—violet-colored corollas of smoke and flame,'—or somethin' like that. Oh, fudge!—And what was that about 'gleamin' car-tracks runnin' through the slums like—like silver stitches in a pauper's wound'?—And tryin' to make out that night in the city ain't wild at all like a panther, but just comes sneakin' 'velvet-footed round the street corners like a—like a great purring, prowling, growling, electric-eyed tom-cat—with a ribbon round its neck.'—Gee, ain't I got a memory like a parrot—but what sense does all that make?—Now, if Don Lester really wants to know anything about cities, why don't he come to some of us college fellows?—This 'Little Willie' could put him wise, all right, to one or two things. Why, there was a——"

Suddenly out of an unexpected commotion near the steps an unfamiliar voice broke into a shout of joyous ribaldry. "Say, fellers!" yelled the breathless newcomer, "what do you think?—Can you beat it?—Don Lester's got a new poem printed!—And it's called 'Fatherhood!'—I just seen it over at the post-office.—It's in a Boston magazine. *'Fatherhood!'*—Oh—m-y,—but isn't Donny-Boy the old sport?—Him so darn keen about mountains and sunsets and all them innocent amusements!—I bet yer a dollar he's got a family over the other side of the mountain!"

"S—h—h!" warned somebody. "Quit your kidding. Here he comes now."

"Good! I'm glad of it!" chuckled the breathless one, and ran out into the road. Just in the globular flare of light from the drug-store window the two lads met face to face. "Papa! Pa-pa!—What's the price of soothing-sirup?" taunted the silly, snickering voice.

For just a second I saw Donald Lester pause and stare at his accoster. Then quick as a flash his fist shot out, and a vague gray form went whimpering down into the dust, and lay there very still. Against the murky, sinister background of the night the bright yellow tableau smote upon one's senses like a crash of broken glass.



In another moment I heard the starchy swish of the waitress's skirts in the doorway. "Don Lester is here and wants to see you," she announced with an acid sort of surprise, "and Mrs. Campbell says you can set in her parlor if his feet ain't too dusty."

Blinkingly I went out into the lamplight and met Donald Lester. His face was white as a sheet. His mouth was twisting like a

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madman's. But in his eyes was a strange, exultant sort of satisfaction, and his drawling voice when he spoke held a grim flicker of amusement.

"If — you — could — catch — a person— —when you were maddest at him," he asked mildly, "and tear him all to pieces while he was still warm—and hunt him through and through with a microscope—do you think—you could find—anything more in him to tear to pieces? The spirit of him, I mean? —The impetus behind the thing he did that made you mad?"

And in that single soft-voiced expression of emotion, contrasting serenely as it did with the town's persistent, roistering, rackety profanity, my heart fairly curdled with the realization that from solemn mountain to jocular railroad, from tranquil river to sputtering spool-mill, my ears had just listened to the most fearful body-curse and soul-malediction that had ever been uttered in that little green and blue valley.

Instantly, though, with the passing of his passion, bashfulness settled down again like a pall over Donald Lester's face. Awkwardly, almost clumsily he fumbled his way to the red-plush chair on the farther side of the tiny marble-topped parlor table. Just for a second, sitting directly opposite him as I was, I saw his mouth contract with a spasm of pain.

"I came down here expecting to talk—most—about my mother," he blurted out with apparent difficulty. "But I—don't want to talk about my mother now. I want to talk about my—poems!" Vehemently he thrust a small sheaf of papers into my hand. "Read them!" he stammered. "For God's sake read them—and tell me *if I am a fool!*"

Think of a little town like this little town being able to make a big soul like Donald Lester's doubt its own divinity! Surely then it is no idle figure of speech to call Genius a Flame.—Genius *is* a flame! It *must* be a flame! Else why at each new flickering sign of it should every barren, drought-scared nature for miles around gather panic-stricken to stamp on it—lest it spread?

Eagerly now I picked up page after page of the manuscript and scanned it line by line, hunting for the whisper of pine-trees, the babble of brooks, the scent of new-mown hay-fields. But there were no pine-trees in Donald Lester's poems. No babbling brooks. No hay-fields. No indigo-shadowed mountains. Nor dimpling valleys. Nor feather-throated songsters. Nor *any* country thing! Every verse of every poem, every line of every verse, every word of every line was fairly trumpeting *city—city—city!*

The roaring, writhing fatigue of elevated trains! The clot and congestion of crowded street-corners! The grinding lust of traffic and trade! The wail of the staggering, sodden-footed, deserted old wharves wading out knee-deep to meet the incoming ships that eternally pass them by! The husky, wheedling, steam-choked challenge of one ferry-boat to another! The delirious anarchism of the sweat-shop! The maddening beauty of electric lights! Deductions as final and authentic as the last word of a savant, phraseology as brutally, crudely frank as the temper of a child, rhyme-words rushing as rapturously to mate with each other as the full moon and the sea! Knowledge, passion, music, adolescent Power indescribable!—And all about the city that he had *never* seen!

Some people call an achievement like this imagination—originality, brand-new creative faculty working itself out through some freakish mental process. But when you actually stop to think about it, Adam himself is just about the one and only *original* person that the world has ever known. And who can prove that the adolescent uncanny cognizance of life is not really—memory—physical, lineal memory?—not any mere modern local history of the brain, but something infinitely more remote—legends incorporated with the bone, melodies written in corpuscles of blood, little funny prehistoric protoplasmic rumors stirring uneasily in their new virgin flesh?—Fervor, perhaps, of the Druids' sacrificial fires. Fruits, maybe, of Cæsar's triumphal entry into Rome. Facts about greed, certainly, that no one but a red-handed pirate could ever have known; faith, surely, that was never gleaned in any worldlier nook than a dove-gray cloister!

Dazed by the wonder of it all, I sat staring perfectly dumbly into Donald Lester's startled face.

"What's the matter?" he gasped. "Haven't—I—any talent for writing?"

The tortured suspense in his voice would have pierced the ear-drums of the dead, I think.

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With a very choky feeling in my throat I reached out my aching, typewriter-calloused finger-tips and touched him gently on the shoulder. "Oh, yes, indeed, Donald Lester," I said, "you've got a talent for writing.—But God Himself knows whether you've got any talent for—*being a writer!*"

"What do you mean?" he demanded impetuously.

"I mean—" I said, "I mean that almost everybody has got a 'talent for writing'—little romantic high-school girls scenting authorship in their first facile paraphrasing of some encyclopedic excerpt; worried widows trying to shoo the wolf from the door with a flutter of foolscap paper; ardent young college men 'perfectly crazy' to write—when there isn't anything else to do!—But I tell you, Donald Lester, there isn't one person in a thousand who possesses the talent of *being a writer!* —Authorship isn't just a desire to write—authorship isn't even the ability to write. Anybody can quicken to an inspiration! Anybody is capable of exultancy over a result! Have all the fierce, consuming mental-passion for Life that you can get, Donald Lester—the test of authorship will lie only in the question of just how much *grit* you've got to sustain you in the hideous interim between your inspiration and your result—the long, lagging, hideous interim—after your inspiration has faded—and before your result has begun to breathe!

"You're just at the beginning of your work, Donald Lester! You're all crude fire! And wild hopes! And raging purpose!—But Painter, Sculptor, Composer, Writer—not until that raging Purpose has found a mate named Patience will any child be born whom you can call 'Success!'—And even so, Donald Lester—cramp your air-starved lungs with desk labor, rack your weariest sleep with dreams of work, drink ink instead of wine, write till your flesh is parched as blotting-paper—still will there be fools and barren people and doll-minded scribblers nursing pink-bisque faces and yellow-flax wigs who will attest: 'Oh, what fun it must be to produce anything!"

THE LITTLE MILLINER DRAGGING COYLY ON THE ARM OF A GUM-CHEWING BASEBALL HERO.

"Fun? — FUN? — Staring enviously at somebody's winsome little son, go ask the mother if she found her birth-pangs—amusing! Sniffing luxuriantly at a bottle of attar of roses, go ask the rose if it really enjoyed being — crushed? Watching the shimmery, priceless warp of silk come rolling off the loom, go ask the grease-smooched, sweat-drowned, noise-deafened peasant who tends the loom if he wouldn't rather make silk than—eat! The 'fun' of writing?—Oh, ye gods! Don't you dare talk to me, Donald Lester, about 'wanting' to write, or being 'able' to write. It isn't a question of wanting, it isn't a question of being able. It's just a plain, brutal question of whether you love Life—so much—that you can *stand* writing about it!—*Do you?*"

"Why—of—course," stammered Donald Lester. His face was very white. "Why, of course.—I love—everything," he repeated.

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"But that won't do," I said. "It isn't a question of loving everything. It's a question of loving everything—*enough*. Almost everybody 'loves everything.'—Artists are the people who love things enough!"

"What do you call enough?" faltered Donald Lester. His hands were clutching hard at the edge of the table.

"Enough?" I said. "Enough?—Why, I mean that a man can almost never nourish both his brain and his body out of the same experience. Which are you going to starve?—I mean," I said, "that just as no man may righteously 'kiss and tell,' so on the same principle the only facts that an author may righteously confide to his public are the facts that—never have happened!—Have you then already made up your mind whether to *live* life largely, freely, gorgeously—and keep your mouth shut about it, or merely to *think* life tensely, laboriously, ascetically—and tell the whole world frankly—every guess you make? Are you irrevocably prepared, I mean, to work always while other people play?

"Do you love outdoors so much, I mean, that you're willing to stay indoors for the sake of writing about it? Do you love spring so much that you'd rather breathe it permanently into your typewriter than transiently into your lungs? Are you so crazy about sleep that you'd gladly stay awake a hundred nights if you could thereby think out the one perfect phrase that should conclusively describe sleep? Are you strong enough to breast the advice of the ignorant, the impertinence of fools, the judgment of the vulgar? Are you perfectly positive that with virility and masterfulness you will always keep on writing the thing that *you* want to write instead of the thing that the woman next door, or your mother's second cousin, or the clerk in the shoe-shop thinks you ought to write?

"What are you going to do when, after you have put all your heart and all your soul and a whole year of your life into one single poem, some amazing boor writes you and says: 'Kindly allow me to call your attention to the fact that in your recent impassioned description of the crucifixion you used a semi-colon where you should have used a comma,' or—'Have just read your last poem with much pleasure, but do not consider it nearly as good as your former poem!'—Information as gratuitously astonishing as if a Passer-By had stopped you on the street and said: 'Excuse me, but your eyes are crossed!' 'Excuse me, but you have a slight hump on your back!' 'Excuse me, but I have just met your sister Isabel and I do not consider her nearly as bright as your sister Alice!'

"Are you sure you can keep your heart clean, Donald Lester, when all the evil-minded people of your acquaintance are hovering eternally around the edges of your work like some peculiarly foul and abnormal type of buzzard, waiting—not for the first sign of death, but for the first sign of life itself, to pounce down upon your vision and defile it?—Oh, yes, Donald Lester, you've got a Talent for Writing! And Fame itself must be a very glorious achievement! But what about the intervening time when Publicity merely takes a White Man and blacks him up like an African dodger at a county fair, so that the feeble-minded and the rough and the ribald who are used to stoning cats, can learn for the price of a magazine what it would feel like to stone a man?"

Towering to his full height, Donald Lester jumped to his feet. Purpose, passion, power were rioting in him like strong wine! His eyes were blazing with excitement! His dangerously sensitive mouth was as triumphantly despotic as the mouth of a young god!

"I don't care what you warn me!" he cried ecstatically. "I *can* write! I CAN! I CAN! What do you suppose I care what the fools in this town think about me?—Look at this poem!" he insisted with almost fanatical exultancy, snatching a single slim sheet of paper from his breast-pocket. His face went suddenly white and shining like moonlight on the dead. His boyish eyes were brimming wet with tears. "Look—at—this—one!" he stammered. "I made it on the mountain, Sunday!" His voice sank to a whisper. "Made it—on the mountain—Sunday!—And God Himself is—wild with joy about it!"

—And "God Himself"?—Somehow even in that tense, overwrought moment it steadied me to think that in spite of Miss Aurelia's squeamishness, Virginia Lester's son had not been obliged after all to walk altogether alone on the top of his mountain.

Then with a quick, discordant crackle of skirts, a very much outraged Mrs. Brigham and a somewhat tear-stained and snuffling Aurelia thrust themselves into our presence.

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"Don Lester!" snorted old Mrs. Brigham's sour, suspicious voice. "Look here, you Don Lester!—I hearn you've got a family over the other side of the mountain!"

"S—sh!" tittered Aurelia mildly through her tears, after the general manner of a person who yearns to suppress not so much a fact as the indelicate mention of the fact. "S-sh," said Aurelia. "It ain't so much that I think that, as I call it indelicate of a single man to write poetry about 'Fatherhood,' and him going with me at the time."

Quite against all intention, my nervousness relaxed suddenly in one wild burst of uproarious mirth, in which, in spite of Mrs. Brigham's black-eyed indignation, Aurelia finally joined me, with a hysterical giggle—not because she had the remotest perception of what I was laughing at, but because she belonged on general principles to the type that always does intend to keep its lamb shorn to the particular length that best accords with the prevailing wind.—And if the City Lady with a plume in her hat that cost not one cent less than $13.75 at wholesale, found it stylish to laugh about Donald Lester's poem concerning "Fatherhood," why, laugh, laugh, everybody laugh, as long at least as the City Lady was within hearing!

"But all the same," argued Aurelia with a certain airy sort of dignity, "but all the same, if Don Lester's going to write poetry why don't he write poetry that people like?—None of the folks up here likes his poetry!—Why don't he try and write a poetry that will interest the Minister?"

In a dumb, helpless sort of astonishment, Donald Lester stepped slowly forward and, stooping down, stared searchingly into Aurelia's little pink-and-white face.

"Why, Aurelia!" he protested in real distress. "Why, Aurelia!—Can't you understand?—I'm not trying to write things that will interest the Minister!—*I'm trying to express—the things—that happen—to interest—me!*"

"Pouff!" said Aurelia contemptuously. "Pouff! Stuff and nonsense!—A feller, I tell you, has got to cater to what folks want if he's goin' to make good any! Look at Jim Halliway now, with his ice-cream parlor!—Didn't he start in selling just plain vanillys—and didn't he have to change over into them college ices with blue and red sirups before his first month was past?—Prosperin' now, all right, ain't he?—And look at me," she confided proudly.

Very daintily she spread her borrowed plumage and sank down languorously into the depths of the red-plush sofa, beckoning Donald to the empty place beside her with a gesture that was all coquetry in spite of its ill-humor. "Look at me!" she repeated challengingly. "Don't I look successful?" The face that she turned upward toward the light was like a spray of apple-blossoms framed in gold. "Ain't I always studying my market?" she demanded. "When folks want feathers don't I offer them feathers? And when flowers are more swell don't I stock up with flowers?" Softly and not undeftly her small white hands began to twist the folds of the blue silk dress into a myriad more seductive lines.

"But Aurelia," I suggested amiably, "you are a mechanic, and Donald is an—artist!"

"Eh?" gasped Aurelia with some shrillness.

"Why, yes," I explained. "You are a mechanic, a tradesman, a merchant—and mechanics and tradespeople and merchants are just naturally obliged to study their markets and strive and strain to please their publics.—But an artist, you know, is a person who strains and strives only to please himself!"

"Eh?" mumbled Mrs. Brigham morosely, from her stiff-backed chair by the door. "Eh? An 'artist?'—Don Lester? Why, Don can't even paint his barn!—Ain't it the only one in town that ain't never been painted?" With accruing righteousness she raised her eyes to the ceiling. "All I want to know," she persisted, "is what about this family that I hear Don Lester's got over the other side of the mountain?"

Out of his really appalling silence Donald Lester lifted his head with a quick, jerky sort of perplexity, and then went perfectly still again. More than anything else just at this moment he made me think of a fine, high-strung horse that has just fallen down on its first slippery pavement and is lying so utterly paralyzed with embarrassment while the crowd assembles that it can not possibly recollect whether its initial jump-up muscles are in its hind or its fore legs.

Irritated by this most deceptive serenity, Aurelia's face flared up suddenly with an expression of harshness and meanness that was almost instantly crowded out again by the exuberant beauty of her youth.

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"Now, Don Lester!" she threatened archly, "I like you better than any feller I've ever gone with, but like or no like, I'm not going with any feller who hasn't a tony reputation.—Hit it up a bit during the week if you've got to, but it's church for yours on Sunday if you don't want folks to think you're queer!—" Women like Aurelia clench their noses, not their fists, when they fight. "Writing — poetry — about — *fatherhood!*" sniffed Aurelia. "I call it—disgusting!"

"Yes, that's exactly what I say—'disgusting,' " echoed Mrs. Brigham.

Just for a second, like the young horse stretched on the pavement, I saw Donald Lester struggle upward once more. Then Aurelia, turning suddenly, clawed her silly little white fingers into his great, powerful shoulders and began to shake him as impotently as a rat teasing a terrier.

"Where are you getting your ideas from?" she fairly screamed. "And who are you walkin' with on the mountain—Sunday afternoons—I'd like to know?"

And in the blank, stricken, absolutely helpless expression that Donald Lester turned upon her, I saw at once that he probably never would succeed in rising from this particular situation; for in the figurative parlance concerning the fine horse lying on the pavement, Aurelia was now sitting on his head.

Staring now, as I did, from Aurelia's face to Donald's, I thought I had never in all my life seen two young faces so utterly and indescribably innocent, with the innocence of ignorance. Aurelia, ostentatiously virgin, mawkishly self-protective, with her absolute ignorance of there being any good in the world; and Donald, serenely sophisticated, piquantly frank, in his heavenly ignorance of there being any evil.

When I come to die—which I hope I never will—and rise again—as I trust I surely may—there are just two questions that I want to ask the Almighty, it it should so prove that we are given any opportunity to present individually the particular life-problems that have personally worried us most. And the first of these questions is strictly my own business. But the second one will surely be: What does a man like Donald Lester see in a girl like Aurelia Brigham?

Yet even as I hectored myself now with the question, Donald Lester lifted his hand and dropped it down for a second on the girl's bright hair; and the faint, wistful, grimly humorous, divinely patient smile that he signaled across Aurelia's sulking head into my tear-dimmed eyes must have been strangely patterned after the smile that went with that first phenomenally gentle prayer for fools:—"God forgive them—for they know not—what they do!"

"Is there no one, Donald Lester," I asked abruptly, "is there no one in this town who understands?"

Gravely he lifted his eyes to mine. "Yes," he said. "There is Lorenzy."

"And who is 'Lorenzy?' " I asked with some curiosity.

Something distinctly whimsical flared for an instant in Donald Lester's face. "People up here call him a 'convict just out of state's prison,' " he said. "But I guess he's really an 'artist,' and that must be why I like him—because he makes—trout flies—solely to please himself!"

Then suddenly into the moment's hush and peacefulness broke the tense nasal tones of Mrs. Campbell, who had evidently been listening cheerfully to the entire interview from the farther side of the thick, plushy portière.

"All I say is," whined Mrs. Campbell, "all I say is, that if Donnie Lester's goin' to write poetry, why don't he write things like other folks write—pretty things, I mean —all about flowers and birds and such?—I had a niece once who wrote a poem about flowers and birds. I seen it in an autograph album. And it was a good poem too! I know it was—because I've seen three or four others almost exactly like it!"

Frenziedly I jumped to my feet. The pulses in my temples were pounding like hot hammers.

"Oh, Donald Lester!" I cried. "For heaven's sake, come to the city—where people will understand you and appreciate you! This town will smother you! It will choke you! It will maim you! Come to the city—where you can think as a free man thinks! Come where you can breathe! Come where you can—*live!* You've got a future before you—a great, wonderful, electrifying future! There'll be no poet in your generation who can even remotely reach you!"

"Oh, very well!" interrupted Aurelia excitedly, "if you really think he could make a tony hit in the city, why don't he go?

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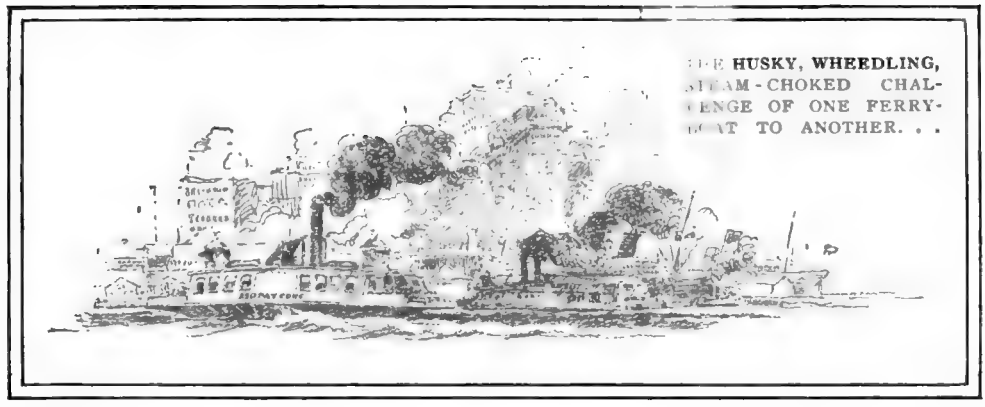

And then when he makes good—if he does—and wears swell clothes and all that sort of thing, why, then he can come back—and I'll marry him then. All I want to make sure of is that he don't compromise me any now, hanging round this town makin' a laughing-stock of himself and me."

"Come, Donald Lester!" I challenged him. "Come to the city that—wants you—and needs you!"

Awkwardly he loosened his arms from Aurelia and stumbled limply to his feet, where his new hope revitalized him suddenly like a roaring flame. Again I saw in his body the passionate vigor of indomitable purpose. Again I saw in his face the triumphant ecstasy of a young god.

"You—mean—" he stammered out of his death-white lips, "you mean that the city *wants* me?—You mean that the city—*needs* me?—You mean that you can—find a place for me?"

"Yes, Donald Lester," I said. "Come! Come!"

"I will! I will!" he cried.

For just a second he threw back his splendid head, and his voice rang out with a fierce, stifled gasp of exultation that fairly crisped the roots of my hair. Then suddenly he bit his lip. "What about my poor old grandfather?" he faltered.—And his hands went stealing out along the wainscoting behind him like the hands of any other crucifiable person groping for the nails.

"I can't!" he said. "I've—got—to—milk—the—cows!"

Just that. Nothing more. Not a flutter of the throat. Not a flicker of the eyelid. Then, like an old man, with shoulders dragging and feet shuffling, he turned—and went out into the night. . . .

So have several other brave young souls of the world renounced their "one big chance" in the first moment of its coming. Perfectly simply, without fuss or furor, for the sake of an obligation, for the shadow of a duty.—Blinking up for one single instant into the amazing radiance, and then, with all their bright, succulent youth wrung dry in them, like an old gray rag, going out—for all time—into the night.—Perfectly simply, perfectly sweetly, without whine or whimper.

"Thank you very much—but I've got to milk the cows!"

Somehow I fancy it would take a good deal of a Sherlock Holmes to ferret out the Amazing Incident that bumped me into the New Idea that bruised me into the Big Emotion out of which this little story was made!

I've half a mind to tell you.—It was this:

One morning last summer I saw a great, gorgeous Yellow Butterfly—a Butterfly so great, so gorgeous, so altogether miraculous that it almost broke my heart to think that it could live only a day.

"But short as a day may seem to you, a day is a full lifetime to the Butterfly," argued the Philosophical Person close beside me.

Oh, yes, I know that. But this particular day, you see, was a rainy day. And the Yellow Butterfly's wings were so bedraggled with the weather—all around him—that he never got any—any chance at all to fly.

What about the Butterfly who lives only a day—and that day a *rainy* day?

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The WATERLOO of the TURKS

By

FREDERICK PALMER

AUTHOR OF "WITH KUROKI IN MANCHURIA," "CENTRAL AMERICA AND ITS PROBLEMS," ETC.

Editor's Note—This is the story of the battles of the Balkan war, told by the only American reporter within the Allies' lines. In sending his newspaper despatches from Europe, Mr. Palmer was a victim of the Bulgarian censorship whose object was to suppress all news that might encourage the Turks. Here he tells the story freely, and with the spirit and vividness that have given him foremost place among American war correspondents. Last month, in an independent article, he explained the reasons why the Little Christian nations joined hands against the Moslems. Here he tells how they won.

Drawing from a photograph by Paul Thompson

THE Balkan peoples fought as we should fight if a Japanese invasion had reached Chicago. Then we should forget politics, the money trust, and the turkey trot. Unless our muscles had turned to jelly and our blood to water, every able-bodied man would want a place on the firing line; and he would not worry about catching his death of cold if his feet got wet on the march.

But courage alone is not enough. Numbers must go with it. Napoleon said that God was on the side of the heaviest battalions; or, according to Forrest, the Confederate cavalry leader, the way to win is to get there first with the most men. Three to one is, nominally, the right proportion for a prompt, decisive victory against any force in entrenchments, armed with up-to-date rapid-firers and long-range rifles that have a flat trajectory.

Montenegro, with a population of three hundred and twenty thousand, put about forty thousand men in the field; Servia, with three millions, about one hundred and seventy thousand; Bulgaria, with four millions (exclusive of some five hundred thousand Turks), about two hundred and eighty thousand in the first line; and Greece, with two and a half millions, about ninety thousand. This made a grand total of five hundred and eighty thousand, whereas there were about three hundred thousand Turkish troops in Europe.

Conceive of European Turkey as shaped like a funnel,* with the tapering peninsula of Thrace, having Constantinople at its point, as the small end. Where the funnel would normally begin to broaden, the border of Bulgaria makes a bend in it and prolongs its neck between southern Bulgaria and the Ægean Sea. Thence it extends westward to the Adriatic Sea, past Servia, spreading southwest to the Grecian peninsula and northwest to Montenegro.

Against any one of his little Christian neighbors the Turk had superior numbers, and had only to concentrate on a single section of his many-sided frontier line. It had never entered his mind that the little neighbors would form an alliance. He had

* See the map on page 483.

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trusted to their jealousies to keep them apart. United, they could strike him on the front and both sides simultaneously.

He was due for an attack coming down the main street and from alleys to the right and left.

In this situation he must temporarily accept the defensive. Meanwhile, he foresaw the battalions of "chocolate soldiers" beating themselves to pieces against the breastworks of his garrisons, and Greek turning on Serb and Serb on Bulgar after a taste of real war. Against divided counsels would be one mind, which, with reenforcements of the faithful from Asia Minor, would send the remnants of the *opéra bouffe* invasion flying back over their passes.

But the allies fully realized the danger of quarreling among themselves, which would have been much harder to avert if their armies had been acting together as a unit under a single command. Happily, each army was to make a separate campaign under its own generals; each had its own separate task; each was to strike at the force in front of its own borders. Prompt, staggering blows before the Turkish reserves could arrive were essential.

The Montenegrins in the northwest, who had the side show (while Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece had the three rings under the main tent), did their part when they invested the garrison of Scutari.

Advancing northward, the Greeks, with

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

THE ADVANCE-GUARD OF SERBS CROSSING A BRIDGE OVER THE SWOLLEN DRIN ON THEIR TERRIBLE MARCH TO THE SERVIAN GOAL, THE PORT OF DURAZZO ON THE ADRIATIC.

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Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

BULGARIAN ARMY OFFICERS IN COUNCIL OVER A MAP OF THE TURKISH POSITIONS AT ADRIANOPLE.

Photograph by American Press Association.

A TURKISH *BASHI-BAZOUK* (FANATICAL ASSASSIN), HANGED BY THE BULGARS FOR MURDERING CHRISTIANS.

strong odds in their favor, easily took care of the Turkish force at Elassona and continued their advance toward Salonika.

Advancing southward, the Serbs, one hundred thousand strong (that is, the army of their first line), moved on Kumanova among the hills, where the forty thousand Turks defending the city of Uskub would make their stand as inevitably as a board of army engineers would select Sandy Hook as a site for some of the defenses of New York harbor. Confidently, the Turkish commander staked all on the issue.

The Serbs did not depend alone on mass or envelopment by flank. They murderously and swiftly pressed the attack in the front as well as on the sides; and the cost of victory was seven or eight thousand casualties. Two or three fragments of the Turkish army escaped along the road; otherwise, there was complete disintegration.

Uskub was now undefended. It was the ancient capital of Servia; and the feelings of the Serbs as they marched in approximated what ours would be if our battalions were swinging down Pennsylvania Avenue after a Mexican proconsul had occupied the White House for five hundred years. Meanwhile, at Monastir were forty thousand more Turks. So far as helping their comrades at Kumanova was concerned, they might as well have been in jail in Kamchatka. You can imagine them sitting cross-legged, Turkish fashion, waiting their turn. They broke the precedent of Plevna, which the garrisons of Adrianople and Scutari gloriously kept, by yielding rather easily.

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Photograph by Trans-Atlantic Co.

ARRIVAL OF TURKISH PRISONERS AT VRANIA UNDER GUARD OF A SERVIAN RESERVIST. THE ALLIES TREATED PRISONERS WELL.

There must have been a smile on the golden dome of the tomb of Napoleon, who thrashed the armies of Europe in detail.

A Servian division, immediately after Kumanova, started southwest over the mountain passes in the snow and through the valleys in the mud to clinch the great Servian object of the war with the nine points of possession. To young Servia, Durazzo, the port of old Servia, is as water to the gasping fish. It stands for unhampered trade relations with the world; for economic freedom. When that division, ragged and footsore, came at last in sight of the blue Adriatic—well, it may safely be called a historic moment for one little nation.

Now we turn from the side lines, where the Serbs and the Greeks were occupied, to the neck of the funnel through which the Turkish reenforcements from Asia Minor were coming. There the Bulgars had undertaken the great, vital task of the war against the main Turkish army.

In my article last month I told you something of the Bulgarian army. A gray army it was, little given to gaiety and laughter, singing the "Shuma Maritza" on the march. This is the song of big men in boots—big white men with set faces—making the thunder of a torrent as they charge. "Roaring Maritza" is the nearest that you can come to putting it into English. The Maritza is the national river, and the song pictures it swollen and rushing in the winter rains or when the snows on the Balkans melt, on its way past the Bulgarian border into Turkey; and the gray army was now to follow it to the

Photograph by Frederick Palmer.

A WOUNDED BULGARIAN SOLDIER —SHOT THROUGH THE HAND.

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Ægean, in the spirit of its flood, and make the harbor at its mouth Bulgarian.

Yes, a gray army, bent on a grim business in a hurry, in gray winter weather and chill mountain mists, with the sun showing through overcast skies—something of the kind of weather that bred the Scotch. Cromwell or Stonewall Jackson would have felt at home saying his prayers at the double-quick in such company. As mementos from home, the soldiers wore in their caps and buttonholes withered flowers and sprigs of green which their womenfolk had given in farewell. The women were just as Spartan as the Spartans; perhaps more so. If any soldier lacked innate courage, the spur of public opinion drove him forward in step with his comrades.

Photograph by Frederick Palmer.

AN OLD BULGARIAN RESERVIST ON HIS WAY TO THE HOSPITAL IN AN OX-CART.

Naturally, Bulgarian generalship had to adapt its plan of campaign to the obstacles between it and its adversary. For armies are cumbrous affairs. In all times they have been tied down to roads and bridges. Napoleon inaugurated the good-roads movement in France in order to get there first with the most men. Cæsar was particularly proud of his bridge over the Rhine. In modern times mobilization and rapid movement are effected by the railroad that feeds the highway. Kitchener built a railroad for his Sudan campaign. Russia's trans-Siberian line was originally a military project.

The main highway and the main railway line from Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, to Constantinople both run through Adrianople. Nature meant this city, set in a basin among hills, for defense and for the center of any army defending Thrace. On the near-by hills is a circle of permanent forts that commands all approaches for guns or infantry. In front of it is the turbulent Maritza, and to the northeast lies the town of Kirk-Kilesseh, partly fortified and naturally strong, which formed the Turkish right. The left rested at Demotika, to the south of Adrianople, in a rough country inaccessible to prompt action by a large force.

The Bulgars must turn one wing or the other. Foreign military experts thought that Kirk-Kilesseh could be taken only after a long operation, and then only by a force much larger than the Bulgars could spare for concentration at any one point of the line. Let two weeks pass without a definite victory, and the Turks would have numbers equal to the Bulgars; a month, superior numbers. As it was, the Turks had altogether, including the Adrianople garrison, a hundred and seventy-five thousand men in strong position against the Bulgars' first line of two hundred and eighty thousand.

A branch of the Sofia-Constantinople railway line runs northeast to Yamboli, on the Bulgarian frontier. Between Yamboli and Kirk-Kilesseh is a highway — the Turkish kind of highway — and no unfordable streams or other natural obstacles to an army's progress. At Yamboli the Bulgars concentrated their third army corps, under General Demetrief, and a portion of their second. The rest of the second faced Adrianople, while the first corps operated to the south and east.

Swinging around on Kirk-Kilesseh, the third army would not take "No!" for an answer. The Bulgarian infantry stormed the redoubts in the moonlight. They knew how to use the bayonet and the Turks did not. Skilfully driven steel slaughtered Mohammedan fanaticism that fought with clubbed guns, hands, and teeth, asking no quarter this side of paradise. Kirk-Kilesseh fell. The Turkish army, flanked, had to go; Adrianople was isolated. The Bulgarian dead on the field could not complain; the wounded were in the rear; the living had burning eyes on the next goal.

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"Na noj!" ("Fix bayonets!") had won. *"Na noj!* Give them the steel!" was the cry of a nation. Soldiers sang it out to one another on the march. Children prattled it at home as if it were a new kind of game:

"Give them the steel and they will go! Nothing can stop Bulgaria!"

Not more than one Bulgarian soldier out of twenty ever reached the Turk with a bayonet. The Turk did not wait for him. So the bayonet counted no less in the morale of the eighteen than of the two. Frequently they fixed it at a distance of five or six hundred yards. Their desire to use it made them press close at all points with the grim initiative that will not be gainsaid. When they charged, the spirit of cold steel was in their rush.

There was a splendid audacity in General Demetrief's next move after Kirk-Kilesseh. He did not pause to surround Adrianople. To the east was a wide gap in the investing lines. Through this the garrison might have made a sortie with telling effect. But Demetrief knew his enemy. He took it for granted that the garrison was settling itself for a siege. With twelve thousand Turkish reenforcements a day arriving from Asia, even hours counted.

As yet, the Turks were not decisively beaten; only the right that fought at Kirk-Kilesseh had been really demoralized. On the line of Bunar Hissar to Lüle Burgas

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

SERVIAN SOLDIERS SLEEPING BY A CAMP-FIRE ON THE SEASHORE AT ALESSIO, ONE OF THE THREE ADRIATIC PORTS WHICH THE SERVIAN ARMY CAPTURED.

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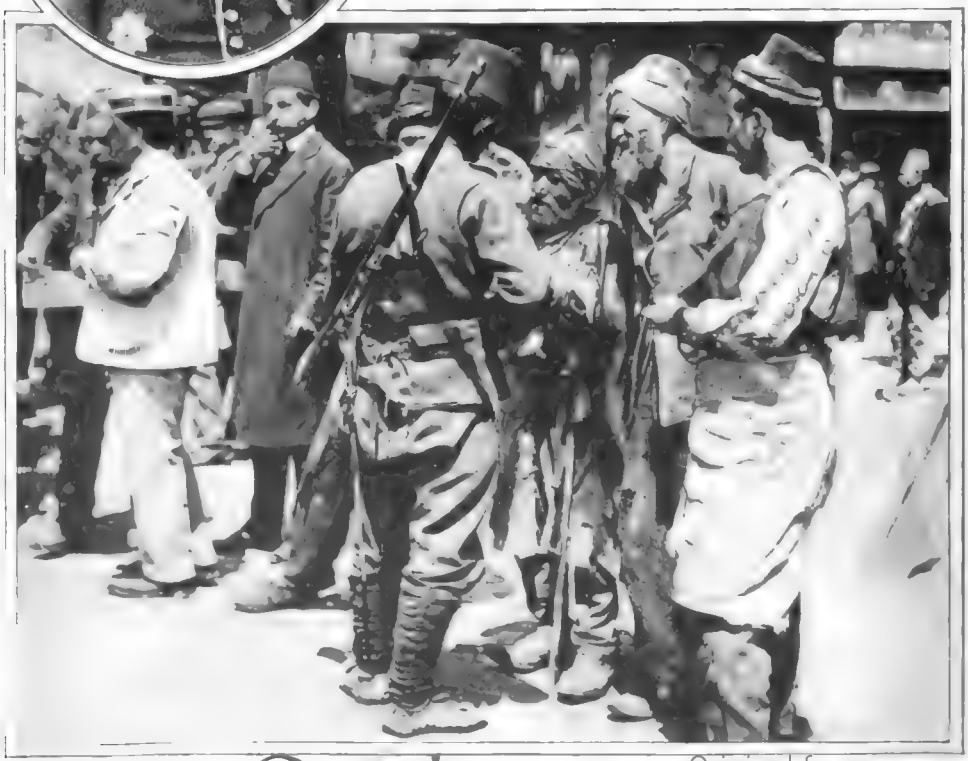
they formed to receive the second shock. They were given scant time to prepare for it. "*Na noj!*" For three days this battle, the Waterloo of the war, raged. The advancing Bulgarian infantry went down like ninepins; but it did not give up, for it knew that "they would go when they saw the steel." Again the turning movement in flank crushed in the end. This time the Turkish main army was shattered. It hardly had the cohesiveness of a large mob. It was many little mobs, hungry, staggering on to the rear, where the ravages of cholera awaited.

In two weeks the Bulgars had made their dispositions and fought two battles, each lasting three days. They had advanced seventy-five miles over a rough country where the roads were sloughs. The loss in killed and wounded was sixty thousand; one man out of five was down. They had performed a feat requiring the battering aggressiveness of a football team struggling for the down that wins in the last five minutes' play; the nerve of a man working his way along an escarpment rock over a precipice; the endurance of an Alaskan miner making the last stage to camp on an empty stomach.

When officers and men had snatched any sleep it was on the rain-soaked earth. The bread in their haversacks was wet and moldy. When they lay in the fire zones they were lucky if they had this to eat. By day they had dug their way, trench by trench, up to the enemy's position, crouching in the mud to keep clear of bullets. By night they had charged. They were an army in a state of auto-intoxication, bent

NAZIM PASHA, THE TURKISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, KILLED BY THE YOUNG TURKS.

TURKISH REFUGEES FROM THE LOST EUROPEAN PROVINCES INTERROGATED BY A SENTRY IN THE STREETS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.



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Photograph by Paul Thompson

A GLIMPSE OF THE RAVAGES OF CHOLERA AMONG THE TURKISH SOLDIERS NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE, AFTER THE BATTLE OF LULE BURGAS.

GENERAL DEMETRIEF, THE BULGARIAN HERO OF THE WAR.

on the one object of driving the Turkish army back to the narrow line of the peninsula. This accomplished, all the isolated forces in European Turkey, whether at distant Scutari or near-by Adrianople, were without hope of relief. The neck of the funnel was closed; the war practically won.

And the dead? And the wounded? There were few hands to spare to look after them, when every able-bodied man in the land was needed on the firing-line in order to win. The dead were usually rescued from the birds and the scavenger dogs in time for burial in long trenches. In place of ambulances were the slow, springless ox-carts to take the wounded to the railroad station. Those who were badly hit got an extra twinge of pain every time the wheels sank into a rut or bumped over a stone. Red Cross missions hurrying from other countries found a red havoc of work awaiting them. The bad cases were cared for in hospitals near the field. Among them were ghastly cuts and slashes and punctures with torn edges from fragments of shells. For the hot-foot-army-in-a-hurry could not wait to silence the enemy's batteries with their own batteries. It sent the infantry in under bursts of shrapnel, with the result that the percentage of shrapnel wounds was high.

Happily, the bullet wounds were merciful. The small-caliber Turkish Mauser makes only a tiny puncture. All cases with bullet-holes in arms or legs, all the moderate cases, were packed into box cars and unheated passenger cars, perhaps not until a week or ten days after they had been hit. They had had no second dressing or even the opportunity to wash away the blood-

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stains around the first-aid dressing. They were in the wet, muddy clothes in which they had fought, unshaven, hollow-eyed from fatigue, feverish from exposure—but "*Na nojl*" The Turks had run!

When the trains stopped at important railway stations, native Red Cross women served water and quarter loaves of black bread and sometimes a small glass of native cognac to the grimy hands stretched out of the windows and doors. Any cases that had become serious on the journey were removed; and very definite to me in its cold, gray realism was a glimpse at dawn into a railway freight-room where, on close rows of cots, still, tanned, gaunt faces and tanned arms lay against the background of white sheets and pillows.

It was a chill morning. The air seemed to bite with the keenness of mountain air; it seemed to penetrate with the moistness of sea air, that being the nature of the Balkan climate, which has developed a hardy race of people. The nurse in charge had stolen a nap. She awoke with a start, and went from cot to cot in a swift, intent examination to see if any man had died while she slept. The look on her face said: "Not yet!"

Peasant boys in uniform, who two weeks before knew only the simplicity of pastoral life, had tasted the hell of war. What was the individual effect? Whenever I talked with a wounded man it always interested me to study his eyes. There was the happy light of the one who had the souvenir of a slight wound that would leave a noticeable scar on hand or face; the haunting light of the one in excruciating pain who was trying to keep back the groans; the dull stare of the one too far gone to realize or care about victories or defeats; and the peculiar, uncanny gleam of the one who has felt his bayonet go home in flesh, who has killed his fellow man in the most awful of games and cries out his triumph after the struggle.

This is a savage gleam: the gleam that must have been in Cain's eye when he had Abel down; that is in the eye of the tiger when his prey lies still. It is not pleasant to watch, however highly it may be recommended as a proof of virile, primitive manhood. For the civilized taste it reverts a little too much to home-made suits of hair. Still, it represents a quality that is latent in every male. Bulgarian women prayed for that quality in their men folk, as probably our women would pray for it in our men if the Japanese had reached Chicago.

No wife or mother, unless she heard from private sources, knew whether or not her husband or son had survived.

"There were two men in my regiment from my village who were killed," said one of three soldiers home on furlough while their wounds were healing. "Their wives and children were standing on the edge of the crowd that gathered around us in the main street. We had to tell them that their husbands were dead."

"How did they receive the news?"

"They put their hands up to their faces and went into their houses. They were sick, but they did not complain."

NO HYSTERIA AMONG THE BULGARS

London might go so riotous over the relief of a beleaguered town that the new verb of "mafeking," as the English synonym of the American "rough-housing," was coined; but the Bulgars received the news of Lüle Burgas stoically. I had left New York the day of the last game of the world's baseball series, and there was far more excitement watching for news of the result than in Sofia over a battle which is to the Bulgars what Waterloo is to the British. According to the ethics of yellow journalism, there ought to have been hysterical crowds in the streets and men standing on café tables waving flags.

A yellow correspondent invented this kind of a demonstration and submitted it in his dispatch.

"Where are the hysterical crowds?" demanded the censor. "Groups of thirty or forty people in front of the War Office reading the bulletins! Let me tell you that the Bulgars are not a hysterical people. We went into this war calmly, meaning to win or die. Do you expect us to go into frenzies of cheering and to parade Mardi Gras fashion when all of us have relatives at the front who may be dead or suffering?"

There was grim method in holding back the lists of killed and wounded. Had the censor let past the fact that the victories of Kirk-Kilesseh and Lüle Burgas had cost the Bulgars sixty thousand casualties, the Turk might have been less discouraged. The censorship aimed not only to keep real information from the enemy, but to assist

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in the spread of misinformation that served the purpose of the staff.

So long as they spoke praise, you might send any number of fictions. If you wished to take the responsibility, you might have Adrianople falling every day; you might exaggerate the strength of the Bulgarian army; you might invent imaginary battles in which the brave Bulgars "gave them the steel"—provided that no Bulgars were killed. The poor cable correspondent who wanted to send real news and would not send fakes, was cast for a wordless Hamlet. Everything that would incline the Turks to an early submission counted as good press-agent work for Bulgaria.

All the world knows now, and the Bulgarian staff must have known at the time, that for a week after Lüle Burgas the utter demoralization of the Turkish retreat left the way open to Constantinople. Why did not General Demetrief go on? Why did that army which had proceeded thus far with such impetuous and irresistible momentum suddenly turn snail?

For the reason that the Marathon winner when he drops across the tape is not good for another mile. The Bulgar was on his stomach in the mud, though he was facing toward the heels of the Turk. Food and ammunition were not up. A fresh force of fifty thousand men following up the victory might easily have made its own terms at the door of Yildiz Palace within three or four days; but there was not even a fresh regiment.

It was three weeks after Lüle Burgas before Demetrief was ready to attack: three weeks, in which the cholera scare had abated, the panic in Constantinople had come and gone, reenforcements had arrived and been organized into a kind of order, while they built fortifications. The Turkish cruisers supported both of Nazim Pasha's flanks with the fire of heavier guns than the Bulgars possessed. There was an approachable Turkish front of only about sixteen miles. Without silencing the Turkish batteries, Demetrief sent his infantry against the redoubts. He lost five or six thousand men without gaining a single fort. Against a stubborn and even semi-intelligent foe there is no storming a narrow frontal line of fortifications when you may not turn the ends.

In order better to understand, come with me —for, after all, toward the last some of the correspondents did see a little—into the Bulgarian redoubt facing Papas Tepe (Pope's Hill), a vital position in the defense of Adrianople. You are in one of a series of shell-proof chambers. Curtains hang in the connecting passages to localize the effect of any shell explosion. The daylight breaks through a slit high enough for a rifle rest, and only eight or ten inches broad. Overhead is timbering covered with earth and sod. The roof extends out over the aperture far enough so that the angle of a shell's descent will hardly permit it to enter. Any shell that passes over the top of the redoubt goes harmlessly by the infantry resting in its caves and rabbit warrens, ready to rush to place if word comes of an attack.

You look out on the descending and rising slopes of a valley bare of life and of cover of any kind. On the opposite hill is a redoubt of the same type, where the Turks wait and watch on their side. The shells from two batteries at the rear go roaring overhead, bursting shrapnel over Turkish infantry on the river bottom, three or four miles away.

ADRIANOPLE—THE ROCK IN THE FLOOD

Infantry moving out to attack from either redoubt would enter a zone where the mitrailleuses play their bullets as from a hose and a thousand rifles concentrate their fire. If the infantry should reach the redoubt it would have to scale a sheer face of earth and go over the roof. Usually, though they were lacking here, it would have to pass barbed wire entanglements and get over ditches set with sharpened stakes, and many other impediments.

It is stalemate; and so it was stalemate at Tchatalja.

Adrianople lay across the straight line of transportation by railroad and highway to the peninsula. All munitions for Demetrief's army had to go around it in the miserable, antiquated ox-carts. It was the rock splitting the flood of the Bulgarian advance. While the world was hearing rumors of the city's fall, the truth was that it was not really invested until a month after Lüle Burgas was fought.

For a month the garrison reported to be starving was drawing in supplies from a big section of farming country. When the armistice was signed it still had pasturage within the lines of defense for flocks of

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sheep and herds of cattle. The problem for the Bulgars first and last was to keep this fact masked and to check the savage sorties and spare all the guns and men they could for the main army. Volunteers from Macedonia still in native dress, clerks still in white collars, old men who had perjured themselves about their age in order to get a rifle, and the young conscripts of twenty years came to take the place of the regular forces on the investing lines, who moved on to reenforce Demetrief. Fifty thousand Servians, two divisions, were spared after Kumanova, and speeded across Bulgaria on the single-line railway with an amazing rapidity to assist, according to plan, the Bulgars in the investment operations.

THE SIT-AND-TAKE-IT FIGHTER

To the Turk, Adrianople is a holy city. Here is the most splendid mosque in all the empire, that built by the conqueror Sultan Selim. With the shadow of the minarets over his shoulder, the Turkish private in a trench was ready to die for Allah. But death must come for him. He is not going to hustle intelligently after paradise. In short, he is a sit-and-take-it fighter. While any delay of the Bulgarian advance was invaluable in gaining time, he made no use of his opportunities in a country of hills and transverse valleys and ravines, which nature meant for rear-guard action. A company of infantry posted on a hill could force a regiment to deploy and attack, and a few miles farther on could repeat the process. Cavalry could harass the flanks of the attacking force. Field-guns could get a commanding position above a road, with safe cover for retreat.

At Mustapha Pasha, twenty miles in front of Adrianople, was a solid old stone bridge over the Maritza, whose floods in the winter rains would be a nightmare to engineers who had to maintain a crossing with pontoons. If ever a corps needed a bridge the second Bulgarian corps needed this one. They found that a small and badly-placed charge of dynamite had merely knocked out a few stones between two of the buttresses, leaving the bridge intact enough for all the armies of Europe to pass over it; and the Turks did not even put a mitrailleuse behind sandbags in the streets or use field-guns from the adjacent hills to delay the Bulgars in their crossing.

The soldier who is good only for the defensive can never win. What beat the Turk was the Turk himself. His army was in the chaos between old-fashioned organization and an attempt at a modern organization. His generals were divided in their counsels; his junior officers aped the modern officer in form, but lacked application. They had ceased to believe in their religion. Therefore they did not lead their privates who did believe. In the midst of the war, captains and lieutenants, trustworthy observers tell me, would leave their untrained companies of reservists to march by the road while they themselves rode by train. They took their soldiers' pay. They neglected all the detail which is the very essence of that preparation at the bottom without which no generalship at the top can prevail.

An example: In the reform of the Turkish army cloth putties had taken the place of the old, simple, and more suitable leggings. Unless they are put on properly, putties are very binding. With feet and legs swollen from hard marching in the mud, many men settled down by the roadside not knowing enough to remove their putties. Frequently they were crippled as a result; in some cases, indeed, amputation was necessary, I am told.

The Bulgarian officers, two-thirds of whom were reservists, enjoyed a comradeship with their men at the same time that discipline was rigid. They believed in their God; at least, in the god of efficiency. They worked hard. They belong in the world of to-day and the Turk does not. Therefore the Turk has to go.

"We will not make peace without Adrianople!" was the cry of every Bulgar. Its possession became a national fetish, no less than naval superiority to the British. Adrianople stood for the real territorial object of the war. It must be the center of any future line of defense against the Turk. Practically its siege was set, once there was stalemate at Tchatalja. With no hope of beating the main Bulgarian army back, there was no hope of relieving the garrison, whose fate was only a matter of time.

At the London Peace Conference the allies stood firm for the possession of Adrianople. The Turkish commissioners, after repeating for six weeks that they would never cede it, had finally agreed to yield on orders from Constantinople, when the Young Turks killed Nazim Pasha, the Turkish

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commander-in-chief, and overthrew the old cabinet.

"You can have Adrianople when you take it!" was the defiance of the new cabinet to the allies.

At this writing hostilities have just reopened. Their continuance seems a desperate exhibition of the stubbornness of a fighting race with its back against the wall! Desperate, but not practical. It only means a heavier cost in lives and money, piling misery upon misery for people who can ill afford to bear more suffering, while Adrianople and Scutari and Janina (which are also besieged) must fall eventually from famine.

It only means that to the bitter end the Moslem means to keep his promise that if he ever had to leave Europe he would leave on a wave of blood, with ruin in his wake.

In all the region from Constantinople to Scutari, village after village is in ashes. The Turks as they fell back set fire to Bulgarian or Servian or Greek homes and the victors retaliated in kind. I do not think that the Bulgarian soldiery as a body were guilty of outrages; at least they treated their prisoners well, so far as I saw. Pathetic, stolid, hungry, these prisoners seemed, and very suspicious at first. I recollect a characteristic instance of a wounded man who resisted being taken into a hospital for treatment. When pressed for his reason by a foreign surgeon, he said:

"If they get me in there the Giaours will kill me. That's what they want to get me in for."

The numbers of prisoners in Sofia, where they were mostly concentrated, meant a costly drain for maintenance. With the Bulgarian men away at the front, there was sore need for laborers; so the prisoners were hired, both by the government and by private employers, for two francs a day. One franc was given the worker for spending money, the other banked as a fund which he should receive upon his return to Turkey. Even the rigid-faced, dark-skinned men from Asia Minor became fairly cheerful over such opulence.

As for the reports of outrages by the Serbs on the march to Durazzo, particularly in the Austrian press—well, at best, lifting gun-wheels out of morasses and shouldering them over mountain passes when you are hungry and shivering with cold and your feet are bleeding, is not a pleasant form of holiday. It becomes pretty irritating when the Albanians are on your flank. The Albanians have been the same since Alexander's time. They fight among themselves and fight everybody else. Even an American soldier will become indiscriminate in his choice of targets when he is shot in the back from cover as he fries his bacon after a dragging march. And a regiment of Servian peasants, offspring of the loins of Turkish misrule, has not the nice sense of equity of a theological faculty.

But wherever the authority of one of the allied armies did not extend its arm there was chaos. Turkish *bashi-bazouks* (fanatic marauders and assassins) and the rough Christian insurrectionary element were fiendish in reprisals on property and lives. Whether in the embers of a burned village or in the sufferings of the wounded in the dull winter rain, in families who had lost their breadwinners by assassination or in battle, we had proof enough of the hellish folly of war. Yet, to my mind, if ever a war were justifiable by the standards of civilization, it was this one.

Unless the Powers rob the little nations of the fruits of victory, the future is bright. Self-government will supplant tyranny; the railway the ox-cart; a fertile region will take its place in the march of progress with the rest of the Christian world.

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GIVING CYNTHIA

by
HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

AUTHOR OF "A KING IN KHAKI," "THE SKY MAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
R. M. CROSBY

"DOESN'T IT BRING A LUMP IN YOUR THROAT, JUST TO LOOK AT HER?" SHE ASKED

THE Colonel's wife slipped her hand through his arm and drew him away from the rail. Everybody else was waving a handkerchief or taking a kodak snap, or craning out to see if the quivering stern line was going to hold. The elderly pair had the rest of the ship to themselves.

"Doesn't it bring a lump in your throat, just to look at her?" she asked.

"'Our soldiers very seldom cry,'" quoted the Colonel. (They had seen a revival of "Patience" a few nights before in London.) But he looked again, rather thoughtfully, at the girl.

He was, as a rule, innocently susceptible to youthful feminine charms. There had been, for the most recent example, a pretty little American light-opera singer whom they had just met in London. She had given him no end of a good time calling taxis, buying railway tickets, carrying wraps, seeing that she wasn't lost or stolen. Oh, an absolutely nice girl, and very polite to his wife. But there had been something pleasant in her confiding, child-like way of holding his hand,

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A REST

and he liked to remember that, after she had kissed his wife good-by, she had impulsively and rather mistily kissed him too.

He couldn't help feeling a little defrauded that this other girl, his wife's niece, who was going all the way out to Manila with them, couldn't have turned out a little more like that. She was very good-looking, of course, but she was rather too big and strongly built and competent to satisfy, fully, the chivalrous instincts of a military man.

He had got up at seven o'clock yesterday morning to meet her coming in on the New York boat, and it had been a little disconcerting to find that she had done everything that needed to be done for herself. Her luggage was all trans-shipped, her tips attended to, and all that had remained for the Colonel was purely honorary escort duty from the pier to the hotel in a fiacre. She had even hired the vehicle, addressing the driver in curt, American-sounding, but perfectly intelligible Italian.

"I've been here before, several times, with father," she said explanatorily.

The Colonel found himself ungallantly wishing that he had stayed comfortably in bed at the hotel.

Still, it might have turned out ever so much worse. The girl was undeniably good to look at; would only barely miss getting called beautiful by a connoisseur. And smart, too, which the Colonel hadn't been led to expect, and was correspondingly grateful for. Above all, she was not tragic. He couldn't have stood that.

Somebody backed into him just then, whirled round, and apologized irascibly, as if, after all, it was the Colonel's fault that he happened to be in the stranger's way, and then walked off angularly. It wasn't often that people took that tone with the Colonel—let alone whipper-snappers of half his age.

"I wonder who he is," said his wife. "He looks like somebody."

The Colonel grumbled that he acted like somebody who needed a lesson in manners.

CYNTHIA.

"I'll think who he is in a minute," she went on. "I'm sure I've seen him somewhere—or his picture."

But she gave it up and looked back at her niece. The girl had her handkerchief out and was letting it flutter, not as a signal to any one on the pier, because she knew nobody, but as a general farewell to the bright Genoese harbor, and to Europe, and—well, to pretty much the whole of her past life. What was beginning to happen now was something new. At least, that was the way the Colonel's wife interpreted it.

"I confess I don't see, quite, what you're getting at," said the Colonel. "About Cynthia. I suppose she still feels her

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father's death more or less, but you say yourself it was the best thing that could have happened to her. Certainly she doesn't look heartbroken. And healthy—my word!"

There was a touch of mischief in his wife's sudden smile. She had caught the faint tone of half-unconscious resentment in his words.

"She isn't your sort, exactly, is she?"

"My sort?" protested the Colonel. He knew what she meant well enough, but he wasn't going to admit it.

"She isn't a bit—cuddly. She won't have to be scolded for not wearing rubbers. Nor keep any one running after wraps and fans and handkerchiefs."

She explained with a lucidity to which memories of the little light-opera singer lent a touch of enthusiasm. In a moment, though, her hand slipped through his arm again, and pressed it appealingly. "But, oh, Fred, she is a dear. And we will give her a good time, won't we? Because she has got it coming to her."

"You're right about that, anyway," said the Colonel. "Randolph Stoddard was a great man, I suppose, but to live with him . . ." He finished the sentence with a grunt.

Whether Randolph Stoddard was a great man or not, history will have to decide. People will go on speaking of him for the next few years, anyway, as a great editor. He outlived his generation, rather, and toward the end the current, motive ideas of the day didn't do much more than irritate him. So that in his later years he wrote with almost pure acid. The years that Cynthia remembered best, the last ten or a dozen, were years of rancorous disappointment and bitter enmities.

He was witty to the end. A scholar, of course, and one—so he prided himself—who knew how to live, how to talk, how to order a dinner. He attracted a circle of distinguished people, of the sort who did not as a rule put their distinction to the test of any very vital, vulgar achievement. To the precious, the fastidious, and the superior, his word will be gospel for a long time.

People of this sort sometimes told Cynthia how wonderfully fortunate she was to have a man like that for a father. She used to smile in her quiet way, and say she knew that. Indeed, in her mind she hardly dissented from it; and if any youthful, joy-loving impulse sometimes put up a protest, she always managed to strangle it before it became quite articulate.

Those famous little Sunday night suppers, which were such wonderful occasions for Stoddard's guests, the girl used to sit through with a tense alertness, and sometimes, indeed, with a downright terror that never showed in her eyes, planning, watching, maneuvering that nothing should go wrong.

She was all he had. She represented his one human relationship—if you could call it human. She was mother more than daughter; she was secretary, nurse, and doctor, and often, after one of his vitriolic domestic explosions, cook and housemaid.

It was partly her own fault; she did it so well. Stoddard never realized, probably, what a tyrant he had become. Even the girl didn't realize it. The Colonel's wife did. Her sister had married Stoddard and died of the experience years before. But it would have taken even more courage than she possessed to interfere. After all, what good would it do to tell Randolph Stoddard that he was an irresponsible hyperæsthesiac who ought to be shut up in a sanitarium where he could exercise his tyrannies on some one besides his own daughter? It would only have made her two enemies.

But Stoddard was dead now and buried with an honored name. And the girl was free. He had left her a competent fortune, and if the Colonel's wife could have her way, Cynthia should now begin making up arrears. No responsibilities and plenty of fun was her aunt's prescription.

"Healthy!" she murmured after a little silence, quoting the Colonel scornfully. "Of course she's healthy. She had to be. I don't believe she's dared to have a headache since she was fifteen. Or a good cry. Well, she shall have 'em now whenever she feels like it."

"Queer amusements," her husband commented. "I never looked at them in that light before."

"I'm glad, for her, you got that staff detail, instead of the post in the Moro Province. There'll be the hops at McKinley and the polo to watch afternoons and about a dozen nice boys ready to fall in love with her. And then Baguio in the hot weather when the General goes up, and golf and tennis and rides and more nice boys to

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flirt with; and not a thing under the canopy for her to worry her head about. I wish you'd flirt with her a little yourself; make a sort of pet of her. Perhaps she'd take to it more easily if you got her started. Because, really, you can do it so much better than any of those boys."

"I've never heard you talk so much

"I THINK IT'S LIKELY TO WHISTLE AGAIN IN A MINUTE, AND IT'S ALMOST EXACTLY BEHIND YOU."

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nonsense in one morning before," said the Colonel. But he smiled just the same.

"There!" she cried. "Don't you see the look I mean? She hardly knows she's out of the cage yet; doesn't quite dare believe it. And yet—wistful for joy!"

It wasn't a bad interpretation, as such things go, but it left out of account something her aunt didn't know Cynthia possessed—the antiseptic sense of humor. Two or three times while she lounged there at the rail she had stirred uneasily under the promptings of a habitual instinct to look after deck-chairs or rugs or beef-tea for somebody. It was the first time she had ever started a sea voyage without that routine of duties. Even on the trip just completed she had found a badly frightened, very sick old lady on the way over to join her artist son in Rome, and had nursed and encouraged and amused her ever since the second day out.

Her smile now reflected, for one thing, the consciousness of what her aunt and the Colonel would think of that performance if they knew. She wouldn't let them know; and she would try to reform. She shouldn't have hired that cab yesterday, for one thing, though it was obvious that the Colonel might have gone on clearing his throat and looking important for ten minutes without getting results. She'd begin to be ladylike, if she could, and a little helpless; cultivate a habit of being late to places, and try not to refuse arms that were offered to help her up a six-inch step. She smiled at that, too. It would seem queer.

But it might be rather nice for a while. Certainly it was pleasant now to lounge here by the rail perfectly unconcerned whether the sun mightn't be getting too hot for somebody, or whether . . .

The siren went off just then in a four-octave combination of shriek and howl. To her perfectly tuned nerves the shock of it was almost pleasurable, like the first spongeful of cold water you turn down your back in the morning. She met it with a gasp and then with a broadening of her smile. But the man next her at the rail, a couple of paces away, perhaps, made a little noise in his throat, flushed, and then began turning pale. She had been aware of him in her neighborhood ever since they cast off, a sort of tension about him making him stand out among the lounging crowd. He stood holding tight to the rail for a minute or two, getting whiter all the time, then turned away rather clumsily and made for a chair, dropped limply into it, and began wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

Cynthia glanced up at the brazen cylinder that was responsible. It and its victim were hardly twenty feet apart. A memory from a former voyage came back to her. She left the rail as if to join her uncle and aunt, but she paused an instant before the stranger in the chair.

"I think it's likely to whistle again in a minute or two," she said. "And it's almost exactly behind you."

His face had tightened when he saw she meant to speak to him, but relaxed again at the sound of her voice. When he caught her import, though, he started to his feet, glanced around behind him, and fairly fled forward. She got the impression that he mumbled some sort of thanks as he went, but couldn't be sure.

"I've thought who he is now," said her aunt as Cynthia came up to them. "He's Cuthbert Rhodes, the prize grand-opera man. Isn't that right? But I didn't know you knew him."

"I don't," said Cynthia.

She caught a look of surprise from both of them, thought she would explain, then smiled instead at the maternal impulse which had silenced her. She knew well enough what the Colonel would think of a man who had to be protected from the noise of a steam whistle, and from the contempt of that opinion she sheltered the stranger. The second blast, which she had anticipated, went off just then, and before speech had become possible again the necessity for saying something explanatory had passed.

The diversion was created by a tall, loosely built young Englishman in a tight coat, who bowed to her aunt as if he meant to stop and talk, and then changed his mind. Cynthia looked after him in unaffected admiration, and under cover of it caught a glance interchanged between her aunt and the Colonel.

"Weren't you two dears," she said, "to get acquainted with anybody as good-looking as that, right at the beginning of the voyage! I hope he isn't leaving at Port Said."

"All the way to Hongkong," said the Colonel. "Fine chap. Captain Peyden-Craik—captain in the Coldstreams. Met

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"THAT," SAID HER AUNT TO THE CAPTAIN, "IS CUTHBERT RHODES, THE COMPOSER."

him coming down from London. You won't mind if he sits with us? He spoke of it."

"He'll be company for the Colonel," said his wife, so transparently that Cynthia had to bite down a smile.

"Mind!" she cried. "Won't every other girl on board be envious!"

They made the best of this response, but she could feel that it hadn't altogether satisfied them. She should have been less outspoken and more deeply concerned. And she shouldn't have seen through her aunt.

She didn't meet Captain Peyden-Craik until dinner, the first meal on board at which they seated themselves according to the second steward's plan. And her attention, at the moment of this event, was somewhat distracted by the appearance in the aisle of the other man, the one she had saved from the whistle. He came blundering along, in his ill-fitting dinner coat, stopped, looking rather lost, met her eye, and asked her vaguely where table eight was. She told him this was it, and he sat down, rather precipitately, in a seat near the end of the table. Then she heard a whispered but heartfelt "Damn" from the Colonel, and promptly devoted herself to the ornamental and perfectly legitimate acquaintance he was presenting to her. She didn't meet Rhodes's eye again until the salad, when she divined that he wanted the red pepper and passed it to him. He looked grateful, she thought, but didn't say anything, and almost immediately thereafter left the table.

"That," said her aunt to the Captain, "is Cuthbert Rhodes, the composer."

A stout lady sitting beside the now vacant chair drew herself up and said, "Oh! Oh, indeed," with clumsily burlesqued awe. No one else made any comment, but the feeling all around the table seemed to be that if his music had no more charms than his person it could easily be dispensed with.

Cynthia had been thinking. "Are you sure he's the man," she asked "who's just written that new opera, 'Florida?' Because that wasn't to be put on until last week. You'd think he'd have been there to see it."

Her aunt said she was sure, and the

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Colonel observed that if the new opera was anything like most of the modern music he had heard he thought nothing could be more natural than that the composer should have tried to get to the other side of the Atlantic before it was turned loose.

Captain Peyden-Craik laughed at the joke, as such, but agreed with Cynthia that it was very bad luck, if he were really the man who had written the opera, to have to miss its *première*.

Certainly Captain Peyden-Craik came up to specifications, as conspicuously as the composer failed to. He was all that the palpitating reader of Ouida could hope from a guardsman. He could have gone to a fancy-dress ball as Apollo without looking ridiculous; an aristocrat to his finger tips, who took his aristocracy so confidently for granted that his manners were easy as an old glove; witty enough to be amusing without being tiresome. And above all, wholesome and chivalrous and sentimental and totally inaccessible to ideas.

That was Cynthia's analysis, which she confided, with some eliminations, to her aunt. She liked the Captain, oh, really, very much. She even enjoyed flirting with him, though in the secrecy of her own thoughts she compared it to going out to Coney Island and sliding down the chutes and eating popcorn balls. She had had neither inclination nor opportunity to play that game very often; her experience was as limited as the Captain's was immense, and yet she recognized and smiled over his preliminaries as confidently as over her father's disguised Ruy Lopez with which he always had expected to beat her at chess. They were very circumspect and deliberate, those preliminary moves of the Captain's, timed, she guessed, like a skilful pianist's dynamics, to the length of the passage. It wasn't until they had left the Egyptian contingent behind at Port Said that it really became recognizable to the other passengers as a flirtation at all.

They went ashore themselves at Port Said, she and the Colonel and the Captain, caught the early train to Cairo and the night train to Suez, where they joined the ship again at three in the morning.

The Colonel made an admirable chaperon. He stayed behind at Shepards, and let them go on to the Pyramids by themselves. And, as he frankly slept all the way to Suez and while they waited there on the little tender that was to take them out to the ship, the Captain had ample opportunity, as well as romantic aid from the Egyptian moon. He told her a touching story of a girl "back home" who had blighted his life, and dilated upon his need of sympathetic understanding and her power of giving it, and he talked poetically besides about Cleopatra and the permanence of the Pyramids and the silver of the moonlight upon the white Egyptian sand.

He created an atmosphere, too, in doing it. It wasn't a bit ridiculous. Even the Colonel caught a touch of it at second hand, when, with very bright eyes and a little thrill in her voice, she thanked him for so wonderful a day. He told about it to his wife, who had waked up to hear his report of the day's adventures.

They were both very well pleased. Oh, of course, it couldn't amount to anything serious! But they agreed that it was exactly the sort of thing Cynthia needed.

They'd have been pretty thoroughly astonished, to say nothing of their other emotions, if they could have known what Cynthia was really thinking about when she went to bed.

At the head of the ship's accommodation ladder, as they clambered aboard, she and the Captain and the Colonel, they had encountered—at three o'clock in the morning, mind you—the composer. He was fully dressed, not having been to bed at all, apparently, and he had, even in the dark, a haggard look of anxiety. He had stood there at the rail until she reached the deck, peered rather deliberately into her face, as if to satisfy himself beyond a doubt of her identity, and then, with no word at all but an abrupt "good night," walked off and disappeared into the main companionway.

A man, Cynthia reflected, who had recently suffered a nervous collapse, and had been sent to sea because of a weak heart, oughtn't to do things like that. He looked sick, too. She wondered if the intense heat of the Red Sea wasn't going to be bad for him.

East of Suez a remarkable change always takes place among the passengers. The remnant, after the Egyptian trippers have left, regard each other as really serious travelers. A strong freemasonry appears among them. A few undesirables remain, of course. But these are fenced off behind

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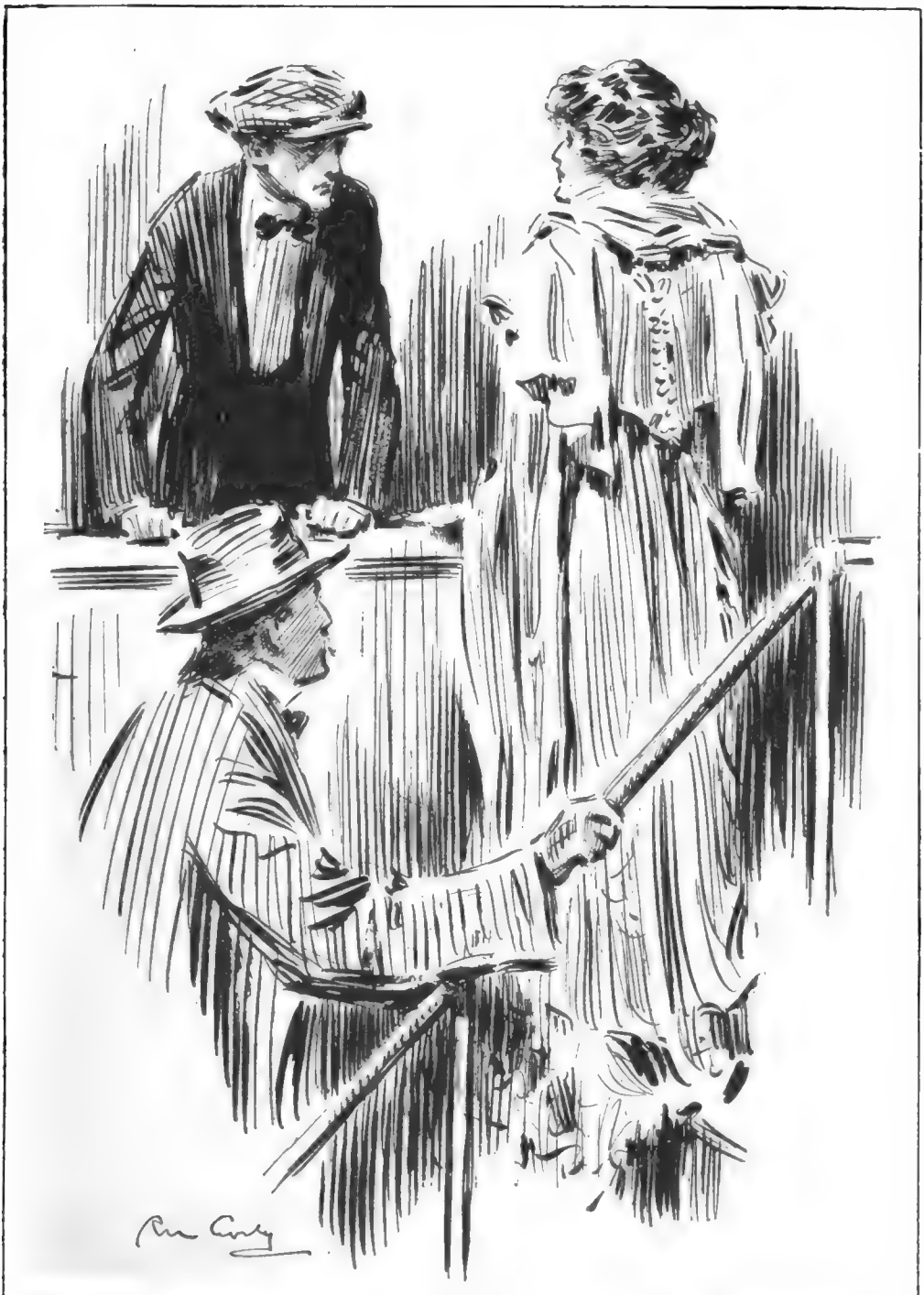

HE STOOD THERE UNTIL SHE REACHED THE DECK, PEERED RATHER DELIBERATELY INTO HER FACE, AND THEN WALKED OFF.

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an invisible barrier, and their very undesirability strengthens the bond among the others. Announcements appear mysteriously on the companionway bulletin of sports, half-crown pools, and dances. And generally, before you are out of the Red Sea, preparations are in full swing for a fancy ball. People call each other frankly by name and make plans for long visits to each other when they are home again.

The revolution brought out the Captain in all his glory. He was chairman of the sports committee. He was Lady Mary Halford's chief executive in the management of a progressive bridge tournament, and he easily won the first prize at the fancy ball by appearing as a Knight of the Bath, in a Highland costume, made up, except for his red uniform coat, of a kilted bath-towel, a big sponge with three shaving-brushes pendent from it, and other accessories of what the English have made their daily sacrificial rite.

"A fine, clean chap," commented the Colonel confidentially to Cynthia. "He's up every morning at seven, takes an hour's solid exercise in the gymnasium and out on deck, and he comes down to breakfast before the trumpet's done blowing, ready for his porridge and fish and bacon and marmalade, as if the tropics didn't exist."

"It must be a spectacle worth attending," said Cynthia.

"How does it happen," asked the Colonel—and perhaps this was what he had been getting at—"that you never attend it yourself? We hear you stirring ever so early. But you never get into the dining saloon until the last squeak."

The nonchalance of Cynthia's answer satisfied the Colonel, though it is doubtful if it would have gone down quite so well with his wife. "Oh," she said, "it breaks up the day better to start late. I always dawdle as much as possible."

But the Colonel's wife had that morning noted that one passenger was a little later than Cynthia. This was Cuthbert Rhodes, the composer. Indeed, she thought, if Cynthia hadn't been already inside, conversing cheerfully with the second steward, it was doubtful if Mr. Rhodes would have got any breakfast at all.

Even she was far from suspecting the whole truth, which was that these two breakfasted together as regularly as the Captain took his exercises; that the persuasiveness of Cynthia's bright eyes and her good-humored, albeit rather complex, smile procured fresh-made tea for the composer at the very moment when the kitchens were supposed to close. More, that under the same persuasion the composer drank his tea and ate his egg, instead of pushing them fretfully away on the plea that the weather was too hot for breakfasting.

Ordinarily they didn't talk much. But on this particular morning, when the eye of the Colonel's wife had noted them there, there had been a conversation of some moment.

"They say," observed Cynthia, "that we shall get to Aden at three o'clock in the morning and sail again at seven. That means we can't go ashore. I'm disappointed."

"I'm not," said the composer.

Cynthia leaned her chin on her knuckles and smiled at him. "I wonder what you mean. Not to be just plain rude, of course. But what else?"

The composer laid down his egg-spoon and clasped his hands under the table. A slow flush came up into his face.

"No," he said. "I didn't mean it that way."

"Well, then, why are you glad that I can't go ashore at Aden?"

"I was afraid you'd miss the boat the other time at Suez. I stayed up. I had a bag packed."

"You had a bag . . . !" Cynthia began, and then she gave a little gasp and straightened up, lowered her hands, and clasped them tight in her lap.

For a good ten seconds the two sat looking at each other. "You don't mean—I—I d-don't know what you mean."

He wasn't the stage manager the Captain was. He had no moon, nor silver sands, nor the unending depths of night's silence at sea to help him carry out his effects. Instead, there was the clatter of the impatient stewards, the unlovely expanse of deserted breakfast tables, and before him a cold, half-eaten egg.

"I was ready to go ashore," he said, "at the last minute, if you didn't come."

"But—but—" she began in protest, and then could think of no way of going on.

"I mean," he said deliberately, almost contentiously, "that I thought I couldn't stand this horrible ship and these detestable people if you weren't here."

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"It's not a horrible ship." That had nothing to do with it, but she had to say something, and she made her manner as argumentative as his own. "And the people are not detestable. Oh, there are a few that you have to treat rather as jokes. But the rest are as likable a lot as you're apt to find."

"Oh, I suppose *that's* true," he assented grudgingly.

He said nothing more, so she had to go on again. "And anyway, I don't know what I do to—make any difference."

"I don't suppose you do," he said curtly. "As a matter of fact, you wouldn't have to do anything."

She smiled. Perhaps over a contrast that had suddenly suggested itself.

He impatiently pushed his egg to a hovering steward and went on. Not curtly now, but thoughtfully, feeling for his words.

"You've never had a bad smash-up in all your life, have you? Never even felt the terror that you might. It's the most appalling of all terrors—to any one like me. Think what I am! A man with one special talent that I don't understand. All that makes the difference between me and some poor simpleton they hire a keeper for is—oh, a matter of blood pressures and molecular arrangements in some little kink in my brain. And sometimes I think I'm slipping—think I feel something giving way, and that to-morrow morning they may be feeding me with a spoon—and I not know."

Her body had relaxed a little—her hands were lying out in front of her on the table again. She was looking at him gravely, but without commiseration — with almost a smile. And now, when he paused, she did not speak—simply gave him a matter-of-fact nod of comprehension.

"You wonder!" he said. "Why aren't you revolted—contemptuous? You're the most perfectly tuned thing, I believe, in the world."

Now she frowned. "Contemptuous?"

"Yes. Why not? What's a man supposed to be? Strong—steady—hard—indifferent to pain and racket and confusion. And I—But some way, you're not contemptuous. In some perfectly miraculous way, you can understand a thing you've never felt—a thing that has never, even remotely, touched you. Do you know what I thought when I first saw you? Oh, long before you warned me about the whistle. I thought, if I can keep her in sight I can manage to hang on. I don't know why I thought that. It was just an instinct, until you came and spoke to me. And then I knew you understood. I didn't know you could understand without condescension, or pity, or contempt, until I felt, at dinner that night, that you hadn't told the others about it."

"DO YOU KNOW WHAT I THOUGHT WHEN I FIRST SAW YOU? I THOUGHT, IF I CAN KEEP HER IN SIGHT I CAN MANAGE TO HANG ON."

The waiting steward had got to the bursting point. His white-clad sleeve reached in between them, and he began rattling up the silver.

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"Will you bring me a pint of Apollinaris, please?" said Cynthia politely.

The devastating arm was withdrawn.

When she could see the composer's face again, he was smiling. "You don't want any Apollinaris," he said.

She smiled too. "You're pretty good at understanding, yourself."

"You asked me what you did to make the difference. Why, things like that—dozens of things. When this fat horror who sits next to me tries to tell me how she adores Wagner, you give the subject a turn—take it away from her. When that thin girl with adenoids was tapping on the deck with the foot-rest to her steamer chair, you took her for a walk. When they were driving me nearly mad, trying to get me to play at the ship's concert, you trotted out your beautiful Captain and made him sing 'Mandalay', so that I could escape. You even let me out of playing his accompaniment by doing it yourself—though I know you didn't want to, because you play badly."

Cynthia smiled at that, but rather tremulously.

"Those are some of the things you've done," he concluded.

"Tremendous things to do, weren't they?" She said it with the best imitation of mockery she could muster.

But he ignored the tone. "Yes. Wonderful things. But there's this much more. You didn't do them for me."

"Not for you?" Her frown came again. "For whom, then?"

"Not for any one else. I don't mean that. But only for me because I happened to be somebody—in need. You'd have done them for any one else who needed them." Now he looked up at her and spoke rather deliberately. "I want you to be sure I understand that."

There was a little silence. Then, "Why?" asked Cynthia. "Why do you want me to be so sure?"

Rhodes flushed again. "You don't owe me anything. The things you did were just acts of grace. They don't—establish a claim on you. I don't want you to feel a single misgiving, if anything happens to make a difference. To you, I mean."

She looked at him curiously. "What should happen?" she asked.

"Because, just the memory helps," he went on, without answering. "Thinking about you helps, and I can go on doing that, anyway."

"What should happen?" she repeated.

He was painfully embarrassed now. "I was up on the boat deck last night—on the seaward side of one of the boats, where there isn't any rail. It seems to bring it all so much nearer when there's nothing between. I was there when you and the Captain came up."

It was her turn to flush.

Presently he went on: "I didn't mean to listen, nor to look, at first. Just stayed on because I felt foolish about crawling out through the ropes. But, somehow, I can't help being glad I did. I think—I think if I could remember the pressure of your hands, like that, just once on me, that I could go on—through anything."

She gave a little gasp. "But," she began "—but that was only . . ."

The steward came back then with the Apollinaris.

"Go up to the lounge," she said quietly. "You'll have it all to yourself, so you can play the piano. They'll all be watching the potato race and the bolster fight two decks down."

The Colonel's wife stepped back from the rail, and her action drew the Colonel after her. The spectacle of the city of Hongkong, clinging to the side of that unbelievable hill, gleaming in colors so brilliant that the whole thing looked as unreal as a freshly painted stage drop, had brought all the other passengers into a knot up forward.

"I want you to look at Cynthia," said the Colonel's wife. "She's a better sight than Hongkong."

The Colonel looked, as she commanded. It was an easy injunction to obey.

"Isn't there a difference," she went on, "between now and Genoa? The trip's made a new girl of her."

"She didn't need as complete a job as that," said the Colonel. "But it is certainly true she's thrived on it. Your plan was a fizzle, though—about her and Peyden-Craik. That started out all right, but something happened to it. Well, I hope he's enjoying himself in Singapore. By Jove! Look at her now! Think of anything over twenty being able to smile like that."

She turned and caught them looking at her, smiled back at them, and then, with suddenly formed decision, made her way

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out of the little knot of passengers that imprisoned her, and, joining them, slipped her hand through her aunt's arm.

"Come for a little walk with me," she said. "Just you, this time. I'll do a round with the Colonel later."

So they walked aft and around the deck-house to the uninteresting side, which they had quite to themselves.

"We were just saying, your uncle and I," her aunt began, "how much good the voyage seems to have done you and how glad we are that you have enjoyed it."

"It's been," said Cynthia, pausing and leaning her elbows on the rail, "quite the most wonderful time I ever had in my life—quite the happiest. And it's only the beginning."

"Well, that's what we hope," said her aunt, a little flustered, because Cynthia's manner had something in it that was quite new. She didn't often deal in superlatives, except by way of mockery.

"Only, I want you to understand," said Cynthia, "that—well, that everybody does not find happiness in the same way. I suppose being happy is really just doing what you can do best and having it—appreciated."

The Colonel's wife stared at her. This was a new Cynthia with a vengeance.

"It's like the Colonel," the girl went on. "He's disappointed because he's got to go to Manila where lots of his friends are, and live in a big house, with plenty of servants, and everything comfortable. What would make him happy is that little post down in Mindanao, where it rains once every day even in the dry season, where he would have charge of a hard, dangerous campaign against the Moros. And you're disappointed about it yourself, because he is."

"I SUPPOSE BEING HAPPY IS REALLY JUST DOING WHAT YOU CAN DO BEST AND HAVING IT—APPRECIATED."

The Colonel's wife hadn't found any words yet. She just looked.

"Well," said Cynthia, "I suppose I'm a little like the Colonel."

"Not happy unless you can fight?" questioned her aunt jocularly.

Cynthia assented with a sober little nod. "There will be something to fight." And then her face lighted up with a smile. "I'm going to marry Cuthbert Rhodes," she said.

"You're going to marry . . . !"

"Oh, not here in Hongkong," said Cynthia. "We're going on to Manila with you. That'll be like back home. Then we'll go on. He's got to stay at sea a year anyway, on account of his nerves and his heart."

"I don't think," said her aunt indignantly, "that a man in that condition had any right to ask you to marry him."

"He didn't," said Cynthia. "I asked him. I had to ask him twice."

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WHAT BECAME OF *Jennie Brice*

by

DONALD G. AUGUR

TONIGHT
What Became of Jennie Brice?
That's what everybody wants to know and what everybody will find out
AT THE
MOCK TRIAL
To be Held at the
COURT HOUSE
Tonight, Dec. 14, 8 p.m.
Puzzling! Mysterious! Entertaining!
Just Like a Trial in Real Life
ADMISSION ONLY 25 CENTS
THE COURIER-JOURNAL LOUISVILLE MONDAY
SENSATIONAL MURDER CASE WILL BE TRIED AT THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH THURSDAY
Prominent Men of Louisville To Take Part in the Mock Hearing.
THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN.
CONDEMNED MAN ESCAPES DOOM
Large Crowd Gathers in High School Auditorium to See Philip Ladley on Trial for His Life; Case of "Jennie Brice"

IN THE county courthouse at Fort Worth, Texas, they tried a man for the murder of Jennie Brice, actress, convicted him, and sentenced him to be hanged. The sentence was not commuted; the case was not appealed; the governor did not pardon the murderer. Yet to-day that same man, undisguised and answering to his own name, walks the streets of Fort Worth, unmolested, before the very eyes of the sheriff.

He knows that there is no more chance of his being hanged than there is of the Mississippi's drying up in April.

What provision of the Texas criminal laws countenances such a case? None that we know of. Murder is murder.

On the bench at that trial sat the Hon. Ocie Speer, Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals. Distinguished lawyers conducted prosecution and defense. Sheriff Jim Woods, who has officiated in many famous cases, was sheriff at this trial. And the jury consisted of twelve undoubtedly good citizens and true.

Looks like a big story, doesn't it? But there's more to it yet. A committee appointed to investigate has not only condoned the seeming perversion of justice, but has awarded a prize of $500 to the Fort Worth court for its excellent conduct of the case. One member of this committee was Charles S. Whitman, District Attorney of New York City; the others likewise were prominent New York attorneys—Herbert Noble, Esq., and James B. Sheehan. The committee found that although the Fort Worth court did not hang the guilty man, their intentions were good. They could do no more than sentence him to be hanged.

You see, it was a mock trial.

Jennie Brice, actress and woman of fearful mystery, originated in the brain of Mary Roberts Rinehart, the author. And because the author allowed Jennie Brice to disappear under thrilling and suspicious circumstances, about 150,000 people all over the United States undertook to prove, through mock trials, that she either had been murdered or had not been murdered.

EVERYBODY'S originally bought "The Case of Jennie Brice" simply as a strikingly

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clever detective story. But a member of the staff, reading an advance proof of the story on his way from New York to Philadelphia, suddenly realized its mock-trial possibilities. He saw that up to the very end it was impossible for the reader to tell how the mystery would unfold; whether or not it would be proved that the suspected man had murdered Jennie Brice.

Frankly, there was a serious disagreement among the staff as to the advisability of running a mock trial. Some contended that the mock trial had gone out of style with the horse-car and the competent, all-round "hired girl." Another predicted that the advertisements and general campaign would fall flat and be a sheer waste of money.

At the last moment, however, it was decided to give the idea a try-out. Arrangements had to be made with the greatest possible speed. The contest announcement was inserted in the September EVERYBODY'S, then about to go to press, and pamphlets of information were hurriedly prepared to answer the queries with which the office was later deluged.

And then the people proceeded to take the "mock" out of mock trial.

Social and academic associations of all kinds seized the opportunity for profitable amusement where home talent could shine. Churches, clubs, high schools, colleges, fraternal organizations competed for the $11,540 in prizes. Court-houses were thrown open to the Jennie Brice trial. Many real judges presided. Eminent lawyers fought to convict or to free the suspected man. Lifelong friends became temporarily estranged through prejudice one way or the other.

The idea, as outlined by the mock-trial committee, was that the evidence in the

BLOODHOUNDS TRACKED THE SUPPOSED MURDERER OF JENNIE BRICE AT WATERLOO, IOWA.

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case might be drawn from the first three serial instalments of the story, and then, before the appearance of the fourth and final instalment, in which the author solved the mystery, the trials were to be held and the suspected murderer convicted or set free. It was not necessary to keep to the story, however. New testimony might be introduced.

So intensely real was the fiction that the majority of the trials developed into serious tests of skill and intellect. High-school orators pleaded with youthful jurors to convict a human fiend. Defending attorneys drew tears from the eyes of spellbound listeners. Judges quelled uproar and fined wrangling lawyers. An extract from one big trial shows the prevailing spirit: "In five minutes after the judge opened court the lawyers seemingly forgot it was a mock trial and fought out the points and wrangled over the admissibility of testimony, citing authorities."

However, seriousness didn't prevent fun. Incidental humor lightened nearly every trial, and several were purposely farcical. The universal aim, social entertainment, was achieved to such an extent that already the trial committee has received many requests for another similar contest, and it is the present expectation that next fall a story equally rich in mock-trial possibilities will be offered.

Two of the trials had audiences of over a thousand each, and although one jury sentenced the prisoner to be hanged, while the other acquitted him, the people in both towns were so evenly divided in opin-

THE LOOSE-FITTING HAT ON THE POLICEMAN IS THE ONLY DETAIL OF THE TRIAL AT DOUGLAS, GEORGIA, THAT EVEN SUGGESTS A TRAVESTY ON REAL LIFE.

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IN COMMON WITH MANY OTHER "JENNIE BRICE" COURTS, THIS ONE AT WEBSTER CITY, IOWA, HAD WOMEN AS IMPORTANT OFFICIALS.

ion that report says they are still arguing, though court closed on December 20th.

That people fell entirely into the spirit of the thing was proved to the satisfaction of the contest's chief instigator, who, in company with an associate, went over to Philadelphia, incognito, and attended a Jennie Brice mock trial at a certain church. The two agreed that if the participants had been aware of their presence, they could hardly have staged a better trial.

The selection of jurors was amusing. One man was excused on the ground of insufficient intelligence, as he had never heard of Jennie Brice and never read EVERYBODY'S. (He should have received a jail sentence for contempt.) Another juror, when asked his occupation, replied that he was a hanger. He, too, was excused—although all he actually hangs is wall-paper.

Winner of the first national prize, the Sorosis Club, of Fort Worth, Texas, earned the honor by enlisting the interest and cooperation of practically the whole town. Their marvelously complete trial was presented to the judges in the form of a printed, illustrated, handsomely bound booklet, bearing on the cover a photograph of the court-house where the trial was held.

Incidentally, the Sorosis Club is a woman's organization.

To review the trials that won the second and third national prizes, and all the state prizes, would make a book of tense and dramatic reading; but we are obliged to pick merely a few interesting circumstances from the whole affair.

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Hundreds of people got their first intimate glimpse of court procedure in the Jennie Brice trials. Young lawyers-to-be put in real-life practise; judges-in-embryo assumed the wig. College law classes had a chance—and took it—to put their knowledge actually to test.

A proof of the admirable mock-trial qualities of Mary Roberts Rinehart's story was that in only a very few cases did the prosecution or defense formulate a theory similar to that of the author. Possibly four or five trials convicted the prisoner on the grounds of his conviction in the story.

That consideration did not, however, determine the ranking of contestants. Some did fine work in one particular, some in another, and every point was considered. Occasionally a brilliant defense smothered a less resourceful prosecution. Unforeseen evidence was introduced at critical moments, one prosecution going so far as to produce in court the headless corpse of Jennie Brice! We have the photograph, which we do *not* print herewith.

In several cases Jennie Brice appeared, alive and excited, just as the judge was preparing to sentence her husband for cutting off her head and throwing her body into the flooded river.

Newspaper accounts figured prominently both during the trials and as exhibits accompanying the reports. An original correspondent for a troop of United States cavalry submitted a clever series of purported newspaper extracts covering the supposed four-days trial. There was no fake about the trial itself, however.

The soldiers carried things through with a rush. Their captain of the opposition drove the defense to the wall at the point of the intellectual bayonet, only to be routed at the last moment by a volley from an unexpected quarter. Jennie charged in and rattled off a Gatling-gun explanation that freed the prisoner.

"This outfit," writes the soldiers' correspondent, "is quartered in an outlandish post near the Mexican border, with little to amuse the men, and the affair aroused considerable interest. The Machine-Gun Platoon of the regiment went in on the trial with us and took a leading part."

The astonishing disappearance of Jennie Brice was announced to the public in city, town, and village by circular, by advertising, by poster. Fences were covered with flaring red-lettered cards that urged every one to assist in solving the mystery. A supposed likeness of the missing woman was circulated in one place. Sheriff's passes were issued, real subpœnas served; prominent citizens (who had big business to transact) found themselves serving on a criminal jury.

Admission fees did not prevent large audiences, and thus without taking possible prizes into account many a church raised a fund toward a new organ, and many a grange and brotherhood added to an emergency bank account.

Attorney for the defense in one trial demonstrated with a microscope that the suspicious red stains on the rope in the case were not blood, but actor's rouge. A handwriting expert examined the "papers."

A police judge who strangely overlooked the advance notices became peeved when he finally learned of the approaching trial and reprimanded his subordinates for not telling him sooner of the crime.

August assemblages of prominent people lent dignity to a great many of the trials; but perhaps Phœnix, Arizona, carried off that particular palm. As foreman of the jury they had no less a personage than Governor G. W. P. Hunt. On the bench, the Hon. Edward Kent, judge of the Superior Court of the state, in and for the County of Maricopa; district attorney, George P. Ballard, Attorney-General of Arizona. The remainder of the cast, we are assured, consisted of almost equally well-known people.

The Phœnix trial was purposely a sort of parody. They mocked the trial, while following regular procedure. Hence such testimony as follows:

"John Bellows, when asked if the hair of a certain woman resembled that of Jennie Brice, replied that it looked like the hair she had on."

Attorney: "Are you a single man?"

Witness: "No, sir."

Attorney: "Then what were you doing out at that time of the night?"

Here is a letter from a Michigan school for the deaf:

"The trial was the most unique, interesting, and instructive entertainment ever seen in Flint. All of the participants deserve praise, but the court stenographer should be granted a medal. To keep one's eyes on a speaker and take down every word he says is a difficult task under any

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circumstances, but when the speaker uses the sign-language, a form of silent shorthand, the task becomes herculean."

That trial was witnessed by four hundred and twenty-five people, three hundred and ten of them deaf students.

People in small isolated communities in the sparsely populated parts of the country drove or walked miles to read the few copies of EVERYBODY'S brought to them by a laggard mail service. Villages from twenty to a hundred miles from the railroad staged creditable trials.

Intense originality culminated at Waterloo, Iowa, when the bloodhound of fearful infallibility tracked the escaped prisoner through town and cornered him for the sheriff. And the bloodhound incident was only a preliminary to the trial itself. A quotation from the Waterloo *Evening Leader* tells the thrilling tale:

"Ladley (the supposed murderer), with unusual audacity, visited the office of the sheriff, where for several moments he sat calmly in a chair, unrecognized. Before his identity was discovered he had disappeared. . . . 'Topsy,' the English bloodhound belonging to the sheriff, was immediately placed on his trail, and followed him unerringly. . . ."

Boy scouts showed the stuff that was in them. So did the Camp-Fire Girls, from whom in one instance came a letter so poetic that it was difficult to imagine the writers trying a man for murder—which nevertheless they did very efficiently.

Humor had no place in some of the trials, but on the whole could not be suppressed. A juror who conducted a tonsorial parlor was objected to and excused as too proficient in the use of deadly weapons. A solicitor-general, on being fined five dollars for undue levity, tried to borrow the five from the judge, whereupon that dignitary remitted the fine, remarking that the state was better able to lose five dollars than he was. Some very choice humor developed at a trial held in a penitentiary, where all the participants were actual prisoners.

As for what actually became of Jennie Brice, perhaps the most original suggestion was that, far from being murdered, Jennie had rejoined her first husband in Honolulu, where they had gone into partnership running a "movies" show.

A more successful mock trial it would be hard to imagine. More than 15,000 persons actually took part in the case. Easily 150,000 more sat in the audiences. Five hundred prize-contesting reports were submitted, and several hundred additional communications stated that while the trial had been held, social entertainment had been the only aim, and no report had been submitted for the competition.

ADMINISTERING THE "OATH" TO WITNESSES AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Three national prizes of $500, $300, and $200, respectively, were fairly won by excellent work; and the rest of the $11,540 divided among only less deserving contestants in every state.

And so it would seem that the mock trial has *not* gone out of fashion with the horse-car and the competent, all-round "hired girl."

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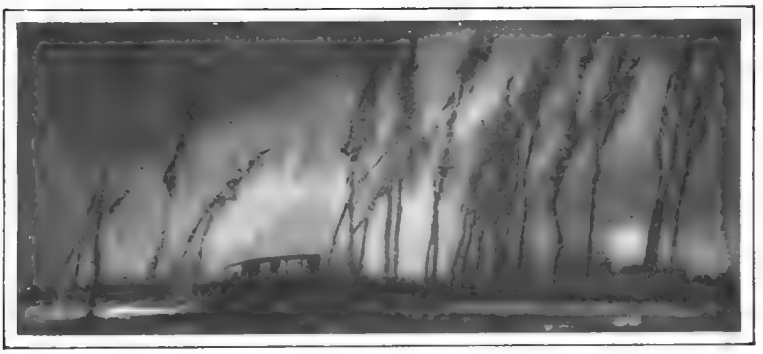

The HOUSE of the OPEN HEART

By ARTHUR TRAIN

AUTHOR OF "THE CONFESSIONS OF ARTEMAS QUIBBLE," "C. Q.: IN THE WIRELESS HOUSE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. GARDNER SOPER

"WE'LL never be able to make Dijon," declared Gibson grimly, "unless we keep going until midnight. We've already come three hundred and seventy kilometers since nine this morning. Pierre is on the edge of a nervous breakdown and I've got a rotten headache. However, don't mind *us!* We'll probably reach a palace hotel some time before daybreak!"

And he glared ironically through the rain-spattered window of the limousine at the slumped back of the French chauffeur.

The car was thundering along the high river-road of the Valley of the Doubs through the rapidly dropping twilight, in a heavy rain which made driving difficult and dangerous; and, as Gibson had said, the man was on the brink of hysteria, for he had been at the wheel for five consecutive days of over seven hours each, and during most of that time had averaged sixty kilometers an hour. He was the victim of Fanny Gibson's speed mania, notorious among her social friends. Cars succumbed to it, broke down, smashed up, tires blew out in constant succession, chauffeurs came and chauffeurs went, but she went on forever—at seventy kilometers an hour.

Yearly she left New York in early March, met her car at Cherbourg, and after a week of hectic clothes-buying in Paris, started out on a two-months' endurance contest with her husband over Europe. From Paris she flashed to Aix-les-Bains, Nice, Florence, Rome, and Naples. Northward she whirled around the Italian lakes, through budding Lombardy to Venice, thence over such passes of the rainbow-hued Dolomites as were free of snow, and after a day at Vienna or Budapest scorched back *via* Salzburg through the Pusterthal, climbed the Arlberg, traversed the Black Forest and the Rhine, and usually made Paris just in time for a final fitting of her new ball dresses and to catch a steamer in time for the Newport season.

They had left Baden-Baden that morning, and Thérèse, Fanny's maid, and Griffin, her husband's valet, had been sent on to Dijon with the baggage by rail, to await the motor's arrival and to engage the best rooms in the hotel with a *salon privé* for the use of their master and mistress. Hence to stop before reaching Dijon was an obvious impossibility to Fanny Gibson, who suffered agony at the mere thought of asking her husband to hook up her dress.

"But Dijon is only a hundred kilometers farther," she protested irritably. "And you

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know there isn't any other place fit for a dog to stay, this side of Paris. What makes you so nervous? We've often done four hundred kilometers in one day. There's at least an hour of light, *yet*."

"I was thinking of the man who's steering us," returned her husband. "Do you realize that he's driven two thousand kilometers in the last five days?"

"Well, isn't that what he's paid for?" she snapped, for she was herself so travel-weary that only pride kept her from tears. She threw herself back among the gray satin cushions of the rear seat and closed her eyes, wondering if motoring was really the fun she had always found it to be.

Gibson shrugged his trim shoulders and lit a slender cigarette which he took out of a gold case from his waistcoat pocket. "Go ahead!" he muttered grimly. "It would serve us right if we got ditched. I don't believe in motoring in this reckless way. It spoils all the enjoyment of it."

"It has quite obviously spoiled your temper and your manners!" retorted Fanny.

Gibson did not reply. He knew that to do so would be quite useless, and that any word of his would inevitably prove a penultimate to her final fling. Yet the two loved each other, and it was only during these hysteric flights that their good-fellowship was ever marred. It was true that she had changed a good deal since she had married him and had become used to spending so much money. Her extravagance was really phenomenal. Gibson called the shopping excursions in which her friends participated "spending matches." The motor itself was a sort of triumphal car for her luxurious progress through existence.

Every year she had a new one of the latest model, with all the latest fancy appliances, and there was a standing order at Vevier's for a new limousine body each spring, to be painted the "Gibson gray" and specially upholstered with trimmings of the same color. A screen made of wire so fine as to be almost invisible covered the plate-glass window behind the driver's seat and kept out the dust when the window was lowered. A gold and jeweled clock, which ticked at any angle, hung below, and a duplex speedometer beside it showed the length of the journey in both kilometers and miles, and also the speed at which they were traveling at the moment. When the needle registered less than 70, Fanny was accustomed to press an electric button at her side which moved an indicator on the dashboard to "Go Faster."

There were, besides, a barometer, a "grade index," four gold-topped scent-bottles, a gold cigarette-box, a book-rack with a gold-mounted flap, and a cut-glass vase containing artificial flowers. Under the seat were stowed their bags and wraps, and under their feet were placed two soft, thick cushions of the "Gibson gray."

Gibson asserted with a show of sincerity that he anxiously awaited the day when Fanny would propose constructing an immense car containing a dining-room, kitchen, bed-chamber, and bath, which should follow in their wake and come shooting in with a hot dinner cooked by a French chef at the psychological moment each evening.

The smoke of Gibson's cigarette rose in slow, darting eddies among the gold ornaments, the lace filigree, the scent-bottles, and the sham flowers inside the car, while the rain drummed steadily upon the roof and drove in torrents across the windows. The motor made a loud roar as it tore through the puddles which covered the weltering road-bed. Only by straining the sight could one distinguish where scenery left off and sky began. Night had come.

Gibson settled himself resignedly in his corner. He was exhausted, done up, and the constant motoring had made him nervous, irascible, and depressed. Moreover, he was very hungry. He wondered what the two kids were doing, the two little boys whom Fanny always shipped off to the lonely Long Island country house with a governess, maid, and trained nurse as soon as the social season was over and it was time to start on their spring junket.

It was just the hour when it was his habit to come home from the club and go up to the nursery where the children were having supper. There were great times afterward, times which were none the less uproarious because ruinous to the infantile digestion. He could imagine them at that moment wandering sedately off to bed in Westbury under the hygienically correct, prim guidance of Miss McFadden.

He wanted those boys—he wanted to hug them and eat them up! Why were they two scorching around Europe when two such jolly little chaps were pining for them at home!

"Why do you always go away?" the boys

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had asked in pathetic unison upon the parental departure two months before.

"So you'll like us all the better when we come back!" Fanny had answered conclusively; but even her heart had sunk a little as she uttered the lie. And now Gibson in the darkness of the car vowed that if he got safely home he would never leave them again; while his wife with clasped hands sat tensely, hysterically waiting for the hundred kilometers to be covered that separated them from Thérèse, a palace hotel, a warm bath, dinner à la carte, and a *salon privé*.

Thus they waited for what seemed an eternity—and may have been fifty minutes. Pierre had switched on the electric search-lights and with their aid bored into the storm with undiminished speed. Gibson touched an electric button and flooded the car with light from a shaded globe above. The little clock chimed seven.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Fanny, "I thought it must be half-past eight at least."

"My stomach feels like half-past eleven," answered Gibson.

At this moment the motor slowed down and began to bump over some cobble-stones between two rows of houses. The wheels struck an unexpected rut, and both were tossed high in their seats.

"I do wish Pierre would be a little careful!" burst out Fanny. "He never——"

But her comments were interrupted by two loud reports, and the car, after limping a short distance, came to a standstill. Pierre climbed stiffly down from his seat and went to the rear of the motor. Then he opened the door.

"*Pardon, m'sieu et 'dame*," he said with chattering teeth. "Both rear tires have blown out."

"How long will it take to put on new ones?" sharply demanded Fanny.

Pierre swayed as he stood clinging to the door. He was as white as paper. "An hour, madame. I have only one extra rim mounted."

"An hour!" she returned blankly. "We've still eighty kilometers to go! Well, we can't stop here, that's sure. Don't lose any time. Get right to work."

Pierre put his hand to his head. "Madame—" he began faintly.

"Look here, Fanny!" exclaimed Gibson. "Don't you see the man's done up? We've got to stay right here for to-night—no matter what the accommodations are."

He got out of the car and gazed about him. The rain had nearly ceased. They were in the midst of a straggling village through which a narrow, crooked street crawled upward toward a little church and then disappeared. Somewhere near by he could hear the rush of a river. The small stone houses stood in gloomy, irregular monotony, their tiny, shutterless windows staring inhospitably into the cobbled roadway. No living thing was to be seen anywhere about. Gibson whistled to himself.

"We're going to catch it this time!" he remarked gloomily. "Where on earth are we?"—turning to Pierre.

"This is St. Aignan-sur-Doubs," answered the chauffeur.

Gibson took his pocket search-light from its place inside the limousine and played it on the adjacent walls and doorways.

"Must we stay *here?*" reiterated Fanny faintly from within the car. "It looks perfectly disgusting!"

Just then the flash caught on a weather-beaten sign hanging above a rambling, barn-like building seventy odd feet away:

L'HÔTEL
DE LA GRACE DE DIEU

"Here we are!" chuckled Gibson—"By the grace of God!"

II

Monsieur Didon had entered the kitchen by the back door and was slowly removing his waterproof jacket while Madame Didon bustled around, lit the candle, poked the fire, and pulled up the armchair. He had thrown his fishing-rod and basket upon the floor beside him, and his wrinkled old face gleamed rosily through a multitude of raindrops.

"Well, *mon ami*, and what luck had you?" inquired his wife, a white-haired woman who moved with the vigor of a young girl, in spite of her sixty-five years.

"You may well ask," returned Monsieur Didon. "I have caught him at last—*le vieux!*"

"What!" cried madame excitedly. "The big one! It is impossible!"

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"IT MUST BE A WONDERFUL THING TO LIVE IN A COUNTRY WHERE THERE IS NO FEAR OF WAR!"

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"*Mais, oui!*" he laughed. "See for yourself!" And he raised the cover of the basket and lifted out by the gills a three-pound mountain trout. "I fished all day and caught nothing until the rain, and then at the foot of the falls Monsieur Truite obligingly swallowed my fly and here we both are."

At that moment two muffled reports echoed through the house.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Madame Didon. "Can it be the Germans?"

"Not yet," answered her husband more conservatively. "It must be an automobile."

"Perhaps they are coming to the hotel," she cried. "I will go and see. Put a candle in the front windows, Baptiste!"

She hurriedly removed her apron and started through the long, narrow passage that led to the entrance of the inn—damp and chilly now on account of the rain. She opened the front door and looked out. Two glaring lights like torches made the street as light as day, and a tall gentleman was helping a beautiful young lady out of a magnificent motor-car. They must be a bride and groom, she thought. Oh, *were* they coming to the hotel? Her heart beat more quickly. No one had come to the hotel for nearly three months, except the notary and the priest, who played chess in the kitchen and paid nothing at all.

"*Bon soir, m'sieu et madame!*" she called out encouragingly. "Do you wish anything?"

"*Bon soir, madame,*" answered the tall gentleman in excellent French. "Can you accommodate us for the night?"

"*Mais, oui, m'sieu!*" retorted Madame Didon gaily. "Mais, oui, *oui!* Come right in and dry yourselves. Dinner shall be ready for you in half an hour."

Fanny Gibson walked hesitatingly toward the dank portal of the "Hotel of the Grace of God." Visions of smelly little bedrooms, horrible mattresses, dirty carpets, cold water in ponderous jugs, and greasy food, rose before her, and her heart yearned for Thérèse and the comforts to which she was used.

"Have you—a room—with a bath?" she inquired in her best Fifty-fourth Street French.

"Ah, *oui*, madame—one can take a bath in the hotel," Madame Didon eagerly answered her. "There is no end of hot water and a nice round tin tub which my husband bought two years ago at Besançon."

"What did I *tell* you!" half sobbed Fanny to her husband. "There is nothing here—*nothing!*"

But Gibson had led her on through the door and into the court of the hotel, the darkness of which was only mitigated by a candle stuck in a tin reflector.

"We will see the room," said he courteously to their hostess.

Madame Didon, carrying an immense bunch of keys, led the way up a broad flight of stairs, down a long hall, and with an effort unlocked a door at the end of it.

"*Voilà!*" she exclaimed, rushing across the room, and throwing open the windows.

Fanny Gibson gazed blankly about her.

The apartment in which they stood was an immense chamber at least sixty feet long and thirty broad, with three small windows draped with heavy curtains tied back with black ribbons. On each side of the door stood an undersized single bed with a mountainous mattress and a pillow like a gigantic white sausage. A lonely wash-stand, a rickety sofa, and a wabbly table with a couple of insecure-looking chairs were all the furniture visible. On the walls hung a worsted motto or two, and several ancient lithographs entitled "La Belle Jardinière," "Grandmaman's Fête," and "Le Petit Soldat." Madame Didon's solitary candle made but a dim illumination in this apparently comfortless waste.

Fanny turned eyes welling with tears to her husband, after their hostess had departed, leaving them alone together. "But I *can't* stay here, in this *hole!*" she wailed, and, throwing herself on the sofa, gave way to an utter demoralization of homesickness and fatigue. Gibson, made wise by experience, followed Madame Didon down-stairs.

Five minutes later a knock on the door made her hastily wipe her eyes, and Madame Didon entered, staggering under the weight of the Gibson baggage, but smiling with redoubled cordiality.

"Ah, *pauvre m'sieu le chauffeur!*" she remarked sympathetically. "He can hardly stand. And how tired madame must be!"

Fanny smiled faintly, unable in spite of herself not to respond. "Yes," she answered, "we *are* all a little tired."

Madame Didon vanished again, only to appear in a couple of minutes bearing a huge tin of boiling hot water in one hand

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HE STOOD AND LOOKED AT HIS SLEEPING WIFE FOR A LONG TIME . . . HAD NOT HE HIMSELF BEEN UTTERLY WEAK AND SELFISH IN ALLOWING HER TO GIVE WAY TO HER EXTRAVAGANCE?

and a lamp in the other. She substituted the lamp for the candle, placed the latter on the mantelpiece, drew the curtains, and then turned to Fanny's valise.

"Shall I unpack madame's bag?" she asked. "Madame is so tired, perhaps it would be better for her simply to lie on the sofa."

"Oh, thank you," answered Fanny with a sense of relief, and watched her with languid curiosity. How deft she was in spite of her years, how capable, how—*nice!*

"In fifteen minutes," said Madame Didon, "dinner will be ready. Does madame wish anything else?"

Fanny shook her head. Already she felt warmer, and the old sofa was by no means uncomfortable. There were her silver-mounted toilet articles all laid out, just as Thérèse would have arranged them, on the table; there were her slippers and embroidered dressing-gown. She began to look about her. The floor, only partly covered by a small rug of twisted rags, was scrupulously clean. She arose and felt of the beds, and was surprised to find that they had excellent springs and that the linen, while coarse, was nevertheless soft and white. She continued her tour of inspection. Not a speck of dust was discoverable anywhere. The things were old, so old as to be almost comic, but they were serviceable and clean. She began to think that if it were not for the necessity of eating she could pass a fairly comfortable night.

When Gibson came up after seeing the car safely stowed away in the shed that served for a garage, he found her sitting in the creaking old rocker with a rather puzzled expression upon her face.

"Well?" he queried.

"Well," she answered, "I've survived so

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far. We'll have to take turns washing. Don't use all the hot water, please."

Her husband made no comment upon her accession of cheerfulness, but gravely poured some hot water into the only hand-basin.

"Pierre's all in, and I've shipped him off to bed," said he. "Now, madame—after you on the wash!"

III

Ten minutes or so later there came a respectful knock on the chamber door, and Monsieur Didon, carefully arrayed in an antique dress suit, a napkin on his arm, announced that m'sieu and madame were served. Up to within a few moments the old gentleman had been busily occupied over the kitchen fire, and now after having acted first as porter, and then as chef, he finally appeared in the capacity of head waiter.

The Gibsons followed him the length of the hall, down the stairs, across the court, and through a complicated series of dark, damp public rooms and passages. Then with much ceremony their host opened a door and motioned them into a tiny room—apparently a family dining-room—a *salon privé*, in fact!

At the sight within Fanny gave a little gasp of astonished surprise. A table covered with a fresh, snow-white cloth stood in the center of the room directly in front of a bright wood fire, which threw a cheerful light upon the cosily furnished chamber. Above the fireplace was a stag's head bearing upon its antlers Monsieur Didon's rifle, shotgun, and various implements of the chase. Several old portraits in oil hung upon the walls, and an ebony bookcase filled with well-used volumes stood opposite the door. A host of candles burned on mantel and table, and two chairs were drawn up snugly at either side. Behind the table a sort of dresser did service at one and the same time as sideboard and museum, for from the top shelves stuffed birds, weasels, and other animals looked glassily down on the piles of gleaming plates below.

"Oh, Harold!" gasped Fanny. "Isn't it just too homelike and lovely!"

"It certainly looks good to me!" he exclaimed, going over to the fire and warming his hands. "This must be the family sitting-room. They are giving us the best they have."

While they were speaking, Monsieur Didon returned from the kitchen bearing an old-fashioned tureen of smoking onion soup, the savor of which seemed to the motorists more delicious than anything they had ever known.

"What will monsieur have to drink?" inquired Monsieur Didon. "Red or white wine, or champagne? We have some excellent champagne of the country which is light and cheap."

"Let us have it by all means," assented Gibson. "We'll *have* to drink it, if only not to hurt his feelings," he added to his wife.

But the cobwebbed bottle that Monsieur Didon came in holding so carefully with both hands needed no apology, and yielded a creaming, delicate wine that, as Gibson said afterward, could not have been duplicated in New York for six dollars a bottle.

And no sooner had monsieur placed the bottle on the sideboard than Madame Didon's voice called to him from the kitchen, and to the astonishment of his guests he hurried back with a sizzling dish upon which lay a beautiful speckled trout swimming in brown sauce.

"But where, may I ask," inquired Gibson, "did you manage to procure such a wonderful fish at this short notice?"

"Ah," answered Monsieur Didon delightedly, "it was a charming coincidence! I caught him myself this very afternoon just before your arrival. I have been trying to catch that same old fish for three years!"

"And they served him for *us!*" whispered Fanny. "The dear old things!"

The host watched with keen enjoyment as the trout quickly disappeared save for the head, tail, backbone, and a few fins.

After the trout came a fragrant *ragout de chasseur* of rabbit and partridge, then some dainty fresh peas cooked in butter and served alone, after the French fashion, and finally a plate of huge, juicy strawberries. For years afterward the Gibsons vowed they had never had such a meal, and when the table had been cleared and Madame Didon appeared in a freshly pressed black dress and a little white cap, and made black coffee for them—*café filtré*—in one of those little green hump-backed coffee-pots—and Monsieur Didon followed with a bottle of rare old brandy, Fanny could have hugged them both.

"The dear old things!" she repeated.

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"I've never had such a good time in my life!"

Madame Didon finished pouring the coffee and filled two tiny china cups while her white-haired husband stood smiling beside her.

"Monsieur and madame," said Gibson, rising from his chair, "fill, I beg you, four cups instead of two. You have treated us not as guests but as friends. We shall never forget your kindness. This is your private sitting-room—you must sit here with us to-night. Monsieur, will you accept one of my very bad cigars?"

"Oh, m'sieu and madame!" protested Madame Didon. "It is not fitting."

But Monsieur Didon, who was proud of his wife, shook his head and interrupted her. "And why should you not, Philomène?" he demanded. Then, turning to his guests: "I am but of ordinary stock, m'sieu, but my wife was a Fresney of Château Buffard. We can sit, surely, *m'amie*, a while with these two gentlefolk who are young enough to be our grandchildren?"

And he took the cigar Gibson held out to him, and with a dignified courtesy worthy of one of the old noblesse placed a chair at the table for his wife.

IV

"And to think when we first heard the sound of your automobile my wife thought it was the Germans!" laughed old Monsieur Didon half an hour later.

"It might well have been!" asserted she. "If they do not come to-day, they will come to-morrow or next week."

"That is true," he assented, nodding his head. "They will come—but this time we shall be ready for them."

Madame Didon looked at Fanny Gibson. "It must be a wonderful thing to live in a country where there is no fear of war!" she said. "It seems only yesterday that there was fighting in this very street. I remember I had gone to wash at the river when I heard musket shots coming from near the church. Then suddenly there were German soldiers everywhere. The town swarmed with them. A German colonel took possession of the hotel and quartered his staff here. I took my two boys and went and lived in the woods."

"Your two boys?" queried Fanny.

"Yes, madame, two of the loveliest boys God ever sent to this earth. They are both dead now forty years! They lived but a short time after the Germans had marched away leaving the fever behind them. They went, first one and then the other. And Baptiste was away fighting for France. But my boys died for France! It will not be long now before I shall see them."

"Would m'sieu and madame like to see their photographs?" asked Monsieur Didon, as his wife wiped her eyes and tried to smile at the same time. "They were two splendid little fellows. Four and five years! We never had any other children."

He went to the mantelpiece and brought to the table a carved walnut frame surrounding a faded picture of two little lads holding each other by the hand.

Fanny Gibson felt a pang of the heart as she looked at the faces of the two sturdy little chaps who had died for France. They had been just the ages of her two boys at home—and they had been dead forty years! She glanced at her husband and saw that his lips were set grimly.

"But, Philomène, we must not trouble these two young people with our private sorrows!" exclaimed Monsieur Didon. "Yes, they were fine boys, but think! they might have had grandchildren of their own now! Some day you two will know perhaps the joy of having such children as that! Then you will not be traveling over the world any more, for you would be *ennuyé* to leave them. It is terrible how they cling to one's heart-strings!"

Gibson and his wife studied the pattern on the table-cloth and did not reply. Both were thinking of two little boys who had said their prayers by the side of a hired nurse four thousand miles away.

And then the old couple, feeling on a more intimate footing with their guests, began to tell of their life in the quiet little town during the years following the loss of their sons—of how before the war the place had been prosperous and the people happy, but afterward the curse of an ever-impending conflict had blighted it.

In return Gibson told of the life in the big American cities, of the strife of political parties, of the avarice and greed of business competition, of the multitude of interests that made up latter-day existence. After he had finished Madame Didon said quietly:

"But when does anybody have time to

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live? When do they see their children? How can there be time for so many things?"

Gibson only shook his head in reply.

When the clock on the village church struck eleven and her husband's cigar-case was empty, Fanny rose. Monsieur Didon took one of the candles and led the way through the passages to the door of their room, and bade them good-night. Both were silent as they prepared to go to bed. Then Fanny said very gently:

"Harold, dear, do you mind unhooking my dress?"

Half an hour later, cosily tucked away in her bed without the assistance of Thérèse, her dainty head reposing on the white sausage of a pillow, and guarded above by "La Belle Jardinière" and "Le Petit Soldat," she drifted off into a dreamless slumber. Gibson, a candle in his hand, stood and looked at his sleeping wife for a long time. It was true, she seemed too young to have any children, as she lay there like a young girl, her head with its wavy, yellowish-brown hair resting on one hand.

Was it not all his fault that she had become the kind of woman she was? Had not he himself been utterly weak and selfish in allowing her to give way to her extravagance? It had been so easy to fall in with her whims—and, he confessed, so delightful. He had not protested very much at leaving the little boys. Come to think of it, he himself had been the original projector of their first motor-trip abroad. And now they were drifting the way of most wealthy people, leading utterly useless lives of self-indulgence. Was it yet too late?

V

A cart rumbling over the cobblestones outside roused Fanny Gibson from a profound, childish sleep, and she opened her eyes lazily and watched some tiny globules of light dancing on "Le Petit Soldat" for several minutes before she realized where she was. The little figure looked not unlike that of one of her own boys in the soldier clothes she had given him at Christmas. The air in the room was fresh and sweet after the rain of the night before. She raised her head and looked across the room to where her husband lay in his own little white sarcophagus. His eyes were open.

"Well?" she said.

"Well?" he answered. "Not so bad, *was* it?"

"Oh, Harold!" she sighed in a tone of deep compunction.

"I wonder if we can get breakfast?"

Near the bed was a red bell-cord and, reaching up, she gave it a gentle pull. Down below they could hear an answering jangle and in a few moments steps outside the door.

"*Bon jour, madame!*" called Gibson. "Can we have *déjeuner?*"

"*Ah, oui!*" came back the cheery voice of Madame Didon. "I have it here outside, and the hot water also!"

Gibson threw on a wrapper and opened the door, and Madame Didon, bearing a neat tray, came smilingly in.

"*Bon jour, madame!*" she said to Fanny. Then she removed the articles on the center table, covered it with a clean white cloth, and placed upon it a steaming pot of *café filtré*, a plate of featherweight crescent rolls, and a pot of apricot *confiture*.

"Did you *ever* taste such coffee?" exclaimed Fanny after madame had departed.

"Or such marmalade!" he echoed.

"Or such crescents!" she continued.

They looked at each other and laughed like children.

"I'd only need one other thing to make me absolutely blissful!" she went on.

"I'd need *two!*" he retorted, looking at her significantly.

"I *meant* two!" she admitted, glancing upward at where "Le Petit Soldat" was blowing his trumpet upon the wall.

When the coffee-pot had been completely drained and all the crescent rolls had vanished, the Gibsons slowly descended to the street. The sun was pouring over the thatched roofs and antique gables of St. Aignan-sur-Doubs, a big apple-tree in the yard had showered the earth with blossoms, pigeons fluttered up and down the street, and a few hobbling old men and women were chatting by the church. Monsieur and Madame Didon stood by the door regretfully awaiting their guests' departure, and Pierre with the limousine was close by.

But a change had been wrought in the motor overnight, for it was decked with flowers from dashboard to tail-lamp, and blossomed like the old apple-tree. Even Pierre was decorated, and a huge bouquet was fastened to the radiator. The chauffeur looked completely rested, and a smile of

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appreciation shone on his usually patiently impassive countenance.

"Oh, how pretty!" cried Fanny, her eyes sparkling with unexpected pleasure.

Madame Didon helped her into her featherweight silk traveling-coat while Pierre opened the door. Gibson was occupying himself with Monsieur Didon and the bill for their night's lodging.

"But monsieur, it is ridiculous!" she heard her husband protest.

For a single instant her spirits deserted her. Were these two old people who had made themselves so charming like other predatory landlords? But a glance at Madame Didon reassured her.

"It is ridiculous, monsieur," she heard her husband repeat. "Only fifteen francs—three dollars—for three people overnight, rooms, service, dinner, breakfast, and even *wine* included! You have made some mistake."

Monsieur Didon shook his head. "We should not be justified in charging more, m'sieu. If you are satisfied we are pleased."

"Look here, Fanny!" expostulated her husband. "This is too much! Here we have descended on these good people, dumped a motor into their shed, slept in their beds, turned them out of the family sitting-room, eaten the old man's favorite trout, drunk his champagne, and had a flower festival besides, and all they charge is fifteen francs! Three miserable dollars!"

Fanny saw that he was genuinely disturbed. She glanced inside the motor at her array of gold-topped boxes and bottles. How tawdry and vulgar they seemed! Moreover, they were utterly useless for any practical purpose. The little clock was the only object out of all the display that had a respectable appearance, and she hastily unhooked it and placed it in Madame Didon's astonished hands.

"*Mais, madame!*" gasped the old lady. "Surely you do not mean to give me—me—this beautiful thing!"

And then Gibson experienced a shock of bewilderment, for he saw the dainty and snobbish Fanny suddenly throw her arms around Madame Didon's wrinkled neck and kiss her on both cheeks. What they said to each other was drowned in the roar that followed Pierre's cranking of the machine; but Madame Didon was wiping her eyes with one hand and holding the little clock in the other as Gibson shook hands with Monsieur Didon and climbed into the limousine after his wife. The Didons hastily retreated into their doorway and stood there waving good-by.

"*Bon voyage!*" shouted the Didons at the top of their voices.

"*Adieu! Adieu!*" chorused the Gibsons out of the window of the motor.

Then the steel treads of the tires gripped the cobblestones and the big car shot up the street. At the corner of the church they looked back. Monsieur and Madame Didon were still waving.

"What dear, sweet old people!" whispered Fanny, and Gibson saw that there were tears upon her eyelashes.

"There are not many in the world like them!" he answered.

"Perhaps there are more than we think!" she returned softly as she placed her hand in his.

MONSIEUR AND MADAME DIDON WERE STILL WAVING.

In front of "L'Hotel de la Grace de Dieu" Madame and Monsieur Didon stood gazing at the corner around which the machine had vanished.

"What charming young people!" exclaimed the old man. "So sympathetic!—So generous!—So kind-hearted!"

"And so *simple!*" added Madame Didon.

And they went into the house together.

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The PLAYERS

by

CLAYTON HAMILTON

AUTHOR OF "THE THEORY OF THE THEATRE," ETC.

THIS has been a banner year for children in the theatre. Although we have had many plays for children in the past, most of them have been produced singly and have been regarded as unusual events; but this season, for the first time, a concerted effort has been made by several different managers to develop in the rising generation a habit of going regularly to the theatre. Winthrop Ames inaugurated the new movement with his production of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs;" and George C. Tyler opened his Children's Theatre shortly afterward with "Racketty - Packetty House." Charles Frohman gave a helpful impetus to the campaign by reviving "Peter Pan;" and, more recently, two other managers have entered the new field —David Belasco with his production of "A Good Little Devil," and Arthur Hopkins with his presentation of "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

All of these plays have been welcomed by the public; and the emphatic success of the entire group makes it seem likely that our most enterprising managers will continue to take the children into account in making out their calendars for future seasons. Thus a new opportunity will be afforded to writers for the stage; and, if the vein is not overworked, the juvenile drama should become as important an item in the annual commerce of the theatre as juvenile literature has always been in the annual lists of the leading publishers.

But the writers of plays for children are confronted by a problem which is not imposed, to such a great extent, upon the authors of juvenile books. In the nature of things, it is impossible for children to go to the theatre without taking grown-up people to look after them; and the juvenile drama must therefore interest not only the children themselves, but also their necessary guardians. The same story must appeal simultaneously to minds so essentially different in type as that of the child and that of the adult.

The difference between the two types may be indicated by a figure of speech. In reading the illustrated book of life, grown-up people are more interested in the text and children are more interested in the pictures. The creative faculty of the child is limited to a fancy that produces kaleidoscopic combinations of concrete objects gathered helter-skelter from his immediate environment; but the adult can create abstractions apart from his experience and revel in a realm of truth that need not be translated literally into fact.

A juvenile drama, to be entirely successful, must therefore tell a picture-book story, which the children themselves may accept concretely and literally, but which may at the same time suggest to their grown-up guardians ideas that are abstract and figurative. Considered in regard to this requirement, the best of all the children's plays of the present season is "The Poor Little Rich Girl." It tells a concrete story which the little folks may follow literally from the outset to the end, and it suggests at the same time many general ideas which are stimulating to the adult imagination. This drama is indeed an extraordinary work—it is so subtly wise, so fertile in fancy, so original in invention, so sly in satire, so rich in human import. It not only shines by contrast with all the other juvenile productions of the year, but from every point of view it is one of the most delightful plays of recent seasons.

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"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL"

"The Poor Little Rich Girl" was written by Eleanor Gates. This author has been recognized for several years as a writer of novels and short stories, and her husband, Richard Walton Tully, is known in the theatre as the author of "The Bird of Paradise" and "The Rose of the Rancho;" but the present piece represents her first venture as a playwright. All the more remarkable, in consequence, is the technical skill with which she has projected her story over the footlights.

But this story is so touching in itself that, even if it had been told with less accomplished craftsmanship, it would have won its way into innumerable hearts. The piece is described upon the program as "a play of fact and fancy." The first and third acts happen in the realm of fact, and exhibit the actual life of the little heroine; and the second act, which happens in the realm of fancy, sets forth a series of images that drift through her mind while she is suffering from a delirious dream.

FRED STONE IN "THE LADY OF THE SLIPPER."

Photograph by White, New York.

The life of little Gwendolyn is exceedingly unhappy, because she is the only child in a very wealthy household. She longs for an intimate companionship with her

SCENE FROM "A GOOD LITTLE DEVIL," IN WHICH THE HERO TERRIFIES THE WICKED ONES.

Photograph by White, New York.

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parents; but she sees them very seldom, because her father, although he is made of money, is harnessed to his business, and her mother, who has a social bee in her bonnet, is continually going around in "the best circles." Little Gwendolyn is not allowed to go to day-school, like all the happy children she has seen rollicking together in the school-yard, but is condemned to be taught at home, in her lonely prison of a palace, by half a dozen private tutors who care for nothing but their fees. She can not even take a walk in the park, because her nurse and her footman prefer the luxury of riding in a motor-car. She is hated by her governess, because she asks troublesome questions.

Having surrounded her with luxury, her parents infer that she must be absolutely happy; and they never find time to draw sufficiently near her to guess the hunger in her heart.

We are introduced to the poor little rich girl upon her seventh birthday; and we perceive, even more vividly than the child herself, the harrowing dissensions among the many servants who have been deputed to take care of her. Her father is preoccupied with an impending crisis in his business, and her mother's mind is fixed upon the preparations for a formal dinner she is giving in the evening. Half a dozen society people appear as guests for dinner and greet the little heroine with mechanical congratulations; but she finds her first real friend in another of the guests—the gentle-hearted doctor who brought her into the world.

When dinner is announced, little Gwendolyn is relegated to the care of her nurse. But the nurse has planned to take advantage of the dinner-party to run away to the theatre with the footman; and, to carry out this plan, she gives the child a sleeping potion to keep her quiet until morning. She happens to administer an overdose of the opiate; and in a few moments the little girl sinks into a stupor which soon drifts to a delirium.

The dinner is interrupted, and the guests dismissed; and all night long the doctor fights for the life of the bewildered little girl. She wanders through a dream in which many figurative statements that have been made in her presence by her elders are embodied in the terms of concrete objects with which she is familiar in her actual experience. Her father appears to her wearing a suit that is literally made of money, and actually harnessed to a money-making machine; and she sees her mother going around with her eyes fixed upon an actual bee buzzing in her actual bonnet. The footman has often called her nurse a "two-faced thing" and referred to her hated governess as a "snake in the grass;" and she now sees the latter in the guise of a hissing serpent and the former wearing a second face at the back of her head.

Photograph by Waite, New York.

"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL" AND HER FAMILY OFF ON THEIR NEW HOBBIES.

This psychological idea, which is at once surprisingly original and profoundly true, is developed by the author in innumerable

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fanciful details. It would be impossible to praise this second act too highly; for it is the greatest contribution to the literature of dreams that has been effected since Rudyard Kipling wrote "The Brushwood Boy."

Meanwhile—to return to the realm of fact—her distracted parents have listened all night to the delirious outcries of the dreaming child, and their hearts have been touched by a tragic sense of the neglect to which they have submitted her. When morning comes, the doctor pulls her through; and there is great rejoicing in the nursery. It is resolved at once that little Gwendolyn shall have a happy life henceforth. Her father will retire from his business, her mother will renounce her career of social climbing; and together they will take their child to the country for a long period of care-free and delightful convalescence.

This wise and lovely story is exceedingly effective on the stage. The part of the pathetic little heroine is charmingly depicted by a fifteen-year-old actress named Viola Dana. When this artist appeared last autumn in New York in Mr. Thomas's ill-fated play, "The Model," she wore a less euphonious name; but there is no reason why she should change her stage-name in the future, since by her present performance she has won the love of many

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Photograph by Mott Studios, Chicago.

CYRIL KEIGHTLEY AS THE HERO OF "THE SPY," A DRAMA OF FRENCH PATRIOTISM.

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Photograph by Sarony, New York.

JULIA SANDERSON, STAR OF THE MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS, "THE SUNSHINE GIRL."

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Photograph by White, New York.

LOLITA ROBERTSON AS THE EXTRAVAGANT WIFE IN "FINE FEATHERS."

thousand theatre-goers. Some of the secondary parts are inadequately played, and the stage-direction might at some points be improved; but these minor defects of the production seem trivial when weighed against the extraordinary merits of the play.

"A GOOD LITTLE DEVIL"

David Belasco's production of "A Good Little Devil" exhibits a more masterly command of the details of stage-direction; but the piece itself is not nearly so enchanting as "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

This play has an interesting history. It was written by Rosemonde Gérard and Maurice Rostand, the wife and son of the author of "Cyrano." Some five or six years ago, in order to relieve the leisure of a long convalescence in the country, Mme. Rostand happened to read over to her little son that nigh-forgotten fairy-story by the Comtesse de Ségur, entitled "Un Bon Petit Diable;" and during the course of the reading the boy embroidered the tale with so many fancies of his own that before long it assumed the aspect of an original invention. Ultimately the mother and son decided, for the fun of the thing, to dramatize the story that they had elaborated; and Mme. Rostand wrote the play in that dexterous and witty verse which seems to be a special gift of the Rostand family.

The main merit of the original text is its literary preciosity; and this merit is necessarily discarded in an English paraphrase in prose. The American adapter, Austin Strong, has done his best to preserve the charm of the original; but, robbed of its investiture of brilliant verse, the story looks a little thin. The first and second acts seem empty of ideas; and though Mr. Belasco has set them forth with every advantage of pictorial appeal, they do not mean enough to satisfy the adult imagination.

The story opens in a little picture-book cottage in Scotland, where Charles MacLance, a good little devil thirteen years of age, is living with a horrid old ogress of an aunt named Mrs. MacMiche. This mercenary old woman does everything that she can to make his life miserable; but so soon as he is locked up for the night in his rat-ridden garret he seeks solace from her persecutions in a drift of dreams. He

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dreams of the little blind girl, Juliet, who lives near by in a pretty house with a fairy-haunted garden; and the fairies themselves, at the call of his sweet mood, troop about his bed and make the night musical with delicious laughter. Thus he leads a double life—prosaic in the presence of his aunt, but poetic in his solitude.

But Mrs. MacMiche puts an end to his dreams of Juliet and his communions with the fairies by sending him away to the Big Black School at Balahulish, which is kept by two redoubtable schoolmasters, Old Nick Senior and Old Nick Junior. For two years, while he is imprisoned in this terrible school, the little blind girl waits and longs for him in her fairy-haunted garden. Then, one day, the little devil breaks out of school with a dozen of his daring classmates; and, meeting Juliet amid the laughter of the fairies, he vows that he will love her forever and a day.

The truant schoolboys are pursued by Mrs. MacMiche and the masters of the Big Black School; and Charles is about to be sent back to bondage, when a solicitor from London arrives with the news that his uncle has died and has bequeathed to him not only an enormous fortune, but also the title of Lord Colinton of Pilrig. Amid the cheers of his schoolfellows, Charles takes leave of Juliet and goes away to London to assume his lofty station in the world.

Seven years later, the hero is brought back to the picture-book cottage by a dispatch which informs him that his aunt is dying. During the interim he has become a snobbish aristocrat and has engaged himself to marry a shallow-hearted beauty of noble lineage. He now swaggers about the tiny cottage as if he had never seen it before; and he scarcely deigns to recognize the faithful Juliet, who is nursing his old aunt in her last illness. But as he lingers in the cottage, his own self of seven years before climbs in through a window and confronts him; and the ensuing dialogue, in which the little boy of thirteen reproves his altered self of twenty, results in the hero's resolve to renounce his snobbish life and his aristocratic fiancée, and to settle down in the simple life of other years with the unforgetting Juliet as his wife. Juliet's blind eyes are opened by this fulfilment of her lifelong dream; and the fairies troop about them once again with a cooing of delicious laughter.

MARIE DORO, HEROINE OF "THE NEW SECRETARY."

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The one big idea of this play is embodied in that scene of the last act in which the youth of twenty is confronted by his own forgotten self of seven years before. But the earlier acts, though prettily fanciful, are deficient in imagination; and the play as a whole produces an impression that it is not so good as it really ought to be.

"JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN"

"Joseph and His Brethren," a pageant play in four acts by Louis N. Parker, is by far the best of the three spectacular productions which have been made thus far at the Century Theatre by the Liebler Company. Mr. Parker has arranged the Biblical chronicle in thirteen scenes; and though, as a whole, the story is more narrative than dramatic, he has developed the intrigue of Potiphar's wife to a genuine intensity of drama.

Photograph by White, New York.

THE BEAUTIFUL PAULINE FREDERICK LENDS A GLAMOUR TO THE TREACHEROUS WIFE OF POTIPHAR, IN "JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN."

The dialogue, which has been selected mainly from the King James version of the Bible, is dignified and lofty; and the scenic investiture of the panoramic story is unusually beautiful. Especially memorable is the third scene of the fourth act, which discloses the gigantic pyramids of Egypt beneath the mystic rising of the moon.

The production is notable also for its assemblage of admirable actors. Excellent performances are contributed by Brandon Tynan as Joseph, by Howard Kyle as Simeon, and by James O'Neill in the two parts of Jacob and Pharaoh; and the beautiful Pauline Frederick, after a long absence from the stage, lends a glamour to the part of the treacherous wife of Potiphar.

"FINE FEATHERS"

"Fine Feathers," a play of to-day by Eugene Walter, the talented author of "The Easiest Way" and "Paid in Full," produces an emphatic impression in the theatre; but it fails to convince us, in retrospect, that we have looked upon a sincere analysis of life. Its merits are merely technical; and a spectator disposed to judge the drama by the test of actual experience could pick many flaws in the fabric of the story. For instance—to cite a couple of untrue details—we are asked to believe that a reporter on the staff of the New York *Evening Post* is left entirely at liberty every Wednesday afternoon and evening, and that a married couple habitually discuss their most private and intimate affairs in the presence of a third person who is unconcerned in their contentions.

The hero, Bob Reynolds, is a young chemist who is working at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week and is living in a Staten Island bungalow for which he is paying on the instalment plan. His wife is bored by their continued poverty and eagerly desires the necessary means to climb the social ladder. A wealthy contractor named John Brand, who was a classmate of the hero's at college, has arranged to construct a large dam in the West; and he now offers Reynolds a bribe of forty thousand dollars if he will agree to cover up the substitution of an inferior grade of cement for the superior grade called for in the contract. This offer the hero indignantly refuses; but in the course of a few weeks his wife succeeds in persuading him to accept.

Enriched by forty thousand dollars, the

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hero moves to a fine home on Long Island; but his expenses increase to such a great extent that he is obliged to undertake a campaign of gambling on the Stock Exchange. He wins a little for a while; but subsequently he loses all his capital, and a substantial sum besides. In danger of arrest for defalcation, he appeals to Brand for help; but this calculating schemer, having used him for his own purposes, now throws him over in his time of need.

In the midst of the hero's despair, the dreadful news is brought to him that the dam has burst and that many human lives have been lost in the resultant flood. In the presence of his wife, whose ambition for fine feathers has brought about his ruin, he telephones to the police to hurry to his house and then shoots himself dead.

The last two acts of this play are constructed with a cumulative tensity, and hold the spectator upon the edge of his seat; but the first two acts would be more effective if they were compressed into one. The exposition is interrupted by several passages of uninteresting comedy relief, in which such skilled performers as Rose Coghlan and Max Figman labor at a disadvantage. The hero and the villain are admirably depicted by Robert Edeson and Wilton Lackaye; and the ambitious heroine is adequately played by a comparatively unknown actress, Lolita Robertson.

"THE SPY"

The American public is deeply indebted to Charles Frohman for importing every season to New York the leading successes of the preceding year in Paris; but a lover of the contemporary French drama can not forbear a feeling of annoyance that he should present these imported plays in so inadequate a manner.

From the technical standpoint, "La Flambée," by the Belgian dramatist, M. Henry Kistemaeckers, is one of the most skilfully constructed plays of recent years; but its extraordinary merits are scarcely manifest in Mr. Frohman's American production, with the altered title of "The Spy." The present performance is utterly lacking in atmosphere. So excellent an elocutionist as Edith Wynne Matthison is hopelessly miscast as the heroine; and the slender Cyril Keightley—an admirable artist in his own line—has been asked to assume a part that was created in Paris by that burly and dominant actor, Lucien Guitry. Of all the performers in the American cast, Julian L'Estrange is the only one who keeps to the key of the original.

But "La Flambée" is so powerful a drama that it survives the iniquity of Mr. Frohman's presentation. Lieutenant-Colonel Felt is deeply in love with his wife, Monique; but he has been estranged from her for a long time by a series of misunderstandings. Meanwhile she has fallen honorably in love with a young statesman named Marcel Beaucourt; and Felt is aware that Monique intends to divorce him in order to marry Beaucourt.

The soldier is involved in financial difficulties; and his most important debts have been bought up by a certain Glogau, who is reputed to be a banker. With Felt absolutely in his power, Glogau discloses himself to be a secret emissary of a hostile government, and offers to free the hero of his debts if he will betray the plans of an important fort on the frontier. Aghast at this proposal, the soldier seizes Glogau by the throat and kills him with his hands.

After midnight the bewildered hero wanders to his wife's room, and confesses both the murder and his motive for committing it. She feels that he has acted nobly; and her smoldering affection for her husband is fanned into a flame. Taking the matter into her own hands, she makes it appear that the spy has died of apoplexy.

The next morning, when the body of Glogau is discovered, this explanation of his death is accepted by everybody except Marcel Beaucourt. He suspects the Lieutenant-Colonel of the murder; and, finding himself rejected by the woman he had all but won, he is about to denounce her husband to the police. Thus entrapped, Felt tells him the full truth of the matter and appeals to his patriotism, man to man. The cause of his country means so much to Beaucourt that he agrees to keep the murder secret; and, realizing that he has lost Monique forever, he shakes hands with her husband and leaves the scene.

In this play the psychological reactions are so peculiarly French that they are scarcely likely to win the sympathy of an alien audience; but the piece is constructed with so masterly an art that it demands the attention of all disinterested students of the contemporary drama.

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The HIGH COST of PRICE CUTTING

BY
LEE GALLOWAY
PROFESSOR OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

THE Smith family—father, mother, and children—are fond of breakfast food. Properly garnished with sugar and cream, some one of two or three favorite varieties of corn, wheat, or oats appears on the family table every morning, and not uncommonly for Sunday-night supper. Mrs. Smith has been buying the familiar packages for ten cents at Prouty's corner grocery ever since she introduced them into the family bill of fare.

One morning two months ago she came upon an advertisement in the newspapers in which a merchant, a mile farther down-town, proclaimed the economy of shopping with him, and announced one brand of the Smith favorites at eight cents. A twenty per cent. reduction in the high cost of living made warm appeal to Mrs. Smith, and the next time she went down-town she dropped into this merchant's store and bought one package. Mr. Smith said "Good!" when she told him about it.

A week later, when she asked Mr. Smith to repeat the errand, he did not care so much about it, but properly obeyed orders. The next time, a month later, it was not convenient for either of them to go a mile down-town for breakfast food, and Mrs. Smith regretfully restored the item to the list of purchases at the neighborhood market.

That part of the order came back unfilled. Prouty said he didn't keep it, and the Smith family had something else the next morning.

Mr. Smith got provoked when his wife told him about it. "How ridiculous," he said, "that a live store in this part of the town should not keep such a standard product as that. I'll drop in and see Prouty about it on my way to the car."

Prouty admitted that he did not carry that brand any more and didn't intend to. He could not sell it at eight cents at a profit; he could not sell it at ten cents at all, with an eight-cent quotation from another store flaring in the newspapers. So he let the down-town store that had drawn his customers by unfair competition—baiting them with breakfast food sold at a loss—have his trade in that article.

When Mr. Smith found that the other neighborhood stores had also stopped carrying his breakfast food and that he must either buy it at the cut-rate store or go without, he was irritated. This looked like petty retaliation. He would rather pay ten cents than go a mile down-town when his supply of breakfast food gave out unexpectedly. Of course, he hated to be robbed, but the convenience of neighborhood shopping on such occasions was worth the extra two cents that he had formerly paid willingly for this article. Prouty ought to have more consideration for his customers.

"SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD"

Mr. Smith's irritation was increased when the down-town store, having exhausted the general trade-drawing possibilities of this sort of unfair competition, and being just as keen to do business at a profit as Prouty, raised the price to nine cents, and finally to ten cents, per package. To protesting customers the down-town store offered substitutes of some house brand at eight cents, which it declared was "just as good," though the Smith family didn't think so. Finally the down-town store ceased to carry Smith's favorite.

Then Smith began to investigate. He asked Prouty why he didn't restore the brand. The answer was illuminating. His customers now assumed that eight cents was

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a fair price for this article, and the extra two cents, which Prouty needed to keep his store going, appeared to them extortion. They would not pay it. They said Prouty had been cheating them for years on this article and they knew it.

The market for it at a fair price had been destroyed.

Smith learned a lot out of that little experience, the inquiries he made, and the thinking he did. He began to suspect that the old maxim, "Let the buyer beware," might be fairly expanded to read: "Let the buyer beware of price-cutting on his favorite trade-marked staples." He also discovered to his surprise that there was a difference between a bargain in potatoes and a bargain in a trade-marked article carrying with it the reputation of the manufacturer. He studied the ethics of selling, and made some discoveries that were new to him, and that upset some of his previous convictions on merchandizing.

He discovered that the consumer ultimately pays a high price for "price-cutting" in standard trade-marked articles.

"ONE PRICE TO ALL"

Over in Europe, in many shops, as in the Orient in every shop, a customer must haggle, waste time, and finally buy at a compromise price. And even then he knows that he has been cheated. When A. T. Stewart, three generations ago, revolutionized the retail business by marking the prices plainly on all goods in his store, he made the first great ethical advance in merchandizing. Smith hadn't thought about that. With one stroke this great merchant had abolished the demoralizing custom of haggling. This one price to all was heralded as a great moral as well as an economic advance. It cut down the time required for shopping, and reduced the number of salesmen needed in a store where customers could see the prices for themselves. This cheapened the expense of selling and thus ultimately reduced the price of the goods.

Business made another step forward when the salesman on the road was able to sell by sample, instead of carrying with him great quantities of goods for instant delivery. Back of sample buying must be commercial confidence on the part of the buyer that the seller will deliver according to representation. Society gained through the saving in the cost of distribution.

Smith found out why he couldn't get his favorite breakfast food after he had studied the latest advance in merchandizing: the advent of standardized staple goods, old friends that include breakfast foods, soups, biscuits, soaps, shoes, hats, corsets, hosiery, toilet articles, musical instruments, and even automobiles. Each was sold everywhere at the same price. It was identified with its maker by trade-mark and carried with it his guarantee that the quality was uniform. The success of these staples in a competitive market assured Smith also that their price was fair.

Moreover, it was uniform in all stores.

This carried Stewart's one-price-to-all-in-one-store a step farther. It established for the customer one price for the same standard article in all stores. The customer bought it wherever found with the assurance that the quality was what he had been accustomed to, and he paid no more than the price he expected.

This saved haggling from store to store, on such goods.

The consumer might now send a boy to buy his favorite staples at the nearest store without worrying about selection or cost. No storekeeper could successfully charge him more than the regular price.

This advance in the business of retailing, with its saving of time, and its insurance to the customer against extortion, is based on *price maintenance.* Here we have a term both misleading and popularly misconstrued.

ONE PRICE IN ALL STORES!

Before Smith thought out the breakfast-food episode, he would have cried down any kind of "price maintenance" as a restraint of trade. It would have suggested to him a combination of rival businesses to control the market and fix prices. This has always been uneconomic and it is now illegal. It is monopoly. But "price maintenance" is an entirely different thing.

"Price maintenance" is a term used to describe the business policy of a manufacturer who, to secure the widest possible market for his goods, stipulates, in his own interest, that his products shall be offered to the public at not greater than a stated price, and, in the interest of the small

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dealer, at not less than the same price.

Smith was now ready to accept this latest ethical principle in merchandizing, still obscure to many of us: *One price everywhere for trade-marked standardized articles benefits the consumer; one familiar price everywhere for our guaranteed quality favorites.*

Because of the fact that several states have already passed laws forbidding contracts between the individual manufacturer and the retailer which specify a standard price to the consumer—laws drawn in the belief that the consumer would be benefited by any sort of price-cutting—Smith's deductions ought to interest every consumer.

The desire for bargains is as old as apples. Man's real intercourse with his fellow-man began through bargaining. It is one of the fundamentals of barter. But price-cutting of standardized trade-marked commodities does not offer a saving bargain, one that profits the buyer later when he wants to repeat the purchase. Such price-cutting is merely a dishonest "puller-in" to tempt customers to buy other goods of unfamiliar values at high prices.

Perhaps you, the exceptional buyer, may be able to swallow the bait and avoid the hook. The article you want and have been buying for a dollar you get for seventy-five cents. You have saved twenty-five cents on this purchase. That price is now fixed in your mind as the fair price for this article. You feel that you have been cheated in the past. You expect to buy at the cut-rate price in the future.

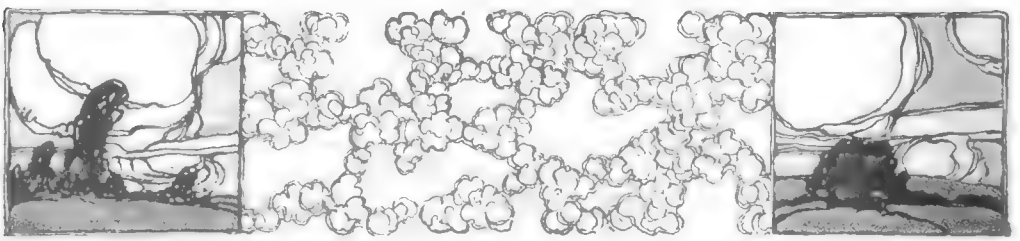
You do not stop to consider that if this article, which has had a big sale in competition with other articles of like use, could be manufactured and sold at a reasonable profit for seventy-five cents, some active competitor would have taken its market away by offering an equal standard of value for that price.

The manufacturer of the successful standardized article has not made his price arbitrarily; but to secure the largest consumption he has fixed it at the lowest figure that will give him a profit. This was determined largely by influences beyond his control, such as active and potential competition, the public taste, and the buying powers of various social groups to which he might appeal.

Such standard goods in this day of national distribution are sold on the maker's reputation and under the maker's guarantee. This has cheapened the cost of distribution. Every sale that is made has its effect on other sales and on the market at large. The manufacturer of these goods, unlike the man who sells horses, sugar, or grain, has a permanent interest in them. He stakes his business reputation on every article that he turns out under his trademark, and he should have supervision of it all the way from the factory to the consumer.

It is as vital that his consumers should have confidence in the fairness of his price, as that they should have confidence in the quality of his product. Unfair destruction of one or the other ruins his market, and that not only injures the manufacturer but reacts on the consumer.

Smith learned this lesson, and his conclusion was that price-cutting sometimes adds to the cost of living.



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HIS BIBLE INTERLEAVED

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

WHERE the Prophet's burning challenge lights and thrills the sacred page,
Lies a mutely answering pledge, from fiery youth to steadfast age:
'Tis the tiny faded flag that in his early teens he wore
Marching to the Freedom Rally at the cross-roads store.

In the Psalmist's tender idyl of the pastures still and sweet,
Watered by the living stream where sheep and gentle shepherd meet,
Long ago and far away, he placed this lock of silver hair,
Finding that his mother's Bible opened always there.

By the verse "Who is my neighbor?" unmolested long hath laid
This forgotten mortgage note, embrowned with age and still unpaid.
Here in Holy Writ it lay, while safely throve, secure from harm,
A young widow and her children, on a mortgaged farm.

In the last and greatest chapter of the vision of St. John,
Where the Spirit and the Bride the homing souls urge ever on,
Is a sprig of fadeless myrtle, plucked with changeless heart and brave,
On a poignant April even, by his one love's grave.

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WAVES

by

ALICE BROWN

AUTHOR OF "ROSE MACLEOD," "COUNTRY NEIGHBORS," "THE ONE-FOOTED FAIRY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. B. KING

IT SEEMED to Jeffrey Wheelock and his wife, Anne, that their ridiculous apartment in New York had acquired a meaning and a distinction since Aunt Sybil came to visit them. She was a thin blonde aunt, something over sixty, with sparse auburn hair brought smoothly into spirals of curls behind her ears. a perennial smile, all benevolence, and a most childlike glance through the gold-bowed glasses of which she was so proud. She had earned them out of eggs and butter, and it exhilarated her to think how reckless she had been in eschewing a baser metal.

Her ways were comfortable country ones, brought gaily into the heart of a city turmoil she admired, and there displayed with no faltering over their incongruity. In the two days of her visit, she had gone with Anne to a picture exhibition and a half dozen of the more spectacular shops (Anne anxiously selecting such pageantry as cost nothing), in the calmest surety that, if her cashmere shawl and her bonnet of another epoch inspired any remark, it could be only of a kindly tone.

At home, she made hourly pictures, sitting by the window darning stockings that had been cast into the obscurity of a drawer where Anne never had time to go, and sewing buttons on with a swift regularity and a twirl of her thread about the base that fascinated Jeff as much now in his mature estate as it had twenty years before, when he sat roasting his apple by the kitchen hearth. He began to think he had never fully estimated Aunt Sybil's decorative value. It seemed as if he might even build her into a play, or that he might have done it at an earlier moment when he had the enthusiasm attendant on untried desires, and before he had bitterly learned that the doors of the great tribunal of dramatic agent and potent manager swing rustily on their hinges.

But all this appreciation of Aunt Sybil's affectionate pleasure in being with them made only a secluded little retiring-room for the young couple's thought, a shady spot where they could drop in for a moment to rest upon old affections and loyalties, in the pauses of stolen consultation over their extreme and menacing poverty and their kind conspiracy to give Aunt Sybil a rousing good time until she should go back and tell the neighbors how splendidly Jeff was doing in New York.

It had been best to ask her now, because now they had the apartment, and even another month might find them unable to pay for it; and out of her long kindness Aunt Sybil had earned the right to an enduring picture of their worldly felicity before they settled down in one room, to meals out of small bake-shops and tin cans.

This morning Jeff was out on one of his lorn quests after the ladylike head of a dramatic agency, who wrote him enthusiastic praise of his melodrama, alternating with mysterious reasons for not landing it upon the great Mr. Nasmyth, the king of the managers.

Aunt Sybil laid down her work and slipped her glasses off to wipe them. She looked about the little sitting-room with its Winged Victory, at the other delusive wedding presents, each testifying to more ease than the young couple could possibly live up to, and said, with great satisfaction:

"Well, you certain are fixed complete."

Anne thought of the Victory swinging

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"INSTEAD OF WORRYIN' I'D SAY: 'JEFF'S WRITIN' THE BEST PLAY EVER ANYBODY SEE, AND THERE'S MONEY COMIN' TO 'EM.' BIMEBY I COULD SEE IT ROLLIN' IN—ALL GOLD, AND THE WAVES WASHIN' IT ALONG."

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outside the window on its way into a house with stairs too narrow for its advent, fancied the stiff Japanese embroidery near neighbor to a kerosene-stove, and giggled.

"We like it," she said speciously.

"Some said"—Aunt Sybil went on sewing, and stated the case candidly, "some of 'em at home said Jeff was ravin' crazy to give up school-keepin' to write plays. Our minister said, 'Why don't he write his plays first, nights and so, and when he's had one took, then burn his bridges?'"

"O wise young judge!" murmured Anne irrepressibly.

"What d'you say, dear?" inquired Aunt Sybil, glancing up.

"That might be the way for some," Anne hedged.

"Not for anybody that could do it and knew he could. So I says, dear. And I wrote to the minister last night. 'They're as snug as ever you see,' says I. 'Got 'em a nice little tenement, everything complete. And Jeff's got his play done, and it's in somebody's hands.' Who is it that's got it, dear?"

"Miss Belton has it."

"Yes. Miss Belton. I'll remember it so's I can tell 'em when I get home. When do the royalties begin, dear?"

"Plays are usually brought out at the beginning of the season," Anne conceded miserably.

"Next fall? Then that's when the royalties'll begin. My! You could have knocked me down first time I read in the paper how much them royalties mount up to."

"It's a good business," said Anne.

"I guess so. Well, it's all come out better'n anybody could have expected. There was a month or two when Jeff first give up his place, I worried considerable. I used to lay awake nights. That was before I found out about the waves."

"Waves, Aunt Sybil?"

"Yes. There was a lecturer to the hall. He told us there was waves. He said, you just think things are goin' to be good and they are good. If you think they'll be bad, why so 't'll be. When we think, dear, we kinder make waves in the air——"

"Thought-waves?"

"I dunno. I didn't ketch exactly what they were. Only they were waves. And they keep on and on, and mebbe they wash down some things and build up others. I dunno exactly how it is; but anyway it's your thought that makes 'em, and there's nothin' they can't do."

"There's Jeff!"

Aunt Sybil was not listening. Her ears were attuned to the murmuring of subtle influences on far-off shores. "I've tried it, dear," she said. "I know."

"The waves?" Anne was out of her chair, poised for a flight to the hall, to meet Jeff and give him the relief of telling his news quickly.

"Yes. When I got kinder struck up over Jeff's givin' up his business and takin' to plays, I says to myself: 'Well, if there's waves, I'll make 'em.' So instead of worryin' I'd say—I guess a hundred times a day I said it—'Now there's Jeff and Anne—Jeff's writin' the best play ever anybody see, and there's money comin' to 'em.' Bimeby I could see it rollin' in. It was a kind of a stream, all gold, and the waves was washin' it along."

Anne halted in the doorway. Tears were in her eyes. "Did you, Aunt Sybil?" she said.

Then she met Jeff in the hall. "What is it?" she asked. "Did you see her?"

He drew her toward their bedroom and, inside it, shut the door. His step, faltering out failure, had prepared her for his face. He threw off his hat and passed a hand over his forehead. He looked haggard. "No," he said. "I didn't see her. 'Miss Belton was out.' There's no such thing as a visible Miss Belton. Had they tried to place my play? The girl was sure Miss Belton had made every effort. I said I'd take it with me. She couldn't find it, Anne. They'd actually pigeonholed it so effectually it couldn't be found."

"They did find it?"

"Yes, after it was apparent I meant to sit there till the day after to-morrow. Yes, she found it, in the same wrapper I sent it in, untouched, fresh as paint. It hadn't been read."

"You took it?"

"Oh, yes, I took it."

"Where is it?"

"I met Jessie Horton on the way back, and she got it away from me."

Anne gave his shoulder a little shake. "Got it away from you, Jeff? Don't be crazy."

"I told her what I'd done," he went on, as if it were a dull story, yet necessarily to be rehearsed. "She put me up to one or

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two things I'd better have known earlier. She thought I was rather green, Jessie did, to expect the girls at Belton's to hunt up a play unless I greased the wheels. A five-dollar bill does wonders. Ten works a miracle."

"Surely not!"

"So she said. Anyhow, I hadn't any ten dollars to spend that way, nor five, nor one. She told me something else. Belton couldn't show my play, nor any play, to Nasmyth. They've quarreled."

"Then show it to Nasmyth yourself!"

"You're raving foolish, Anne. How am I going to get at him? I'm one of forty thousand suppliants. Jessie said the same thing. Then she said, 'Send it to an actor.' I had sent it, I told her, to half a dozen already. They lose 'em in country hotels on the road. They take 'em for shaving-papers and toss 'em out of car-windows. It's a bottomless abyss. The poor devil of a writer might as well go down in a diving-bell as try to plumb it."

"What did she say to that?"

"I don't know." He mused miserably. "Anyhow, she's got the play. She's going to read it."

"Jessie Horton! Jessie can paint miniatures. She can't boost a play."

"She's going to have in a dozen or so, artists of low degree, and read the play to them. I think she has a vague idea they may know some fledgling newspaper man. It's all she can do, she says. It may start a ripple."

"Jessie's kind of ripple won't get anywhere."

"Maybe not. But she's a brick."

"Oh, yes, Jessie's a brick. When is the reading to be?"

"Next Wednesday, in the studio."

"Why don't you read it yourself?"

"She wanted me to. I wouldn't. I haven't the voice—nor the heart."

"It'll be one more thing to take Aunt Sybil to," said Anne thriftily. "She'll think it's one of her waves."

"Her what?"

Anne set forth the theory of waves; their cares fell from them, and they hung upon each other and went into spasms of foolish laughter. They sped in to Aunt Sybil on the tide of it, and she looked benevolently up at them, thinking how good it is to be young and clever and prospectively rich. At luncheon, Anne announced to her with the air of proclaiming something inconceivable, that Jeff's play was to be read. Jessie Horton would read it.

"She the one that's goin' to act in it?" inquired Aunt Sybil.

Jeff allowed Anne to meet all these searchers. She was more facile—not less truthful, but better adapted to skirt upon the edges of truth and take a little flutter in it often enough to come up with a sparkle on her wings.

"No," said Anne, with composure; "she's an artist. She thinks it well to have the play known more or less before it's acted."

"Certain!" agreed Aunt Sybil. "Well, I should admire to go."

"We may not think the play as good as it really is," Anne felt obliged to warn her. "Jessie doesn't read particularly well. It wouldn't be at all like having an actress do it, for example. You mustn't be disappointed."

"I should kinder thought they'd got an actress," remarked Aunt Sybil. "They all busy at this season o' the year?"

"Pretty busy," returned Anne, in haste. "More tea, Aunt Sybil? Well, maybe Jessie can read better than we fear."

"We'll think she reads complete," said Aunt Sybil, "the best that ever was. Then it'll all come out right. That's the waves, you know."

The play was to be read at three in the afternoon, and on the morning of that Wednesday Jeff and Anne made careful selection among their bric-à-brac, and carried most of the portable articles over to the studio. This was a futile elaboration, yet they had a somber pleasure in it. It was only gracious in them to respond to Jessie with the cheerful implication that the day meant as much to them as she had generously intended. But after they had done hard service in the studio for two hours, draped the chair on the model throne, hung tapestries, and gloomily regarded the best vantage points for jugs and screens, their hearts fell dismally. Jeff could have cursed the silly ending of a venture whereon he had embarked so valiantly.

Unassailable, there towered in his mind the certainty that he had written a good play. It might even be great. That, after all, was for the sovereign people to declare. But that it was warm with youth and high romance, firm of workmanship, just in conclusion, he knew. And to

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this market had it come: the judgment of a small circle from another art, men whose most honest intent could never hoist it a step on the legitimate way. At twelve o'clock he stood on the pavement again, with Anne.

"Car?" he offered.

She shook her head. "No, I must have a breath and get rid of my cobwebs before I see Aunt Sybil."

"Poor Aunt Sybil!"

"Poor us! Aunt Sybil's all right. By the time we're bankrupt she'll have had her visit and gone placidly home. Shall we apply at a teacher's agency?"

"It's a bad time of year," said Jeff quietly.

She looked at him. The line of his mouth made a savage curve, and as she had traced every step of the way to this inglorious conclusion so now she knew the present smart. Jeff was not suffering because they were poor and saw every prospect of a barer poverty. It was because he loved his play and he believed in it. This was the highest conception he had of action, the best he knew of poetry. Nobody had seen in it what he had tried to put there, and his headlong temperament told him nobody ever would see it. Out of her sorrow for him, her words were bitter.

They went on in silence, and suddenly, pierced by the irony of fortune, she laughed. "Why, Jeff," said she, "the waves!"

He was far away, rebelliously seeking out the causes of things. "The waves?"

"Aunt Sybil's. We're to think palaces, and houses will sprout into turrets. We're to think diamonds, and the coal-bin will be full of them. Let's play that way. It's turned Aunt Sybil into a tight-rope optimist. There she goes, morning, noon, and night in her spangled petticoat, balancing her stick and smiling at the audience, and saying it's all coming out right because she thinks so."

"We can't play that game," said Jeff absently. "We're of the blood of Thomas, the Doubter."

"But play, child, play! Get a laugh out of it."

"Ay, ay, sir! You begin."

"We're to assume that everything's at the top notch. I begin to see how exhilarating it might be—a sort of transcendental, blameless way of getting drunk. We need it, Jeff. We're depleted by realities. Here's a table set—with nothing on it. Pour the wine!"

Jeff roused himself.

"Very well," said he. "The waves! Your play. I'll come in when I can."

At Twenty-third Street a labor procession was crossing and they were immediately ensnared in a swirling crowd. There was prospect of their waiting some time for the knot to untangle, and Anne took her hand from his arm where she had laid it, country-fashion. She turned upon him in the pleasure of an evident surprise. "Why, Mr. Wheelock," she interjected brightly. "Are you really in town?"

Jeff took off his hat with as gallant an abandon as the throng, elbow to tight elbow, would allow. "Delighted to see you," he answered in kind. "And you of all people! How well you are looking!"

"You, too! on the top wave, aren't you?"

"The tip of the top," said Jeff merrily. "Don't look at my old clo'. I'm perennially shabby nowadays. Can't get time to hunt up my tailor."

"What's this I hear about a play?"

The crowd surged a little, and they settled into place. Jeff got a grip of her underarm to steady her. Anne hated mobs. They made her panicky; and he began gaily to defend her from guessing how thick humanity was about them.

"Oh, the play! It's like a fairy-story. I've written a melodrama, and they're simply fighting for it."

"Nasmyth? The great Nasmyth?"

"No. That's the joke. The great Nasmyth isn't in it. He doesn't even know about it. Miss Belton has absolutely forbidden a whisper in his direction."

"She wants it?"

"Precisely. For the other side."

"Will they do as well for you as Nasmyth?"

Jeff cocked his head, and tried to hold her eye as the crowd thickened. "As well!" he trumpeted, with bravado. "Why, my dear friend, I'm made. I've only to sit down now and sign checks. Though I haven't accepted, mind you."

"But you will!"

"Oh, undoubtedly! We sign the contract to-morrow. Meanwhile, the play's to be read this afternoon."

"Really? Might I hear it?"

"Delighted. Three o'clock, at Flaxmann Studios." His quick eye had caught a rift

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"THERE IN THE DOORWAY," SAID JEFF. "CAN'T YOU SEE? ASK HIM IN. GIVE HIM A SEAT. I'LL READ."

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in the crowd. "Scoot, Anne," he said, in her ear. "That way; I'll keep hold of you." His hands on her waist, he got her through the press, and after a breathless minute they were looking back from a safe curb.

"Heavens!" breathed Anne. "I should have fainted if I'd known. I thought it was five deep. It's a hundred."

He laughed.

"What you don't know never hurts you. Waves, Anne, waves!"

They went home to luncheon, which Aunt Sybil benevolently had ready, their young spirits back again, and they laughed all through the meal.

At five minutes before three, twenty people were seated comfortably in Jessie Horton's studio. The candles were lighted. Mirrors reflected shining brasses and dull tapestries. It all had a look of subdued gaiety and importance, as if a great deal of trouble had been taken to make fit surroundings for something worthy of applause. Jeff, looking about him, thought with bitterness that here was a simulation, in little, of the goal he had meant to touch. Here was his beautiful play. Here was a handful of people to listen to it. But in a moment the candles would be out, the bric-à-brac returned to its niche, the studio would be the scene of Jessie's solitary supper, and the play no step nearer to its goal.

Aunt Sybil, in her embroidered crêpe shawl, her little curls tighter than eye could believe from the rigorous pains with which she had constructed them, sat in the front row close by the model throne. She had turned a beaming face upon Anne, haggard at her side—Anne for whom even this reading of the beloved lines meant agony, lest some ear or mind should be holden to their beauty.

Anne smiled faintly in answer. She could interpret the look. They were to hope for the best, imagine and will the best. There were to be waves. Jessie, manuscript in hand, was about to mount the platform. At that moment Anne turned to Jeff, whispering:

"Who is that man? There, at the doorway. He was close by us this morning in the crowd."

Jeff looked. A tall blond man in a fur-lined coat stood just inside the door, holding his hat rather deferentially, as if he begged the privilege of coming in. Jeff's breath quickened while his heart pounded.

"My God! that's Nasmyth himself!"

Nobody saw the man but these two. Now it appeared that Jessie's train had caught on a tack and somebody was loosening it solicitously. Nasmyth still stood there waiting to be asked in. Jeff, not formulating what he meant to do, was on his feet, and had taken a stride over the corner of the throne. At Jessie's elbow he bent, and while the other man laboriously freed the lace, whispered in her ear:

"Go and ask him in."

"Who?" said Jessie, coming to her feet, and giving her liberated skirt a shake.

"There in the doorway. Nasmyth—can't you see? Ask him in. Give him a seat. I'll read."

He pulled the manuscript from her hand, and Jessie turned automatically, saw Nasmyth, and walked over to him. Jeff on the platform, first act in hand, felt the ripple of surprise about him, and knew, with the prescience that had become in that instant the product of his entire bodily sense and not of vision alone, that she was giving Nasmyth a seat. Then he heard his own voice, clear and as decisive as the little jacks that strike piano keys, announcing, "Time, the present. Place, a ranch in Montana."

From that moment he read in a waking trance and read to Nasmyth. The man seemed to be the autocrat of a small yet infinitely desirable world, and Jeff had brought his trained puppets to be judged as to their fitness for living in that world and making merry there. While his voice read, his mind kept up a running argument to the man, always in the person of the puppets themselves. "Hear us," it kept saying. "Only hear us. Let us prove we have some blood in us and can make your houses laugh and cry. Listen to us! Listen!"

The play went on, and with it the argument in the playwright's mind. Jeff did not once look at Nasmyth. Nor did he glance at his own two dear women sitting down there in front—Anne, he knew, with excitement straining her face, and Aunt Sybil with the smile that signified how hard she was whipping up the waves. He looked over them all and threw his voice into the shadows at their back. It might have been the proscenium, and he and his puppets, on a lighted stage, still continuing that grave and steady plea to be heard, only to be heard.

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The first act was over, and with only an interval for a breath he had begun the next. Now he was conscious of a fear—lest Nasmyth should go out. If Nasmyth went out he felt sure something would break. The scene would dissolve. His own voice would cease, and he would go crashing down among what seemed to be chairs and listening people. Then he began to reason with himself, and find arguments for speeding through it calmly. This was the culmination of the months of work on the play and the strain of his heart-sickness over it. Nothing would be more likely than his breaking down; yet he must avoid that because it would frighten Anne and horrify Aunt Sybil.

But Nasmyth simply must not go out. He thought of reading faster, lest Nasmyth should need to take a train, and then decided that, for some reason unknown to him, it was safer to keep on at this measured pace. Some one came up and put a glass of water at his hand. He felt a momentary impatience that any one could think of fortifying him by commonplace means for such a task as this. Then he longed for the water inordinately, but dared not drink, lest, in the pause, Nasmyth should go out.

Act two was ended. He marshaled his fagged puppets and read on through acts three and four. When he had finished, he gathered up the manuscript from the little table, and rolled it mechanically. The studio looked rather dark, and he heard Anne saying, in a high, artificial voice: "Do you think so? I shall tell him. Thanks so much!" But as for him, he had stepped down from the model throne and he was face to face with Nasmyth.

"Have you sold your rights?" the great man asked, without prologue.

"No," he heard himself answering in his clear reading voice, a voice he hardly knew he had.

"I want it. Can you come round tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"At ten?"

"At ten."

"Better say nine. Somebody else has an option on it, I understand."

Jeff felt himself coming awake. His brilliant certainties, builded on a joke, collapsed. "Nobody's got an option on it," he said miserably. Hot tears came into his eyes and hurt and startled him. "You overheard us. We were playing fool."

For that the great man did not care.

"It's a good play," he said. "That is, it has possibilities. A few changes, and we can bring 'em out." Then he melted, and Jeff could see that he was remembering the puppets and their message of life and love. "It's a corker," said Nasmyth. "Bring it along. Now I must apologize to the lady for butting in."

There was tea, and Jeff went home with his womenfolk, one on each side. He looked straight ahead into the radiant future. Anne did not speak because she was in awe at the bigness of Fate. Aunt Sybil was absorbed in the pageant of the streets. When they were at home, Jeff sat down and put his head in his hands.

"Lawzy," said Aunt Sybil, "you're all beat out! Well, 'twas quite a spell to read right along."

"Yes," said Anne hastily, her hand on his shoulder, "he's 'beat out.' "

There was very little said in the house that night. It seemed to Anne and Jeff that something was crystallizing, and they must be careful not even to disturb the air. Aunt Sybil, judging, as she often cheerfully did, from a set of general precepts she had brought with her, that they must have mutual confidences to make, went to bed early. When she came out to breakfast, Jeff was gone. Anne had agreed with him that it was best for him to walk to his appointment, and get himself into some kind of shape. All that forenoon Anne, with the face of a martyr, sat by while Aunt Sybil rocked and sewed. Once she broke down.

"Oh, Aunt Sybil!" she moaned, "keep your mind on Jeff. Don't take it off an instant. Wish him luck, just luck!"

Aunt Sybil asked no questions. "Law, child!" said she, "my mind's mostly on Jeff, when it ain't on both of you together. Them waves are runnin' mountain-high."

At twelve he came. He was pale, but his eyes shone as they had the first time Anne had told him she "liked him very much." He threw a long envelope into her lap.

"There it is," he said huskily. "We begin rehearsals next week. And I'm to adapt a thing from the German and get five hundred down. Aunt Sybil, light of my soul, do you want a diamond sunburst, or a horse and buggy—or only a kiss?"

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The IRON TRAIL

by

REX BEACH

AUTHOR OF "THE NET," "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL," "THE SPOILERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

PRECEDING INSTALMENTS: When the *Nebraska*, bound from Seattle to Alaska, struck a rock and sank, Murray O'Neil, builder of the North Pass and Yukon Railway, saved the life of Natalie Gerard, ward of Curtis Gordon, a promoter of dubious Alaskan projects. The next day Miss Gerard persuaded O'Neil to take her north with him so that she might join her mother and Gordon at Hope, Gordon's new mining-town. After staying over as Gordon's guest for a few hours, O'Neil left Hope with a former employee, "Happy Tom" Slater, who had been working for Gordon, but resigned the moment he saw O'Neil. At Cortez, Murray acquired also Dan Appleton, a young engineer whom Gordon had just fired for telling the truth about his worthless mine. Then O'Neil's expedition, bound for the Kyak coal-fields to make good Murray's claims, pushed on till it came to the cañon by which the Salmon River bursts through the coast range, and within sound of the twin glaciers that make the river a battle of icebergs. Here O'Neil began to speculate on the possibility of carrying a railroad by this apparently impossible route to the rich resources of interior Alaska. If this could be done, Gordon's road, starting from Hope, and the Copper Trust's, from Cortez, would be defeated. O'Neil determined at any rate to investigate, and his little party, defying hardship and danger, fought icebergs and icy currents till they penetrated the cañon to the terrible glaciers themselves. When they emerged, it was to plan the preliminaries of an undertaking that "Happy Tom" gloomily pronounced "nothing more nor less than hydrophobia."

O'Neil went to New York to raise capital, and a few weeks later he met all of his old railway "boys" in council at Seattle. Their consultation was interrupted by a reporter, who turned out to be Eliza Appleton, Dan's sister—a frank, humorous, boyish girl who won O'Neil's interest as her brother had done. A year after this introduction to O'Neil, Eliza was commissioned by her paper to write up Alaskan projects from a muckraking point of view. She joined Dan at Omar, where O'Neil welcomed her generously and gave her and Dan a bungalow by themselves. Here Natalie Gerard, who had been a shipmate of Eliza's, stopped off for a visit, and confided to O'Neil the loss of her own and her mother's fortunes through Gordon's neglect of Government rulings. Going on to Hope, Natalie verified her suspicions of her mother's relations with Gordon; a terrible scene between Mrs. Gerard and Gordon followed, and the two women resolved to leave him and seek refuge with O'Neil.

CHAPTER XII

"OMAR KHAYYAM," said Eliza Appleton, entering O'Neil's office briskly, "you are the general trouble man, so kindly prepare to listen to mine."

"Won't the kitchen flue draw, or has a hinge come off the bungalow door?" Murray smiled. A dozen pressing matters called for his instant attention; yet he showed no trace of annoyance. "If so, I'll be right up and fix it."

"The kitchen chimney has a draft that threatens to draw Dan's salary out with the smoke every time I cook a meal, and the house is dandy. This is a real man's-size tribulation, so of course I run to you. Simon Legree is at his tricks again."

"Legree!"

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The girl nodded her blond head vigorously. "Yes! He's stolen Mrs. St. Claire's slaves, and she and Little Eva are out in the cold."

"What the deuce are you talking about?"

"Gordon, of course, and the two Gerards, Natalie and Gloria—'Town Hall, To-night. Come one, Come all!' "

"Oh!" O'Neil's eyes brightened.

"There have been terrible goings-on over at Hope. I went up yesterday, in my official capacity, to reconnoiter the enemy's position and to give him a preliminary skirmish; but the great man was sulking in his tent and sent word by a menial for me to begone or look out for the bloodhounds. I don't like to 'begone,' so, of course I paid my respects to Natalie and her mother. But what do you think I found? Mrs. St. Claire desolated, and Little Eva dissolved in tears."

"Will you talk sense?"

"Certainly! Just try some nonsense." And Eliza told of Gordon's treachery over the coal claims and of his defiance in response to Mrs. Gerard's accusation. O'Neil listened silently, his face growing stern.

"Hasn't he made any provision for them?" he asked when Eliza had finished.

"Coffee and cakes, three times a day. That's all! He won't even provide transportation. They refuse to stay there, but they can't get away. I've cabled the *Review*, overdrawing my salary scandalously, and Dan is eager to help, but the worst of it is neither of those women knows how to make a living. Natalie wants to work, but the extent of her knowledge is the knack of frosting a layer cake, and her mother never even sewed on a button in all her life. It would make a lovely Sunday story, and it wouldn't help Curtis Gordon with his stockholders."

"You won't write it, of course!"

"Oh, I suppose not, but it's maddening not to be able to do something." Eliza's animated face was very stern, her generous mouth was set firmly.

"You can leave out the personal element," he told her. "There's still a big story there, if you realize that it runs back to Washington and involves your favorite policy of conservation. Those claims belonged to Natalie and her mother. I happen to know that their locations were legal and that there was never any question of fraud in the titles, hence they were entitled to patents, years ago. Gordon did wrong, of course, in refusing to obey the orders of the Secretary of the Interior, even though he knew those orders to be senseless and contradictory, but the women are the ones to suffer. The Government froze them out. This is only one instance of what delay and indecision at headquarters has done. I'll show you others before we are through. As for those two, why didn't they come to me?"

"Do you need a cook and a dish-washer?"

Murray frowned. "Our new hotel is nearly finished; perhaps Mrs. Gerard would accept a position as—as hostess."

"*Hostess!* In a railroad-camp hotel! Who ever heard of such a thing?" Eliza eyed him incredulously.

O'Neil's flush did not go unnoticed as he said quietly: "It *is* unusual, but we'll try it. She might learn to manage the business, with a competent assistant. The salary will be ample for her and Natalie to live on."

Eliza laid a hand timidly upon his arm and said in an altered tone:

"Omar Khayyam, you're a fine old Persian gentleman! I know what it will mean to those two poor women, and I know what it will mean to you, for of course the salary will come out of your own pocket."

He smiled down at her. "It's the best I can offer, and I'm sure you won't tell them."

CHAPTER XIII

IN WHICH THE DOCTOR SHOWS HIS WIT

O'Neil's talk with Mrs. Gerard, upon her arrival from Hope, was short and business-like. Neither by word nor by look did he show that he knew or suspected anything of the real reason of her break with Gordon. Toward both her and Natalie he preserved his customary heartiness, and their first constraint soon disappeared. He refused to listen to their thanks, and made them believe that they were conferring a real favor upon him by accepting the responsibility of the new hotel.

Pending the completion of that structure, he was hard pressed to find a lodging-place for them, until Eliza and her brother insisted that they share the bungalow with them—a thing O'Neil had not felt at liberty to ask, under the circumstances.

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Gradually the black gloom in which Mrs. Gerard had been plunged gave way before the tactful kindliness of her new friends, and before Natalie's constant solicitude. The visitors began to feel that they were not only welcome but needed, and the sense that they were really of service drove away depression.

One morning they awoke to learn that O'Neil had gone to the States, leaving Doctor Gray in charge of affairs at Omar during his absence. The physician, who was fully in his chief's confidence, gravely discussed their duties with them, and so discreet was he that they had no faintest suspicion that he knew their secret. It was typical of O'Neil and his "boys" that they should show this chivalry toward two friendless outcasts.

While O'Neil's unexpected departure caused some comment, no one except his trusted lieutenants dreamed of the grave importance of his mission. They knew the necessities that hounded him, they were well aware of the trembling insecurity in which affairs now stood; but they maintained their cheerful industry, they pressed the work with unabated energy, and the road crept forward foot by foot.

Many disappointments had arisen since the birth of the Salmon River & Northwestern; many misfortunes had united to retard the development of its builder's plans. The first obstacle O'Neil had encountered was that of climate. During the summer unceasing rains, mists, and fogs dispirited his workmen and actually cut their efficiency in half. He had made certain allowances for this, of course, but no one could have foreseen so great a percentage of inefficiency as later developed. In winter the cold was intense and the snows were of prodigious depth, while outside the shelter of the Omar hills the winds howled and rioted over the frozen delta, paralyzing human effort. Under these conditions it was hard to get workmen, and thrice harder to keep them.

Then, too, the physical difficulties of the country were almost insurmountable. The morass which comprised the Salmon River plain was in summer a bottomless ooze, over which nothing could be transported, yet in winter it became sheathed with a steel-hard armor against which piling splintered. It could be penetrated at that season only by the assistance of steam thawers, which involved delay and heavy expense. These were but samples of the obstacles that had to be met, and every one realized that the work thus far had been merely preparatory. The great obstruction, upon the conquest of which the whole undertaking hinged, still lay before them.

But of all handicaps the most serious by far was the lack of capital. Murray had foreseen as inevitable the abandonment by the trust of its Cortez route, but its change of base to Kyak had come as a startling surprise, and as an almost crushing blow. Personally, he believed its present plan to be even more impracticable than its former one; but its refusal to buy him out had disheartened his financial associates and tightened their purse-strings into a knot which no argument of his could loose.

He had long since exhausted his own liquid capital, he had realized upon his every available asset, and his personal credit was tottering. He was obliged to finance his operations upon new money—a task which became ever more difficult.

Yet he knew that the briefest flagging, even a temporary abandonment of work, meant swift and utter ruin. His track must go forward, his labor must be paid, his supplies must not be interrupted. He set his jaws and fought on stubbornly, certain of triumph if only he could hold out.

Thus far O'Neil's rivalry with the trust had been friendly, if spirited; but his action in coming to the assistance of Mrs. Gerard and her daughter raised up a new and vigorous enemy whose methods were not as scrupulous as those of the Heidlemanns.

Gordon was a strangely unbalanced man. He was magnetic, his geniality was really heart-warming, yet he was perfectly cold-blooded in his selfishness. He was cool and calculating, but interference roused him to an almost insane pitch of passion. Fickle in most things, he was uncompromising in his hatreds. O'Neil's generosity in affording sanctuary to his defiant mistress, struck him as a personal affront, and it fanned his dislike of his rival into a consuming rage.

Therefore a certain plausible, shifty-eyed individual by the name of Linn was dispatched to Omar on the first steamer. Landing at his destination, Mr. Linn quietly effaced himself, disappearing out the right-of-way where he began moving from camp to camp, ostensibly in search of employment.

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GRADUALLY THE BLACK GLOOM IN WHICH MRS GERARD HAD BEEN PLUNGED GAVE WAY BEFORE NATALIE'S CONSTANT [illegible]

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It was a few days later, perhaps a week after O'Neil's departure, that Eliza Appleton entered the hospital and informed Doctor Gray:

"I've finished my first story for the *Review*."

The big physician had a rapid, forceful habit of speech. "Well, I suppose you uncorked the vitriol bottle," he said bruskly.

"No! Since you are now the fount of authority here, I thought I'd tell you that I have reserved my treachery for another time. I haven't learned enough yet to warrant real fireworks. As a matter of fact, I've been very kind to Mr. O'Neil in my story."

"Let me thank you for him."

"Now don't be sarcastic! I could have said a lot of nasty things, if he hadn't been so nice to me. I suppose it is the corrupting influence of his kindness."

"He really will be grateful," the doctor assured her seriously. "Newspaper publicity of the wrong sort might hurt him a great deal just now. In every big enterprise there comes a critical time, when everything depends upon one man; strong as the structure seems, he's really supporting it. You see, the whole thing rests ultimately on credit and confidence. An ill-considered word, a little unfriendly shove, and down come the whole works."

"Dan tells me the affairs of the S. R. & N. are in just such a tottering condition."

"Yes. We're up against it, for the time being. Our cards are on the table, and you have it in your power to do us a lot of harm."

"Don't put it that way!" said Eliza resentfully. "You and Mr. O'Neil, and even Dan, make it hard for me to do my duty. I won't let you rob me of my liberty. I'll get out and 'Siwash' it in a tent, first."

The physician laughed. "Don't mistake leaf-mold for muck, that's all we ask. O'Neil is perfectly willing to let you investigate him."

"Exactly! And I could bite off his head for being so nice about it. Not that I've discovered anything against him, for I haven't—I think he's fine—but I object to the principle of the thing——"

"He'll never peep, no matter what you do or say."

"It makes me furious to know how superior he is. I never detested a man's virtues as I do his. Gordon is the sort I like, for he needs exposing and expects it. Wait until I get at him and the trust."

"The trust, too, eh?"

"Of course."

"Now what have the Heidlemanns done?"

"It's not what they have done, it's what they're going to do. They're trying to grab Alaska."

Dr. Gray shook his head impatiently, but before he could make answer, Tom Slater entered and broke into the conversation by announcing:

"I've spotted him, Doc. His name is Linn, and he's Gordon's hand. He's at Mile 24 and fifty men are quitting from that camp."

"That makes two hundred, so far," said the doctor.

"He's offering a raise of fifty cents a day and transportation to Hope."

Gray scowled, and Eliza inquired quickly: "What's wrong, Uncle Tom?"

"Don't call me 'Uncle Tom'!" Slater exclaimed irritably. "I ain't related to you."

Miss Appleton smiled at him sweetly. "I had a dear friend once—you remind me of him; he was such a splendid big man," she said.

Tom eyed her suspiciously. "He chewed gum incessantly, too, and declared that it never hurt anybody."

"It never did," asserted Slater.

"We pleaded, we argued, we did our best to save him, but—" She shook her blond head sadly.

"What happened to him?"

"What always happens? He lingered along for a time, stubborn to the last, then—" Turning abruptly to Dr. Gray, she asked: "Who is this man Linn, and what is he doing?"

"He's an emissary of Curtis Gordon and he's hiring our men away from us," snapped the physician.

"Why, Dan tells me Mr. O'Neil pays higher wages than anybody!"

"So he does, but Linn offers a raise. We didn't know what the trouble was till over a hundred men had quit. The town is full of them, now, and it's becoming a stampede."

"Can't you meet the raise?"

"That wouldn't do any good."

Tom agreed. "Gordon don't want these fellows. He's doing it to get even with Murray for those wo—" He bit the word in two at a glance from Gray. "What

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happened to the man that chewed gum?" he demanded abruptly.

"Oh, yes! Poor fellow! We warned him time and again, but he was a sullen brute—he wouldn't heed advice. Why don't you bounce this man Linn? Why don't you run him out of camp?"

"Fine counsel from a champion of equal rights!" smiled Gray. "You forget we have laws, and Gordon has a press-bureau. It would antagonize the workmen and cause a lot of trouble in the end. What O'Neil could do personally, he can't do as the president of the S. R. & N."

"We've got to do something damn quick," said Slater, "or else the work will be tied up. That would 'crab' Murray's deal. I've got a pick-handle that's itching for Linn's head." The speaker coughed hollowly and complained: "I've got a bad cold on my chest—feels like pneumonia to me. Wouldn't that be just my luck?"

"Do you have pains in your chest?" inquired the girl solicitously.

"Terrible! But I'm so full of pains that I get used to 'em."

"It isn't pneumonia."

Slater flared up at this, for he was jealous of his sufferings. "It's gumbago!"

Dr. Gray's troubled countenance relaxed into a grin as he said: "I'll give you something to rub on those leather lungs—harness-oil, perhaps."

"Is this labor trouble really serious?" asked the girl.

"Serious! It may knock us out completely. Go away now and let me think—pardon my rudeness, Miss Appleton, but——"

Slater paused at the door. "Don't think too long, Doc," he admonished Gray, "for there's a ship due in three days, and by that time there won't be a 'rough-neck' left on the job. It'll take a month to get a new crew from the States, and then it wouldn't be any good till it was broke in."

When he was alone the doctor sat down to weigh the news "Happy Tom" had brought; but the more squarely he considered the matter the more alarming it appeared. The briefest cessation of work might, and probably would, have a serious bearing upon O'Neil's efforts to raise money.

As he had told Eliza, to meet the raise would be useless, and a new scale of wages once adopted would be hard to reduce. Successful or unsuccessful in its effect, it would run into many thousands of dollars. The physician acknowledged himself dreadfully perplexed; he racked his brain uselessly, yearning meanwhile for the autocratic power to compel obedience among his men.

It occurred to him to quarantine the town—a thing he could easily do as port physician in case of an epidemic; but Omar was unusually healthy, and beyond a few surgical cases his hospital was empty.

His meditations were interrupted by Tom Slater, who returned to say: "Give me that dope, Doc. I'm coughing like a switch-engine."

Gray rose and went to the shelves upon which his drugs were arranged, while the fat man continued: "That Appleton girl has got me worried with her foolishness. Maybe I *am* sick—anyhow, I feel rotten. What I need is a good rest and a nurse to wait on me."

The physician's eyes in running along the rows of bottles encountered one labeled "Oleum Tiglii," and paused there. "You need a rest, eh?" he inquired mechanically.

"If I don't get one I'll wing my way to realms eternal."

Gray turned to regard his caller with a speculative stare; his fingers toyed with the bottle; then his face lighted with determination.

"Tom, you've been sent from heaven!"

"D'you mean I've been sent for, from heaven?" The invalid's red cheeks blanched. "Say! Am I as sick as all that?"

"This will make you feel better." Gray uncorked the bottle and said shortly: "Take off your shirt."

"What for?"

"I'm going to rub your chest and arms. It's well to take these things early. They all look alike at the beginning."

"What things?"

"Grip, gumbago, smallpox——"

"God'lmighty!" exclaimed Slater with a start. "I haven't got anything but a light cold."

"Then this liniment ought to be just the thing."

"Humph! It don't smell like liniment," Tom declared, after a moment; but the doctor had fallen to work on him, and he submitted with resignation.

Perhaps an hour later Doctor Gray appeared at the Appleton bungalow and surprised Eliza by saying: "I've come to you for some help. You're the only soul in Omar that I can trust."

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"Have you gone raving mad?" she inquired.

"No. I must put an end to Linn's activity or we'll be ruined. These workmen must be held in Omar, and you must help me do it. Tell me, would you like to be a trained nurse?"

"No, I would not," declared Eliza vehemently. "I'm neither antiseptic nor prophylactic."

"Nevertheless, you're going to be one—Tom needs you."

"Tom? What ails him?"

"Nothing at this moment, but—wait until to-morrow." The physician's eyes were twinkling, and when he had explained the cause of his amusement Eliza laughed.

"Of course I'll help," she said. "But it won't hurt the poor fellow, will it?"

"Not in the least, unless it frightens him to death. Tom's an awful coward about sickness; that's why I need some one like you to take care of him. He'll be at the hospital to-morrow at three. If you'll arrange to be there we'll break the news to him gently. I daren't tackle it alone."

Tom was a trifle embarrassed when he found Eliza in Dr. Gray's office when he entered on the next afternoon. The boss packer seemed much subdued. His cough had disappeared, but his cheeks were pale, the gloom in his eyes had changed to a lurking uneasiness.

"Just dropped in to say I'm all right again," he announced in an offhand tone.

"That's good!" said Gray. "You don't look well, however."

"I'm feeling fine!" Mr. Slater hunched his shoulder as if the contact of his shirt was irksome to the flesh.

"You'd better let me rub you—Why are you scratching yourself?"

"I ain't scratching."

"You were!" The doctor was sternly curious; he had assumed his coldest and most professional air.

"Well, if I scratched, I probably itched. That's why people scratch, ain't it?"

"Let me look you over."

"I can't spare the time, Doc——"

"Wait!" Gray's tone halted the speaker as he turned to leave. "I'm not going to let you out in this weather until I rub you. Step into the other room and take off your shirt."

"Not on your life."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't want no more of your damn liniment."

"Why?"

"Because I'm—because I don't."

"Then I suppose I'll have to throw and hog-tie you." The physician rose and laid a heavy hand upon his patient's arm, at which Tom exclaimed: "Ouch! Leggo! Gimme the stuff and I'll rub myself."

"Tom!" The very gravity of the speaker's voice was portentous, alarming. Mr. Slater hesitated, his gaze wavered, he scratched his chest unconsciously.

Eliza shook her head pityingly; she uttered an inarticulate murmur of concern.

"You couldn't get my shirt off with a steam-winch. I tell you I'm feeling grand."

"Why *will* you chew the horrid stuff?" Miss Appleton inquired sadly.

"I'm just a little broke out, that's all."

"Ah! You're broken out. I feared so," said the doctor.

The grave concern in those two faces was too much for Slater's sensitive nature. His stubbornness gave way, his self-control vanished, and he confessed wretchedly: "I spent an awful night, Doc. I'll bust into flame if this keeps up. What is it, anyhow?"

"Is there an eruption of the arms and chest?"

"They're all erupted to hell."

Dr. Gray silently parted the shirt over Slater's bosom. "Hm-m!" said he.

"Tell him what it is," urged Eliza, in whom mirth and pity were struggling for mastery.

"It has every appearance of—smallpox!"

The victim uttered a choking cry, and sat down limply. Sweat leaped out upon his face, beads appeared upon his round, bald head.

"I knew I was a sick man. I've felt it coming on for three months, but I fought it off for Murray's sake. Say it's chicken-pox," he pleaded.

"Never mind; it's seldom serious," Eliza endeavored to comfort the stricken man.

"You wanted a good rest——"

"I don't. I want to work."

"I'll have to quarantine you, Tom."

Slater was in no condition for further resistance. He began to complain of many symptoms, none of which was in any way connected with his fancied disease. He was racked with pains, he suffered a terrible nausea, his head swam; he spoke bravely of

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his destitute family and prepared to make his will. When he left the hospital, an hour later, it was on a stretcher between four straining bearers.

That evening a disturbing rumor crept through the town of Omar. It penetrated the crowded saloons where the laborers who had quit work were squandering their pay, and it caused a brief lull in the ribaldry: Tom Slater had come down with smallpox and had been isolated upon a fishing-boat anchored in the creek. Also the yellow-haired newspaper woman had been seen aboard, all dressed in white. It was considered high time by the majority to leave Omar.

On the second day Dr. Gray undertook to allay the general uneasiness, but upon being pressed, reluctantly acknowledged that his patient showed all the signs of the dread disease. This hastened the general preparations for departure, and when the incoming steamer hove in sight, every laborer was at the dock with his kit-bag. It excited some idle comment among them to note that Dr. Gray had gone down the bay a short distance to meet the ship, and his efforts to speak her were watched with interest and amusement. Obviously it would have been much easier for him to wait until she landed, for she came right on and drew in toward the dock. It was not until her bow-line was made fast that the physician succeeded in hailing the captain. Then the deserters were amazed to hear the following conversation:

"I can't let you land, Captain Johnny," came from Dr. Gray's launch.

"And why can't you?" demanded Brennan from the bridge of his new ship. "Have you some prejudice against the Irish?" The stern hawser was already being run out, and the crowd was edging closer, waiting for the gangplank.

"There is smallpox here, and as health officer I've quarantined the port."

There came a burst of Elizabethan profanity from the little skipper, but it was drowned by the shout from shore, as the full meaning of the situation finally came home. Then the waiting men made a rush for the ship. She had not touched as yet, however, and the distance between her and the pier was too great to leap. Above the confusion came Brennan's voice, through a megaphone, commanding them to stand back. Some one traitorously cast off the loop of the bow-line, the ship's propellers began to thrash, and the big steel hull backed away inch by inch, foot by foot, until amid curses and cries of rage she plowed off up the Sound toward Hope.

By a narrow margin, the physician reached his hospital ahead of the infuriated mob, and it was well that he did so, for they were in a lynching mood. But, once within his own premises, he made a show of determined resistance that daunted them, and they sullenly retired.

To the delegation which waited upon him the next morning, Dr. Gray explained the nature of his duties as health officer, informing them coolly that no one could leave Omar without incurring legal penalties. Since he could prevent any ships from landing, and inasmuch as the United States marshal was present to enforce the quarantine, he seemed to be master of the situation.

"How long will we be tied up?" demanded the spokesman of the party.

"That is hard to say."

"Well, we're going to leave this camp!"

"Indeed? Where are you going?"

"We're going to Hope. You might as well let us go. We won't stand for this."

Gray shrugged his broad shoulders. "Sorry," he said, "but you see I've no choice in the matter. I never saw a worse-looking case of smallpox."

"It's a frame-up," growled the spokesman. "Tom hasn't got smallpox any more than I have. You cooked it up to keep us here." There was an angry second to this, whereupon the doctor exclaimed:

"You think so, eh? Then just come with me out to the boat. I'll show you."

"So you can bottle me up, too? No, thank you!"

"I promise not to quarantine you. Get the town photographer with his flashlight. Let him make a picture, then show it to the others."

After some hesitation the men agreed to this; the photographer was summoned, and the party set off on its way to the floating pest-house.

It was not a pleasant place in which they found Tom Slater, for the cabin of the fishing-boat was neither light nor airy; but Eliza had done much to make it agreeable. The sick man was propped up in his bunk and playing solitaire, but he began to groan as the newcomers came alongside.

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"These men think you're stalling," Doctor Gray told him.

"Who? Me?" Slater rolled an angry eye upon the delegation. "I ain't sick, eh? I s'pose I'm doing this for fun? I wish you had it, that's all."

As a matter of fact, the patient betrayed no symptoms of a wasting illness, for his cheeks were ruddy, and the enforced rest had done him good, so the committee saw nothing about him to allay their suspicions. But when Tom weakly called upon them for assistance in rising they shrank back and one of them exclaimed:

"I wouldn't touch you with a fish-pole!"

Eliza came forward, however; she permitted her charge to lean upon her while she adjusted the pillows at his back. But when Doctor Gray ordered him to bare his breast and arms for the photograph that should convince a doubting town, Slater refused positively until Eliza had gone up on deck.

But she had barely left the cabin when the most timid member of the delegation plunged up the stairs, gasping:

"I've saw enough! He's got it, and got it bad."

A moment later came the dull sound of the exploding flashlight, then a yell, and out of the smoke stumbled the two other members of the committee. The spokesman, it appeared, had also seen enough—too much—for with a yell he leaped the rail and made for shore. Fortunately the tide was out and the water low; he left a trail across the mud flat like that of a frightened hippopotamus.

That evening hastily made photographs of the sick man were shown upon the streets. Not even the most skeptical was inclined to deny such revoltingly convincing evidence. Unquestionably, Dr. Gray's precautions were wholly warranted.

In spite of this evidence, however, threats against the physician continued to be made freely; but when Eliza expressed fears for his safety, he only smiled grimly, and he stalked through the streets with such defiance written on his heavy features that no man dared raise a hand against him.

Day after day the quarantine continued, and at length some of the men went back to work. As others exhausted their wages, they followed. In a fortnight Omar was once more free of its floating population, and work at the front was going forward as usual. Meanwhile the patient recovered in marvelous fashion, and was loud in his thanks to the physician who had brought him through so speedily. Yet Gray stubbornly refused to raise the embargo.

Finally the cause of the whole trouble appeared at the hospital and begged to be released.

"You put it over me," said Mr. Linn. "I've had enough and I want to get out."

"I don't know what you're talking about," answered the doctor; "no one can leave here now."

"I know it wasn't smallpox at all, but it worked just the same. I'll leave your men alone if you'll let me go out on the next Seattle steamer."

"But—I thought you came from Hope?" Gray said blandly.

Mr. Linn shifted his eyes and laughed uneasily. "I did, and I'm going to keep coming from Hope. You don't think I'd dare to go back after this, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Gordon would kill me."

"So! Mr. Gordon sent you?"

"You know he did. But—I've got to get out now. I'm broke."

"I didn't think it of Gordon!" The doctor shook his head sadly. "How underhanded of him!"

Linn exploded desperately: "Don't let's four-flush. You were too slick for him, and you sewed me up. I've spent the money he gave me and now I'm flat."

"You look strong. We need men."

Gordon's emissary turned pale. "Say! You wouldn't set me to work? Why, those men would string me up!"

"I think not. I've spoken to the shift-boss at Mile 30, and he'll take care you're not hurt so long as you work hard and keep your mouth shut."

An hour later Mr. Linn, cursing deeply, shouldered his pack and tramped out the grade; nor could he obtain food or shelter until he had covered those thirty weary miles.

CHAPTER XIV

THE TWO SIDES OF ELIZA VIOLET APPLETON

Dan Appleton entered the bungalow one evening, wet and tired from his work, to find Eliza pacing the floor in agitation.

"What's the matter, Sis?" he inquired, with quick concern.

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His sister pointed to a copy of the *Review* which that day's mail had brought.

"Look at that!" she cried. "Read it!"

"Oh! Your story, eh?"

"Read it!"

He read a column, and then glanced up to find her watching him with angry eyes.

"Gee! That's pretty rough on the Chief, Kid. I thought you liked him," he said gravely.

"I do! I do! Don't you understand, dummy? I didn't write that! They've changed my story—distorted it. I'm —*furious!*"

Dan whistled softly. "I didn't suppose they'd try anything like that, but—they did a good job while they were at it. Why, you'd think O'Neil was a grafter and the S. R. & N. nothing but a land-grabbing deal."

"How *dared* they?" the girl cried. "The actual changes aren't so many—just enough to alter the effect of the story—but that's what makes it so devilish. For instance, I described the obstacles Mr. O'Neil has had to overcome in order to show the magnitude of his enterprise; but Drake has altered it so that the physical conditions here seem to be insuperable and he makes me say that the road is doomed to failure. That's the way he's changed it all through."

"It may topple the Chief's plans over; they're very insecure. It plays right into the hands of his enemies, too, and of course Gordon's press-bureau will make the most of it."

"Heavens, I want sympathy, not abuse!" wailed his sister. "It's all due to the policy of the *Review*. Drake thinks everybody up here is a thief—How can I face Mr. O'Neil?"

Dan shook the paper in his fist. "Are you going to stand for this?" he demanded.

"Hardly! I cabled the office this morning, and here's Drake's answer." She read: " 'Stuff colorless. Don't allow admiration warp judgment.' Can you beat that? I'm going to resign, and I'm going to leave Omar before Murray O'Neil comes back."

"Don't be a quitter, Sis. If you throw up the job, the paper will send somebody who will lie about us to suit the policy of the office. Show 'em where they're wrong; show 'em what this country needs. You have your magazine stories to write."

Eliza shook her head. "Bother the magazines and the whole business! I'm thinking about Mr. O'Neil. I—I could cry. I suppose I'll have to stay and explain to him, but—then I'll go home."

"No! You'll stay right here and go through with this thing. I need you."

"You? What for?"

"You can perform a great and signal service for your loving brother. He's in terrible trouble!"

"What's wrong, Danny?" Eliza's anger gave instant place to solicitude.

"I can't sulk in the jungle any more. I'm a rotten loser, Sis."

"Oh! You mean—Natalie? You—like her?"

"For a writer, you select the most foolish words! Like, love, adore, worship—words are no good any way. I'm dippy; I'm out of my head; I've lost my reason. I'm deliriously happy and miserably unhappy. "I'm beginning to hate O'Neil."

"You miserable traitor!" gasped Eliza.

"Yep! That's me! I'm dead to loyalty, lost to the claims of friendship. I've fought myself until I'm black in the face, but—it's no use. I must have Natalie!"

"She's crazy about O'Neil."

"Seems to be, for a fact, but that doesn't alter my fix. I can't live this way. You must help me or I'll lose my reason."

"Nonsense! You haven't any or you wouldn't talk like this. What can I do?"

"It's simple! Be nice to Murray and—and win him away from her."

Eliza stared at him as if she really believed him daft. Then she said mockingly: "Is that all? Just make him love me?"

Dan nodded. "That would be fine, if you could manage it."

"Why—you—you—I—" She gasped uncertainly for terms in which to voice her indignant surprise. "Idiot!" she finally exclaimed. "You simply can't be in earnest!"

"I am, though!" He turned upon her eyes which had grown suddenly old and weary with longing.

"You poor, foolish boy! In the first place, Mr. O'Neil will hate me for this story. In the second place, no man would look at me. I'm ugly——"

"I think you're beautiful."

"With my snub nose, and big mouth, and——"

"You can make him laugh, and when a woman can make a fellow laugh, the rest is easy."

"In the third place, I'm mannish and vulgar, and besides—I don't care for him."

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"Of course you don't, or I wouldn't ask it. You see we're taking no risks! You can at least take up his attention and—and when you see him making for Natalie you can put out your foot and trip him up."

"It wouldn't be honorable, Danny."

"Possibly! But that doesn't make any difference with me. You may as well realize that I've got beyond the point where nice considerations of that sort weigh with me. If you'd ever been in love you'd understand that such things don't count at all. It's your chance to save the reason and happiness of an otherwise perfectly good brother."

"There is nothing I wouldn't do for your happiness—nothing. But—oh, it's preposterous!"

Dan relapsed into gloomy silence, and they had a very uncomfortable meal. Unable to bear his continued lack of spirits, Eliza recurred to the subject, and tried until late in the evening to argue him out of his mood. But the longer they talked the more plainly she saw that his feeling for Natalie was not fanciful but sincere and deep. She continued to scout his suggestion that she could help him by captivating O'Neil, and stoutly maintained that she had no attraction for men—nevertheless, when she went to her room, she examined herself critically in her mirror. This done, she gave herself over to her favorite relaxation.

First she exchanged her walking-skirt and prim shirt-waist for a rose-pink wrapper which she furtively brought out of a closet. It was a very elaborate wrapper, all fluffy lace and ruffles and bows, and it had cost Eliza a sum which she strove desperately to forget. She donned silk stockings and a pair of tiny bedroom slippers, then, seating herself once more at her dresser, she let down her hair. She invariably wore it very simply, knotted at the nape of her neck, with its waviness well held in check, tightly drawn back. Now she brought it forward about her face in soft, riotous puffs and strands, and piled it high on her head, patting it into becoming shape with dexterous fingers, until it formed a golden frame for her piquant features.

This was no unusual performance for her. By day she was the severe, matter-of-fact, businesslike Eliza Appleton, deaf to romance, lost to illusion, and unresponsive to masculine attention; but deep in her heart were all the instincts and longings of femininity, and at such times as this they came uppermost.

Her bedroom had none of the businesslike plainness which marked her habit of dress; it was in no way suggestive of the boyish quality one felt in her. On the contrary, it was a bower of daintiness, and was crowded with all the senseless fripperies of a schoolgirl. Carefully hidden away beneath her starched shirt-waists was much lingerie—bewildering creations to match the pink wrapper—and this she took out and handled adoringly when she was alone.

Eliza read much when she was unobserved—romances and improbable tales of fine ladies and gallant squires. There were times, too, when she wrote, chewing her pencil in the perplexities of vividly colored love-scenes; but she always destroyed these manuscripts before the curious sun could spy upon her labors. In such ecstatic flights of fancy the beautiful heroine was a languorous brunette with hair of raven hue and soulful eyes in which slumbered the mystery of a tropic night. She had a Grecian nose, moreover, and her name was Violet.

In the days before O'Neil's return Eliza suffered constant misgivings and qualms of conscience, but the sight of her brother reveling, expanding, fairly bursting into bloom beneath the influence of Natalie Gerard led her to think that perhaps she did have a duty to perform. Dan's cause was hers, and while she had only the faintest hope of aiding it, she was ready to battle for his happiness with every weapon at her command.

She knew that Natalie was fond of Dan in a casual, friendly way, and although it was evident that the girl accorded him none of that hero-worship with which she favored his Chief, Eliza began to think there still might be some hope for him. We are all prone to argue our consciences into agreement with our desires—and she finally brought herself to the belief that O'Neil was not the man for Natalie. He was too old, too confirmed in his ways, and too self-centered to make a good husband for a girl of her age and disposition. What Natalie needed for her lasting contentment was a boy her own age, whose life would color to match hers.

She was greatly embarrassed, nevertheless, when she next met O'Neil and tried to explain that story in the *Review*. He

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THAT EVENING HASTILY MADE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SICK MAN WERE SHOWN UPON THE STREETS. NOT EVEN THE MOST SKEPTICAL WAS INCLINED TO DEEM SUCH EVIDENCE.

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listened courteously and smiled his gentle smile.

"My dear," said he, finally, "I knew there had been some mistake, so let's forget that it ever happened. Now tell me about the smallpox epidemic. When I heard what Linn was doing with our men I was badly worried, for I couldn't see how to checkmate him, but it seems you and Doc were equal to the occasion. He cabled me an announcement of Tom's quarantine, and I believed we had been favored by a miracle."

"It wasn't a miracle at all," Eliza said in a matter-of-fact tone; "it was croton-oil. Nobody has dared tell him the truth. He still believes he could smell the tuberoses."

O'Neil was greatly amused by her account of what followed. He had already heard Doctor Gray's version of the affair, but Eliza had a refreshing way of saying things.

"I brought you a little present," he said when she had finished.

She took the package he handed her, exclaiming with a slight flush of embarrassment: "A s'prise! Nobody but Dan ever gave me a present." Then her eyes darkened with suspicion. "Did you bring me this because of what I did?"

"Now, don't be silly! I knew nothing about your part in the comedy until Doc told me. You are a most difficult person."

Slowly she unwrapped the parcel, and then with a gasp lifted a splendidly embroidered kimono from its box.

"Oh-h!" Her eyes were round and astonished. "Oh-h! It's for *me!*"

It was a regal garment of heavy silk, superbly ornamented with golden dragons, each so cunningly woven that it seemed upon the point of taking wing. "Why, their eyes glitter! And—they'd breathe fire if I jabbed them. Oh-h!" She stared at the gift in helpless amazement. "Is it mine, *honestly?*"

He nodded. "Won't you put it on?"

"Over these things? Never!" Again Eliza blushed, for she recalled that she had prepared for his coming with extraordinary care. Her boots were even stouter than usual, her skirt more plain, her waist more stiff. "It would take a fluffy person to wear this. I'll always keep it, of course and—I'll worship it, but I'm not designed for pretty clothes. I'll let Natalie wear——"

"Natalie has one of her own, done in butterflies, and I brought one to her mother also."

"And you bought this for me after you had seen that fiendish story over my signature?"

"Certainly!" He quickly forestalled her attempted thanks by changing the subject. "Now then, Dan tells me you are anxious to begin your magazine work, so I'm going to arrange for you to see the glaciers and the coal-fields. It will be a hard trip, for the track isn't through yet, but——"

"Oh, I'll take care of myself; I won't get in anybody's way," she said eagerly.

"I intend to see that you don't, by going with you, so make your preparations and we'll leave as soon as I can get away."

When he had gone the girl said aloud:

"Eliza Violet, this is your chance. It's underhanded and mean, but—you're a mean person, and the finger of Providence is directing you."

She snatched up the silken kimono and ran into her room, locking the door behind her. Hurriedly she put it on, then posed before the mirror. Next down came her hair amid a shower of pins. She arranged it loosely about her face, and, ripping an artificial flower from her "party" hat, placed it over her ear, then swayed to and fro, while the golden dragons writhed and curved as if in joyous admiration. A dozen times she slipped out of the garment, and, gathering it to her face, kissed it; a dozen times she donned it, strutting about her little room like a peacock. Her tip-tilted nose was red and her eyes were wet when at last she laid it out upon her bed and knelt with her cheek against it.

"If only I were pretty!" she sighed. "I almost believe he—likes me."

Tom Slater laboriously propelled himself up the hill to the bungalow that evening, and seated himself on the topmost step near where Eliza was rocking. She had come to occupy a considerable place in his thoughts of late, for she was quite beyond his understanding. She affected him as a mental gadfly, stinging his mind into an activity quite unusual. At times he considered her a nice girl, though undoubtedly insane; then there were other moments when she excited his deepest animosity. Again on rare occasions, she completely upset all his preconceived notions by being so friendly and so

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sympathetic that she made him homesick for his own daughter.

"Where have you been lately, Uncle Tom?" she began.

Slater winced at the appellation, but ignored it.

"I've been out on the delta hustling supplies ahead. Heard the news?"

"No."

"Curtis Gordon has bought the McDermott outfit in Kyak."

"That tells me nothing. Who is McDermott?"

"He's a shoe-stringer. He had a wild-cat plan to build a railroad from Kyak to the coal-fields, but he never got farther than a row of alder stakes and a book of press-clippings."

"Does that mean that Gordon abandons his Hope route?"

"Yes! He's swung in behind us and the Heidlemanns. Now it's a three-sided race, with us in the lead. Mellen just brought in the news half an hour ago; he was on his way down from the glaciers when he ran into a field-party of Gordon's surveyors. Looks like trouble ahead if they try to crowd through the cañon alongside of us."

"He must believe Kyak Bay will make a safe harbor."

"Don't say it! If he's right, we're fried to a nice brown finish on both sides and it's time to take us off the stove. I'm praying for a storm."

" 'The prayers of the wicked are an abomination unto the Lord,' " quoted Eliza.

"Sure! But I keep right on praying just the same. It's a habit now. The news has set the Chief to jumping sideways."

"Which, translated, I suppose, means that he is disturbed."

"Or words to that effect! Too bad they changed that newspaper story of yours. It put a crimp in him."

"How—do you mean?"

"He had some California capitalists tuned up to put in three million dollars, but when they read that our plan was impracticable, their fountain-pens refused to work."

"Oh!" Eliza gasped faintly. "What will Mr. O'Neil do?"

"He'll fight it out, I s'pose. The first thing is to block Gordon. Say! I brought you a present."

"This is my lucky day," smiled Eliza, as Tom fumbled in his pocket. "I'm sure I shall love it."

"It ain't much, but it was the best in the crate and I shined it up on my towel." Mr. Slater offered Eliza a fine red apple of prodigious size.

"I—don't like apples," she cried faintly.

"Never mind, they're good for your complexion."

"I'd die before I'd eat one."

"Then I'll eat it for you; my complexion ain't what it was before I had the small-pox. Hello—here comes Dan, in a great hurry."

Young Appleton came panting up the hill. "Good-by, Sis," he said. "I'm off for the front in ten minutes."

"Anybody hurt?" Slater asked quickly.

"Not yet, but somebody's liable to be. Gordon is trying to steal the cañon, and Murray has ordered me out with a car of dynamite to hold it."

"Dynamite! Why, Dan!" his sister exclaimed in consternation.

"We have poling boats at the lower crossing and we'll be at the cañon in two days. I'm going to load the hillside with shots, and if they try to come through I'll set 'em off. They'll never dare tackle it." Dan's eyes were dancing, his face was alive with excitement.

"But suppose they should?" Eliza insisted quietly.

"Then send 'Doc' Gray with some stretchers. I owe one to Gordon, and this is my chance." He kissed her affectionately and fled.

CHAPTER XV

HOW GORDON FAILED IN HIS CUNNING

The so-called cañon of the Salmon River lies just above the twin glaciers. Scenically, these are by far the more impressive, and they present a more complex engineering problem; yet the cañon itself was the real strategic point in the struggle between the railroad-builders.

The floor of the valley immediately above Garfield glacier, though several miles wide, was partly filled with detritus which had been carried down from the mother range on the east, and this mass of débris had forced the stream far over against the westward rim, where it came roaring past the foot wall in a splendid cataract some three miles long. To the left of the river, looking up stream at this point, the mountains slanted skyward like a roof, until lost in

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the hurrying scud four thousand feet above.

To the right, however, was the old moraine just mentioned, consisting of a desolate jumble of rock and gravel and silt overlaying the ice foot. On account of its broken character and the unstable nature of its foundation, this bank was practically useless for road-building, and the only feasible route for steel rails was along the steep west wall.

O'Neil, on his first reconnaissance, had perceived that while there was room for more than one bridge across the Salmon, between the upper and the lower ice masses, there was not room for more than one track alongside the rapids, some miles above that point. He knew, moreover, that once he had established his title to a right of way along the west rim of the cataract, it would be difficult for a rival to oust him, or to parallel his line without first crossing back to the east bank—an undertaking at once hazardous and costly. He had accordingly given Dan Appleton explicit instructions to be very careful in filing his survey, that no opportunity might be left open for a later arrival.

The engineer had done his work well; and O'Neil rested secure in the belief that he held possession of the best and least expensive route through to the open valleys above.

He had had no cause to fear a clash with the Heidlemann forces, for they had shown a strict regard for his rights, and seemed content to devote themselves to developing their terminus before trying to negotiate the cañon. They were wise in taking this course, for their success would mean that O'Neil's project would fall of its own weight. Kyak was nearer Seattle by many miles than Omar; it was closer to the coal and copper fields, and the proved permanence of their breakwater would render useless further attempts to finance the S. R. & N.

But in the entrance of Curtis Gordon into the field O'Neil recognized danger. Gordon was swayed by no such business scruples as the Heidlemanns; he was evidently making a desperate effort to secure a footing at any cost. In purchasing the McDermott holdings he had executed a coup of considerable importance, for he had placed himself on equal footing with the trust and in position to profit by its efforts at harbor-building without expense to himself. If, therefore, he succeeded in wresting from O'Neil the key to that upper passageway, he would be able to block his personal enemy and to command the consideration of his more powerful rival.

In view of all this, it was with no easy mind that O'Neil despatched Appleton to the front, and it was with no small responsibility upon his shoulders that the young engineer set out in charge of those wooden boxes of dynamite. Murray had told him frankly what hung upon his success and Dan had vowed to hold the survey if it took his life.

Steam was up and the locomotive was puffing restlessly when he returned from his farewell to Eliza. A moment later, and the single flat-car carrying his party and its dangerous freight was being whirled along the shores of Omar Lake. On it rushed, shrieking through the night, out from the gloomy hills and upon the tangent that led across the delta. Ten minutes after it had rolled forth upon the trestle at the "lower crossing" the giant powder had been transferred to poling boats and the long, hard pull against the current had begun.

The events of that trip were etched upon Appleton's mind with extraordinary vividness, for they surpassed in peril and excitement all his previous experiences. The journey resembled nothing but the mad scramble of a gold stampede. The stubborn boats, with their cargoes which had to be so gently handled, the ever-increasing fury of the river, the growing menace of those ghostly, racing icebergs, the taut-hauled towing-lines, and the straining, sweating men in the loops, all made a picture hard to forget. Then, too, the uncertainty of the enterprise, the crying need of haste, the knowledge that the other men were converging upon the same goal, lent a gnawing suspense to every hour. It was infinitely more terrible than that first expedition when he and Tom Slater and O'Neil had braved the unknown.

Dan had faced death in various forms upon this delta during the past year and a half. He had seen his flesh harden to marble whiteness under the raging north wind; his eyes and lungs had been drifted full of sand in summer storms which rivaled those of the Sahara. With transit on his back he had come face to face with the huge brown grizzly. He had slept in mud, he

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had made his bed on moss which ran water like a sponge; he had taken danger and hardship as they came—yet never had he punished himself as on this dash.

Through his confusion of impressions, his intense preoccupation with present dangers and future contingencies, the thought of Natalie floated now and then vaguely but comfortingly. He had seen her for a moment, before leaving—barely long enough to explain the nature of his mission—but her quick concern, her unvoiced anxiety had been very pleasant, and he could not make himself believe that it was altogether due to her interest in the fortunes of O'Neil.

It was after midnight of the second day when he and his weary boatmen stumbled into sight of the camp. Appleton halted his command and stole forward, approaching the place through the tangled alders which flanked it. He had anticipated that the rival party would be up to this point now, if not even farther advanced, and he was both angered and relieved to sight the tops of other tents pitched a few hundred yards beyond Mellen's outfit. So they were here! He had arrived in time, after all!

Although he still had to pass the invaders' camp and establish himself at the cañon, the certainty that he had made good thus far was ample reward for his effort.

A dog broke into furious barking as he emerged from cover, and he had a moment's anxiety lest it serve as warning to the enemy; but a few quick strides brought him to the tent of Mellen's foreman. Going in, he roused the man, who was sleeping soundly.

"Hello!" cried the foreman, jumping up and rubbing his eyes. "I thought Curtis Gordon had taken possession."

"Hush! Don't wake them up," Dan cautioned.

"Oh, there's no danger of disturbing them, with this infernal cannonading going on all the time." The night resounded to a rumbling crash as some huge mass of ice split off, perhaps two miles away.

"When did they arrive?"

"Night before last. They've located right alongside of us. Gee! we were surprised when they showed up. They expect to break camp in the morning." He yawned widely.

"Hm-m! They're making tracks, aren't they? Were they friendly?"

"Oh, sure! So were we. There was nothing else to do, was there? We had no orders."

"I have two dozen men and four boatloads of dynamite with me. I'm going to hold that mountainside."

"Then you're going to fight!" All vestige of drowsiness had fled from the man's face.

"Not if we can help it. Who is in charge of this crew?"

"Gordon himself."

"Gordon!"

"Yes! And he's got a tough gang with him."

"Armed?"

"Sure! This is a bear country, you know."

"Listen! I want you to tell him, as innocently as you can, that we're on the job ahead of him. Tell him we've been there for a week and have loaded that first rock shoulder and expect to shoot it off as soon as possible. You can tell him, too, that I'm up there and he'd better see me before trying to pass through."

"I've got you! But that won't stop him."

"Perhaps! Now, send up any grub you can spare; we threw ours overboard to make time.

"It'll be nothing but beans, and they're moldy."

"We can fight on beans, and we'll eat the paper off those giant cartridges if we have to. Don't fail to warn Gordon that the hillside is mined, and warn him loud enough for his swampers to hear."

Appleton hastened back to his boats, where he found his men sprawled among the boulders sleeping the sleep of complete exhaustion. They were drenched, half-numbed by the chill air of the glacier, and it was well that he roused them.

"Gordon's men are camped just above," he told them. "But we must get through without waking them. No talking, now, until we're safe."

Silently the crew resumed their tow-lines, fitting them to their aching shoulders; gingerly the boats were edged out into the current.

*The next instalment of "**The Iron Trail**" will appear in the May number.*

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The REMEDY

by

THOMAS W. LAWSON

VI.

Will CONGRESS do it?

FOR eight years the American people have been waking. At last they have not only reached the wide-awake stage, but they have jumped out of bed, hustled into their clothes, bolted their breakfasts, and are lickety-splitting it for the public square with a we'll-do-something-this-time-or-raise-hell determination.

This means that I have got to talk to the point and quickly in this chapter, or else get up on the fence and watch the Opportunity Special tear by.

As this chapter is being read, the new Democratic President, Cabinet, Senate, and House of Representatives will be adjusting their clutches to the helm of the ship of state. This adjusting period, if ever, is the time for us who have bloodhounded the System into the open to let loose our shrillest "Stop thief!" yell—or quit the Remedy job and apologize to the people's pillagers for the annoyance we have caused them.

Unquestionably the victorious Democracy, with its brand-new commander-in-chief, its equally new sword-fingering generals, its

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impetuous captains and "turn-us-loose-quick" lieutenants, its "Onward-Christian-Soldier" miners, sappers, water-luggers, and pike-balancers, intends to give honest battle to the entrenched System.

But the question is: "Will *they do*, or will *they be done by*, the mighty army of insolently confident dollar brigands, who, entrenched and ammunitioned, are eagerly awaiting the first, and probably decisive, battle?"

That is the question, and it is fairly an open one.

And well may all thinking Americans, all believers in republics, all lovers of freedom, shiver as they await the answer.

It takes no telescopic observation or Jules Verne vision to read the letters of fire which during the past twelvemonth have sprung to the American horizon:

"GIVE US RELIEF, OR WE WILL GIVE YOU REVOLUTION!"

Everywhere throughout our country—in state, city, town, and village—a howl of reprisal rage has followed each of countless new exposures of past System deviltries—political, financial, industrial, social deviltries. . . . Yes, that is the same language I used in my opening chapter of "THE REMEDY;" but, incredible as it may seem to those readers who are not in close touch with the cyclonic doings of the times, the countless new exposures I speak of now are not those to which I referred then, but exposures which have been made since my first chapter was published.

So rapidly have the revelations of yesterday's deviltries lockstepped those of day before yesterday that people everywhere are beginning to dread their daily dose of mad-and-growing-madder newspaper headlines. Day before yesterday it was California and Colorado; yesterday, Indiana and Illinois; to-day it is Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New York. From each comes some disclosure of Federal, state, or municipal corruption. The atmosphere is putrid with the immoralities of the police, the banks, the trusts, the corporations, and with the debaucheries of the gangs who corruptly control these institutions of the people.

No student of things American doubts that President Wilson and the new Democratic Congress will attempt to right the awful wrongs done the people by the System during the past half-century; none doubts that they will from the very start set about inaugurating reforms. But all students have grave doubts of their ability to inaugurate successfully the right reforms. Here is the situation as this chapter comes to you:

The new administration is about to begin its cut-out-for-it-by-the-people work. The people are in the public square awaiting the result. They have, in unmistakable ways, signified their intention to remain there until they get results. They have also in a score, and another score, of ways shown that they not only know what sort of results they are waiting for, but that their patience is not safety-valved against too long a wait. The handwriting is on the wall, and it reads:

"The new administration will attempt to relieve the present dangerous high tension by legislation on: Income Tax; Tariff; Stock Exchange—Money Trust.

The System, after over twenty years of fighting the creation of an income tax, have been compelled to bow to the inevitable; but not until February, when thirty-six of the states decreed that the Constitution must be amended to admit an income-tax law to the Federal statute-books.

Equally inevitable is a new tariff law, and the System bow to its coming, likewise. For while an income tax will work wondrous benefits for the people, and while a tariff, correctly adjusted, will also benefit all the people, the System know that *no income tax and no tariff law, however honest, can seriously interfere with their own pillaging of the people, provided that the System may control the Stock Exchange and its wardman, the money trust.*

STOCK EXCHANGE GAMBLING—THE KEY

From the beginning I have said that in the proper regulation of the Stock Exchange lies the destruction of stock-gambling, and that in the destruction of stock-gambling lies relief from the present evils that harass the people.

I say it again more emphatically now:

As our business and social structure is constructed to-day, it is not possible for the System to take enormous wealth from the people without giving them quid pro quo, *except through the agency of the Stock Exchange.* Without the gambling end of this institution, by which the System take their big rake-off through stocks and

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bonds, the System must turn honest or go out of business.

Even my critics who have accused me of confusing "cause and effect," "symptom and disease," must admit that, *regardless of whether stocks and bonds and the Stock Exchange are a disease or a symptom, a cause or an effect, the Stock Exchange is* THE *place to effect a remedy, because it is the chief instrument by which the people have been pillaged and are being pillaged of their wealth by the System; and it is this pillage of their wealth that is* THE *evil.*

I ask all my critics to ponder this simple Frenzied Finance conundrum: Mr. Morgan admitted that he received seventy million dollars from the Steel Trust, for nothing of tangible value—merely for his "good-will." Mr. Morgan and his associates have received many seventy millions from the Steel Trust, but I am referring to the particular seventy millions whose receipt he admitted to the Pujo Committee.

Mr. Morgan received this vast sum because there was a Stock Exchange which enabled him to call 250 millions of stocks and bonds 1500 millions, and because there was a money trust which enabled him, after this inflation, to exchange the new inflated paper for the people's deposited savings, and to deduct from these thus-exchanged savings his seventy millions.

It was through the gambling end of the Stock Exchange that Mr. Morgan cashed his "good-will" into seventy millions of dollars.

THE SYSTEM'S SQUID FIGHT

I say, with all the earnestness possible to put into words, *that there is no possible way, as society is now organized, by which the billions of the people's earnings that the System has taken from them in the past half-century, and that the System now has, could have been taken from them save through the gambling end of the Stock Exchange.* Hence the squid-like fight that the System is now making by throwing printers' ink into the eyes of investigators through all its organs of the daily press. It is defending its innermost citadel.

As I write this chapter, I am sitting in front of the big, glowing logs in the hundred-and-nineteen-year-old Mansion House at Poland Springs, Maine, while all around me the hills and mountains and valleys are white with February snows, and a stiff ten-below-zero New England wind is howling down the chimney-place at which a century ago the tribe of Samoset dried their wet moccasins. Gazing out on this piece of God's own country, with its sturdy, industrious, God-fearing, country-loving people, I am acutely impressed with the awfulness of the crime of those whose actions have endangered the very life of this grand old republic of ours and the future of these innocent - of - Frenzied - Finance - crimes - and - not - beneficiaries - in - their - results people. But even more am I impressed with their lack of realization of having committed any crime against man's, to say nothing of God's, laws.

OFF!—THE 1913 REFORM CAR

Just before I squared away at my writing-pad, I listened to one of the pioneers in the automobile industry, Mr. Stanley, the inventor of the car which bears his name, the car which holds the world's speed record of one mile in 28 1-5 seconds, telling of trying to lower even that remarkable record.

It was at Ormond. The track had been specially prepared for the great feat. Mr. Stanley had personally supervised the building of the long, red, cigar-shaped speed-fiend which was to make the formidable trial. His driver was the great Marriott, the hero of many wild, metal-smashing, nerve-snapping, heart-in-mouth and eyes-hurdling-sockets devil-car speed-contests.

It was within an hour of starting time. The car's inventor and owner had himself just driven his wonder over the course in forty seconds, and he had critically watched Marriott as he shaved off ten of these. Still holding his stop-watch in his hand, he went into the grand stand, and said to the assembled judges:

"I find there is an eight-inch rise in fifty feet directly in front of the grand stand, and my experience tells me that if Marriott strikes that eight-inch rise going at record-breaking speed, he, his mechanician, and his car will take to the air like an aeroplane."

"Nonsense!" the judges said. "On with the game, and let speed be unconfined."

"I stood in front of the grand stand as my devil-may-care record-breaker struck that eight-inch rise," said Mr. Stanley, "and at the end of the fifty feet that beautiful car of mine continued right on—but toward the

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clouds. For sixty feet it went in the air, and then—well, we are still looking for parts of that machine."

"What happened to it?" I asked.

There was a gloom in the speed-maker's eye as he answered:

"Ask me what didn't happen to it. When I tell you that there are parts of her that we have never seen since she struck that eight-inch rise, you can imagine many and disastrous things happened to her and to her human freight, and to my hopes and ambitions."

And this picture came to me: The 1913 reform car of the incoming Democratic administration tearing down the law making track, the people, with heart in mouth and eyes hurdling from sockets, waiting for the verdict.

In front of the grand stand an eight-inch rise cunningly constructed by the System to fool the racer. Can't you imagine what will become of the administration car if it hits this, unknowing? The driver must learn the track and be careful to adjust the speed to the tricks of the road.

THE COMING FIGHT IN CONGRESS

If I guess correctly—and I will say I have much material to guess on—this will be the situation in Washington as my readers peruse this chapter:

A tariff bill will be presented to Congress. The System will not fight it hard. The bill will pass.

An income-tax bill will be presented. The System will not fight it hard. And it will pass.

A Stock Exchange bill will be presented, practically the one contained in my last chapter, and a money-trust bill. And then all the power of the System will be bent to the breaking-point to kill them. This is the way the Stock Exchange gambling fight will come:

The Pujo Money Trust Investigating Committee will present a number of bills for the control of the clearing-house, the insurance companies, corporations, trusts, and the Stock Exchange, all having for their end the killing of Stock Exchange gambling. The Pujo Committee will present with their bills incomplete evidence—incomplete because of lack of time, but nevertheless absolute proof of the System's grip on the people's throat.

The Committee will show that, if it has an extension of life (the Committee's life ends with the present session of Congress, which created it), it will continue its exposures until every one of the great robberies of the people by the System in the past has been exposed, and that such exposures will absolutely convince every honest man and woman of the necessity for passing the bills recommended by the Pujo Committee.

THE LAST WORD IN BUNK

And I will say right here that if the people have been startled by the exposures which have come through the Pujo Committee's investigation—and they *have* been more startled and shocked than by the combined exposures of all the other investigating committees since Congress was created—they will be so much more startled, if the Committee continues its investigation during the first six or twelve months of the new administration, as to consider all the past exposures mere shadow dances!

The System know this, and will bring every one of their guns to bear to prevent the Committee from getting an extension of its life. This fight has already begun. It has taken the form of an attempt to prove to the people that the whole Pujo Committee is its counsel, Untermyer; that the Committee's members are to a man a lot of long-eared, thick-tongued, film-eyed asses who have bartered away not only their authority and official individuality, but their personal intelligence and self-respect as well; bartered them to Untermyer, Esquire, who is pictured as a fiend incarnate, with no object in carrying on the investigation save a desire to secure from William Rockefeller for his personal benefit the secrets of the Amalgamated Copper crime.

At the present moment a large number of the great dailies, tagged as the inky buzzards of the System, are, not by insinuation, but by assertion, attempting to prove that the Pujo Committee's pursuit of William Rockefeller is complete evidence of its domination by its counsel.

Knowing as I do the origin, the motives, the intentions, the methods, and the superb accomplishments of the Pujo Committee; knowing Mr. William Rockefeller and the Amalgamated secrets he possesses; and knowing the state of his health—for a long

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time he has been a very sick man—I can not master the temptation to get in my word, not in defense of the Pujo Committee (because it needs no other defense than its coming report), but solely for the purpose of setting right those of my readers who may be confused by this maudlin slush.

As my readers will recall, I have never had a harsh word to say about Mr. William Rockefeller. On the contrary, everything I have ever said or written about him has been the nicest I could say or write of any financier I have ever met. Bear this in mind.

THE SYSTEM SOB SISTERS

The secrets possessed by William Rockefeller were not secrets to the Pujo Committee or its counsel. They knew them to the minutest detail, for I have told and retold them until every one knows them. But what I have told has been most savagely denied by the System. It was because William Rockefeller is the only living man who can of personal knowledge speak officially of the crime of Amalgamated in all its varied details, that the Committee tried to get him to affirm or deny these accusations under oath.

What William Rockefeller could have told, had he been able to tell, would have been of tremendous import to the whole American people. It was the Committee's plain duty to seek this evidence. When it failed, there arose these maudlin press sobs over "hunting a man to death's door simply because he was rich."

If the System's sympathy tanks are overflowing, it would be more to the point for its tearful press to tap a tiny stream here and there to the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of the scores of tricked and robbed, convict-ed, pauperized, and suicided victims of this hideous crime—women who because of it have been driven to the asylum, the poorhouse, the red-light streets, and the grave—than to spend time wailing over the Pujo Committee's brutality to William Rockefeller—even though he is (and he *is*) the best of all the System masters.

I can not refrain from saying that though in my day I have seen many hypocrisy fests slushed before the eyes of the American people, this brutality-to-William-Rockefeller one now being slopped to their gaze by the System's press agents is the blue-ribboner!

But there is method in this frenzied denunciation of the Pujo Committee's counsel. The System has ordered that this "brutality" be used to prevent the extension of the life of the Pujo Committee. Only today, as I write, the battle was started on the floor of Congress when the Committee requested the paltry funds necessary to pay its expenses. The mouthpieces of the System most bitterly denounced the Committee and its counsel for their treatment of William Rockefeller.

If the System can smother the Pujo Committee, it may prevent Government control of stock exchanges.

But already the Stock Exchange has changed its attitude toward the proposed legislation against it in Albany. When Governor Sulzer's message on the Stock Exchange reached Wall Street, it was greeted with a smile. Wall Street has known its Albany well these many years. Within the past week the Stock Exchange members have awakened to the fact that perhaps their activities may be curbed first by a state law. They are scurrying around to see how they may move their entire gambling plant to New Jersey or make use of other unregulated exchanges in Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago.

A score of Wall Street firms have given notice to their real-estate agents that if Governor Sulzer's stock-transfer bill, introduced into the legislature, fixing the tax on stock transfers of hundred-share lots at four dollars instead of two dollars, as it is now, becomes a law, they will not renew their leases. The real-estate agents have been busy talking about depreciations in office-building values if the activities of the Stock Exchange are hampered. They point with pride to the fact that the two street blocks which include the New York Stock Exchange—bounded by Wall Street and Broad Street, Exchange Place and Broadway—are assessed at $28,000,000.

Is this removal notice a promise or a threat?

ENTER AMERICAN CAN

By way of illustration, not of past deviltries but of one that has been playing hide-and-seek with the Pujo Committee during the past two months, let's take a look at American Can manipulation. I don't have

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to label it rank, for even Wall Street instinctively reaches to its nose when American Can is mentioned.

A comparatively short time ago this Can stock, of which there are four hundred thousand-odd shares of the Common (and four hundred thousand-odd shares of the Preferred), was selling on the Stock Exchange at under ten dollars per share. The transactions in the stock amounted to a few shares daily. The affairs of the corporation—or, more properly speaking, the trust, for Can is one of the brats of the Steel Trust brood—are absolutely in the hands of one of the "good men" heads of the money trust. This man is a meteorically birthed dollar-king, and he glories in being a reckless stock-gambler.

Wall Street has labeled one of his stock-gambling transactions the "Rock Island Scandal." In 1909 he gave to a Stock Exchange house an order to buy 40,000 shares of Rock Island without fixing the price. Twenty brokers in filling the order boosted the stock $30 a share, and when the order was executed Rock Island as quickly dropped $30 a share, damaging every one who had touched it.

Wall Street has always assumed that this plunger had intended to sell 40,000 shares —to match his orders, in other words—but omitted giving the selling order. His bellwether for stock-market purposes recently has been American Can.

THE WHIRLING TIN-CAN DERVISH

Before the Pujo Committee began its work in 1912, the buying and selling of this Can stock on the Stock Exchange became crazy, crazy in amounts—the Common jumping from nine thousand shares to five hundred thousand shares in a single month, and to over four million shares during the movement; and the Preferred followed. The Common stock jumped in price from around ten to over forty-six dollars a share. Even the most reckless plungers, heroes of a hundred flimflammings of the public, held their breath and clutched their pocketbooks as twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand shares a day were "bought" and "sold," and the price rushed from under ten to above forty-six.

This whirling tin-can dervish jumped into the center of a deserted stage and it made business for the brokers.

Then, as suddenly as it had gone up, Can broke from forty-six to twenty-five.

Every one asked: "What has happened?"

And then the truth leaked. The Pujo Committee was preparing to summon to the inquisition every one connected with this newest and rankest "job."

NO INDEED, NO "MANIPULATION"

No one believed that Can would dare to appear again in the rôle of whirling dervish until the whole Stock Exchange hullabaloo had died down behind the hills of Forgottenville. But when the Pujo Committee adjourned (it is said they were balked by time in getting the goods on the Can crowd), Can suddenly again jumped to the Stock Exchange footlights, and this time with such whirlwind velocity as to make the former performance look like a slipshod rehearsal.

The ticker reeled the five-thousand-share lots into twenties, fifties, one hundreds—no, no, not single one-hundred shares, but one hundred thousand shares! Stop and think what one hundred thousand shares of a forty-seven-dollars-a-share stock amounts to: four million, seven hundred thousand dollars!

And on the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st days of last January the tape recorded a total of 432,000 shares of Common stock alone, representing a par value of $43,200,000. The par value of all the outstanding Common stock is only $41,223,000.

And the Stock Exchange was even at that very moment protesting that there is now no such word as manipulation in its vocabulary!

Perhaps this was not gambling, but the kind of speculation that a justice of the Supreme Court called "the self-adjustment of society to the probable." The facts, as Wall Street knew them, are that there are outstanding some forty millions of Preferred stock on which is due thirty-three per cent. in back dividends. The manipulation of Can was accompanied by rumors that "in some way" back dividends on the Preferred stock were to be paid. Then came the sale of $13,000,000 worth of Can bonds, and every one said: "Ah, here come the dividends!"

Of course no one believed that Can would pay dividends out of the receipts for its

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bonds, but merely that the bond sale would expedite it. It was a coincidence that the bonds brought in about the amount of money needed to pay up back dividends on the Preferred stock.

At any rate, these back dividends have not been paid—yet, and the promise of them may act as another-day exhilarator when the Powers-That-Be decide to rattle Can again. If my readers want an official explanation of this rank stock-market steal they may take a glance at this "official statement" in a Wall Street journal quoting a progressive member of the Stock Exchange:

"If there is any 'manipulation' in connection with these two deals, it consisted in the directors of the American Company 'changing their minds' as to the policy of the concern. If that be a crime, then let the press and public blame the directors and not the Stock Exchange. The brokers employed merely executed the orders given them. Look over the list of 'Can' directors: you won't find their names in the Exchange directory.

"If every time a stock moves up or down more rapidly than its neighbors we must telegraph to Albany, we might as well put a steeple on the Stock Exchange and make it a church."

Observe that—"If that be a crime, then let the press and public blame the directors, and not the Stock Exchange." Observe, too, the wind-up: If the Stock Exchange is to be compelled to do its business honestly, compelled to do its business as all other legitimate business is done, it might as well be turned into a church.

And yet the Stock Exchange asks to be allowed to reform itself!

PERSUADING A LEGISLATURE

While Can was being tied to Wall Street's tail, John Weeks, of Hornblower & Weeks, members of the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges, was being elected a United States senator from Massachusetts, after persuading the legislature to throw over one of the ablest statesmen of this country, who had given many years of distinguished service in Congress.

Now Massachusetts has every other state in the Union, with the possible exception of New York, skun and skived to a translucent frazzle, in the science of double-crossing, dirk 'em-in-the-spine, knife-'em-in-the-ribs, blackjack-'em-on-the-cranium, dollar-greased, smug-smooth political graft.

The Massachusetts Republican political graft differs from the brand of every other state. It is not only hermetically cased in New Testament precepts, but it demands that all parties involved acknowledge the sanctity and inviolability of the traditions and precedents of the old Commonwealth. Always at the clean-up of a deal the grafters are banqueted by the Republican machine, that each may join in the "thou"-ing and "thee"-ing, Amen.

MASSACHUSETTS "HONESTY"

The Massachusetts Republican machine has a careful code of ethics for its deals, and the code is bomb- and conscience-proof. To illustrate:

A legislature is to be elected. A majority of the Republican candidates are "seen" by the machinist and during the "seeing" are asked for the password.

"Honesty is the best policy," they solemnly respond.

The machinist answers: "You bet it is, and see that you don't forget it after election."

And usually back of the machinist is the System, who, like the rest of us, want to have men elected to office who represent the System's mental attitude and natural instincts. It does not suggest dishonesty on the part of the representative if he is chosen because he is a man of that manner of thought. The System prefer to elect to represent them honest men whose training has led them to think the way the System want things thought. That is why it is important for the rest of us to elect representatives who think for public welfare rather than System welfare.

But there is in Massachusetts to-day, as of old, here and there, the type of statesman that made the name "Massachusetts statesman" famous throughout the world for scholarly, dignified statecraft.

The foremost example of this type during the past twenty years has been Congressman Samuel Walker McCall, who for two decades has stood on the firing-line in the defense of all those noble attributes of public and private American life which have always been dear to honest Americans.

In 1912, after having been elected to Congress ten times from the Harvard College Congressional district, Mr. McCall gave up his seat to take the senatorship

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vacated by Senator Crane. I say "to take" it, because no one familiar with the sentiment of the people of Massachusetts had any doubt but that Sam McCall was the one man of all in the state who should be sent to fill this vacant place of honor.

After the election of the new legislature it became known that the Stock Exchangeman, Weeks, wanted to be sent to the United States Senate, and the Massachusetts end of the System proclaimed:

"He will have the senatorship, or we will know the reason why!"

And legislators and their fathers, brothers, grandfathers, uncles, brothers-in-law, cousins, friends, and neighbors, who depended upon the Massachusetts banks—the New England banks, for that matter—for the discount of their legitimate commercial paper, shivered and—and saw the light and allowed their representatives to the great general court to share their sunlight with them.

The Republican Massachusetts machine made no bones of it. The Stock Exchange slipped out of its coat and the System put on its overalls, and the Weeks boom was under way.

THE SYSTEM DISCARDS McCALL

On the other hand, the Hon. Samuel Walker McCall, finished scholar and tried statesman, announced that, at the end of twenty years' service for his state and country, his surplus funds would admit of his hiring a small office for his campaign committee—which consisted of himself, his son, and his secretary—and the printing of a leaflet setting forth his claims to the great office.

And then he issued an edict:

"No friend of mine shall directly or indirectly expend a dollar in the interest of my election."

In the contest which followed under these tremendous odds Samuel McCall led all candidates until the last day, when he was within four votes of success. Then the superior virtues of the Stock Exchangeman prevailed and he was elected, and a true statesman was tossed to the discard.

I do not intend anything that I have said about this election to reflect upon the personal and private life of the new United States senator, for, to borrow the language of Marc Antony, "He is an honorable man"—a most honorable man; and my opinion is attested by his having now, and having had in the past, the execution of some of my most confidential stock operations.

"WE ARE NOT AS OTHER MEN"

If he were not head of one of the great Stock Exchange houses, a house whose other head is president of the Boston Stock Exchange, and if the house had not just published a defense of the Stock Exchange, I would make no mention of this recent senatorial episode. But Mr. Weeks's firm has come to the defense of the Stock Exchange with the following beautiful sentiments:

> "Of course the evils and remedy suggested are in New York and they do not affect Boston. We have 150 members in the local Stock Exchange. It is not known that any one is violating the rules of legitimate trading. I do not know how such a one could exist. First, because there is a law against bucket-shops, and, second, because it would be impossible for one to do improper business without one of the 150 members finding it out.
>
> "If there is one here that does such work, there is not one of us that would not like to be the first one to find it out and inform the Stock Exchange. We know every stock-broker when he buys, and we know him when he sells; and if there were the least suspicion of his transactions, he could neither buy nor sell with a reputable house—with any member of the exchange. Boston is quite conservative. The proposition of Governor Sulzer is not objectionable to reputable banking-houses."

You will see why Mr. Weeks's brokerage house should jump to the defense of the Stock Exchange when you read that house's conduct of the two following manipulations—Bingham and Sealshipt Oysters.

THE BINGHAM COPPER SWINDLE

Of all the outrageous stock-gambles, surething stock-gambles, lying, deceiving, swindling stock-gambles of the past half-century, one of the rankest, most outrageous, was that of the Bingham Copper and Gold Mining. It was one of the disreputable Heinze Frenzied-Finance affairs. *And the Bingham swindle was engineered from the office of Messrs. Hornblower & Weeks.* Weeks was a director of the corporation from the beginning almost until its obliteration.

There were ten million dollars of the stock and one million of the bonds. The par value of the stock was fifty dollars a share. It

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was listed upon the Boston Stock Exchange.

In 1906 the swindle was ripe for the plucking, and the insiders prepared to unload upon the public. The press and the mails were filled with glowing accounts of coming dividends, definite dates being set for their beginning. These dates were from time to time postponed. No dividends were ever paid.

The manipulation in the stock on the Boston Stock Exchange was one of the rankest ever seen in that or in any other stock exchange. For days and weeks 19-20 of the entire recorded transactions were fake or washed sales. During the unloading period in 1906 as high as 119,000 shares were traded in within a single week.

After unloading had taken place, with enormous profits to the insiders, there was a collapse, and then the facts came out.

The company, instead of making enormous net earnings from which they were going to pay the dividends, had lost as high as $227,000 in a single year, and had direct liabilities of $800,000. The concern was petitioned into bankruptcy and later sold by a sheriff. The stock went to cents a share, and to-day is nothing. The public lost millions.

I repeat that there has never been a more outrageous swindle in the history of stocks. I repeat that the entire stock-market end of the enterprise was in the hands of the firm of Hornblower & Weeks. And yet "it is not known that any one is violating the rules of legitimate trading"!

STATE STREET'S LATEST SHELL-GAME

If I should stop here with the Bingham episode, the Stock Exchange mouthpieces would yell "Ancient history! It happened in 1906—seven years ago. Bingham methods have been abandoned by the great Stock Exchange houses."

Let us see:

The rottenest "investment" handed out to thrifty New Englanders since Bingham left its putrid trail in and around every city, town, and village in New England and other states, was what has been appropriately dubbed by State Street as:

SEALSKIN OYSTERS
STATE STREET'S SHELL-GAME

On February 10, 1911, the publicity department of Hornblower & Weeks's Aladdin's Lamp factory vaulted to the lookout with the following blueprint of bargain-countering:

SEALSHIPT OYSTER SYSTEM

N. Y.: Hornblower & Weeks are offering at 95 the balance of $1,000,000 Sealshipt Oyster System 7% cumulative Preferred stock. This is part of the authorized issue of $2,500,000. Dividends are payable quarterly, January, April, July, and October. Earnings of the Company prior to the issue of this stock were equivalent to 15% on the Preferred stock outstanding. The Company has acquired several new oyster-beds, and it is predicted that the proceeds from these will increase the income to 15% upon the total issue of stock, which consists of $2,000,000 Common and $2,500,000 Preferred.

Observe the smooth-cornered seductiveness of the 15% net earnings on Common as well as Preferred stock, and stick a mental tack in it for comparison later on.

With the assistance of goodly doses of press notices, the stock unloaded itself into the laps of innocent investors—must have unloaded itself, for in July of the same year Hornblower & Weeks were advertising as follows:

SEALSHIPT OYSTER SYSTEM

Boston: The Sealshipt Oyster System has sold to Hornblower & Weeks and Bond & Goodwin an issue of $2,500,000 three-year 5% gold bonds.

The company is capitalized for $2,500,000 cumulative preferred stock, on which dividends at the rate of 7% are being paid, and $2,000,000 common stock on which no dividends are being paid. Earnings for the fiscal year ending April 30, 1911, were derived from less than 30% of the production of the present properties.

A summary of the earning power of the various properties which make up the company's present holdings places the net earnings for next season at about $500,000, against which are fixed charges of $178,875.

The common stock on which no dividends are being paid is selling around $60 per share.

The bankers are offering the bonds at 97¼ and accrued interest, to net the investor 6%.

I would again ask for the driving of a mental tack through the statements, "earnings for the next season are placed at $500,000," "fixed charges are but $178,875," and "the Common stock is selling around $60 per share." I would have this tacked that it may not slip from my readers' vision when they discover the same press-agent, less than a year later, shrilly screaming:

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"A more deplorable statement of a year's operations than that of the Sealshipt Oyster System for the last twelve months is seldom met with. Operating and selling expenses were actually $239,000 greater than the gross earnings." (Not *net* earnings, mind you, but $239,000 greater than *gross* earnings.)

On December 12, 1911, an annual report was issued, and press-agented as a favorable one. In this report it is set forth that Hornblower & Weeks are carefully looking after the Company's affairs, which will be attested by the fact that the head of the house is on the board of directors.

In January, 1912, more exchange of paper for investors' savings:

SEALSHIPT OYSTER SYSTEM

Boston: A $500,000 block of Sealshipt Oyster System as part of the $2,500,000 issue sold by the company last July is now being offered by Hornblower & Weeks at 97½, to net better than 6%. These bonds are convertible into common stock at par after July 1, 1913. In the period covered by the company's first report to stockholders, the 17 months ending Sept. 30, 1911, interest requirements on the bonds were earned 3½ times over.

Observe that the Company is still making enormous earnings, 3½ times interest requirements, that is, 3½ times $178,875.

A few months after this offer, the price of stocks and bonds suspiciously began to make a rapid decline. Then it was deemed necessary to prepare the shareholders for the inevitable, as is evidenced by the following, press-agented under date of April 4:

SEALSHIPT OYSTER SYSTEM

Boston: Concern has been expressed in some quarters about recent developments in Sealshipt Oyster System. Preferred stock sold Wednesday at 75½, the lowest at which it has ever sold, comparing with 95, the level at which it was put out, and the Common sold at 24, off 4¼ points from the previous sale. . . . . .

In the current year, charges and preferred dividends will be covered, with a slight balance to spare. . . . . On account of a drastic pruning of expenses in the interim, earnings should show even a larger percentage of increase. . . . . Actual profit, however, can not be determined until inventories are taken at the end of the fiscal year.

My readers should ponder such nuggets of information to helpless investors as—"On account of the drastic pruning of expenses in the interim, earnings should show even a larger percentage of increase." Again: "Actual profits can not be determined until inventories are taken at the end of the year."

Then came, as in the case of Bingham, a partial awakening. Here it is:

SEALSHIPT OYSTER SYSTEM

Boston: Directors of the Sealshipt Oyster System have passed the regular quarterly dividend of 1¼% on the preferred stock.

It will be observed that the dividend, not on the Common but on the Preferred stock, which, during the unloading, was being paid, was passed not because of the poor earnings of the Company, but "for the purpose of conserving the resources of the Company."

It recalls the old story of the two thugs who, having cracked the citizen's skull, smashed in his face, and stripped him of all his belongings, even to his undergarments, propped his lifeless body against the trellis beneath his wife's window, and then gently broke the news of their kindly act by serenading her upon the joys of widowhood.

THE ULTIMATE "SUCCESS" OF SEALSHIPT

Then came the full awakening, the tumble out of bed. On November 29, 1912, at a time when the future United States senator, head of the stock-gambling business and vice-president of the great bank, was watching closely the election of a Massachusetts legislature which was later to elect a United States senator, came the second annual report, showing a net deficit of $1,338,227.94.

I will forego the interesting and entertaining indulgence of dissecting this gilt-edged successor to Bingham, and instead will quote the published statement of Hornblower & Weeks's personally supervised press-agented press report. Here it is, under date of November 30, 1912:

SEALSHIPT OYSTER SYSTEM

Boston: A more deplorable statement of a year's operations than that of the Sealshipt Oyster System for the twelve months ended Sept. 30th last, is seldom met with. Operating and selling expenses were actually $239,000 greater than gross earnings. The net loss from operations (after some $16,000 received from rentals of certain small properties) was $222,585.

In this phase of the company's situation, stockholders may derive encouragement: Preferred

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dividend was passed last summer, but it is cumulative. Provisions for the property notes maturing serially have been made.

Note the encouragement in the finishing phrase: "the dividends" (not those that are being paid, but those that are passed) "are cumulative," and "provision has been made to meet the notes of the corporation—" so it is not yet in the hands of a receiver.

The encouraging feature is "the directors have hastened to keep the Company from bankruptcy" and "it will ultimately succeed"—and this ultimate success is shown by the present quotations of the securities, the gilt-edged preferred stock being freely offered for $15 per share, with $5 as the best bid, and the price of the Common—the price of last season's buttercup.

In the light of the above, what will the incoming Congress have to say to the plea that will be made to postpone any action on the Stock Exchange until it can be ascertained how the reforms contemplated by the state of New York and by the Exchange itself work out?

For one who knows the game as it has been played, as it is being played to-day, it is difficult to keep sober countenance when these contemplated reforms of the Stock Exchange by the Stock Exchange are mentioned.

In closing this chapter, I would say, and earnestly, that my only reason for giving the Hornblower & Weeks illustrations is to show the soundness of my contention—the one I have made all through "Frenzied Finance" and "The Remedy"—that the wrongs which are done the people, as set forth in Bingham and Sealshipt, are not wrongs deliberately committed by vicious-hearted, callous-conscienced, criminally-inclined men, but by good men, men who believe they are engaged in an honorable business.

These wrongs are done solely because custom has built up an institution—stock-gambling—which makes the results almost inevitable; and as in the Bingham and Sealshipt cases, by men who, I personally know, actually believe that they have done no wrong.

If they had done the same things under the English law (to say nothing of the French and German laws) they would be compelled to make good to the losers down to the last cent of their individual and firm resources.

And yet, at the height of the senatorial contest, the head of the firm which was the principal factor in these wrongs, a congressman of the United States and now a senator of the United States, issued a proclamation wherein he stated that he admitted having made a large fortune in the stock-brokerage business, but that every dollar was the direct result of his and his partner's painstaking, square-deal industry!

I most earnestly ask the incoming administration whether it is possible for men with judgments so completely skewgeed, to reform themselves—

Or whether it is possible to curb them except by the iron hand of the postal arm of the Federal Government?

*The next instalment of "**The Remedy**" will appear in the May number.*

A WINTER SUNSET

BY

GEORGE STERLING

THERE seems no wind in all the land.
Austere against the fading light
I see a lonely cypress stand
As carved from steel and malachite.

Beyond, a single sea-bird flies
To gain its far and craggy home
Below the lemon-colored skies—
An ocean-islet ringed with foam.

In all the land there seems no stir
Save that of pinions westward flown.
Glad weather, fellow traveler!
To-night I also fare alone.

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BUTCH AND THE LITTLE FELLER

BY BESSIE R. HOOVER

AUTHOR OF "PA FLICKINGER'S FOLKS," "OPAL," ETC.

THE garish colors of the pink and purple bungalow were softened by the twilight, and the flower-bed in the small front lawn was merely a dim shape, as Little Butch Panner strode angrily from home. His baby son, William Jones Panner, clung to his hand and hopped by his side, unmindful of his parent's wrath, until they came to a poor house in a crowded part of Loretta Avenue.

This was the home of Butch's strenuous aunt, Jule Peebles; her quiet husband, Milo; his father, commonly called Grandpaw Peebles, and the turbulent twins, Janice and Jasper. But the house was strangely silent this evening; and Butch guessed, even before he stepped on to the narrow porch, that Grandpaw Peebles was still sick.

A kerosene-lamp burned in the tiny kitchen, where Butch found Jule, dressed in an old red wrapper, her hair confined in a careless knot with a single hairpin. As he entered, she wiped her eyes with an angry flirt.

"She's gotta stop comin' to my house," stormily announced Butch, flinging himself into a chair and then lifting the small boy carefully to one great knee.

Jule Peebles did not seem at all interested in this outburst, but said apprehensively: "Be careful, Butch, Grandpaw's sleepin'."

"I brung the Little Feller down to see Grandpaw onct more afore he dies," explained Butch; "but don't wake him now. How's he been lately?"

"Oh, better!" declared Jule quickly.

"What's the sense, Jule, in pretendin' Grandpaw's goin' to live forever? He can't git well. Why, he's past ninety now."

"But you talk so hard," accused Jule, using her wet handkerchief vindictively. "I can't bear to think of Grandpaw goin'—he's been everything to me—he all but fetched up our twinses; for Milo never had no control over 'em."

"It's so quiet I suppose the twinses are away," observed Butch.

"Over to Silver Beach with Miss Wetzel and her brother. And Milo's gone to bed, dead tired."

"She's gotta stop comin' to my house—there ain't no other way," repeated Butch, referring again to his own troubles.

"Who has?" demanded Jule.

"Her. You know—Fairy's mother. I won't have her in my house any more. I'm goin' to tell her to stay to home."

"You can't do nothin' like that—she's a relative," reminded Jule impressively.

"That's jest it; she's my wife's mother, and she ain't got no business to come into my house and run everything and hetchel Fairy up."

"But Fairy wouldn't have such a hard time if you wasn't so 'tarnal bossy," stated Jule plainly. "Everybody sees it."

"What in thunder!" exclaimed Butch, greatly surprised. "Ain't the bungalow my home? Do I go into Mis' Jones's house and try to run every breath she draws?"

"What's wrong now?" asked Jule, in-

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terested in spite of herself in the blunt energy of the distressed young man.

"Aw, she runs everything! But it's about the Little Feller here that gits me the maddest. Jule, jest look at this kid—" and Butch pushed the small child forward on his knee.

"Nothin' wrong as far as I see," declared Jule. "His little dress is as white as snow, and his little paddies are as clean as wax. And he's a pretty baby — ain't he, William?"

"There you go," protested Butch, "a-callin' the little tyke Willi-um."

"It's your father's name," reminded Jule.

"You bet it is, and it's the kid's name; but while he's little we're goin' to call him Billy Boy or the Little Feller. But she, Fairy's mother, calls him Willi-um — draggin' it out jest like that. And often she's over to the bungalow mornin's afore I'm off to the meat-market — and it's 'Willi-um must be washed, and Willi-um must have on a clean dress, and Willi-um mustn't make mud pies, 'cause it'll soil his little paddies.' His gramma's makin' a sissy of him," lamented Butch—"you know, Jule, a durned girl-boy. I want him to be scrappy and sassy and—dirty!" he finished belligerently.

THE LITTLE FELLER.

"The precious baby ain't been dolled up like this since mornin'?" exclaimed Jule, astonished at such an immaculate régime for infants.

"Yes, he has. And she's continually suggestin': 'You don't want to play in the dirt, Willi-um—you don't want to muss your dress—you don't want to climb the fence—you don't want to make mud pies.' Poor Little Feller, he won't have no natural thoughts of his own. Then she'll say, 'We've kept Willi-um clean all day for his papa to see'—that woman ain't got no sense. For I like a dirty, scrappy kid. Now he won't know how to play—nor holler—nor nothin' like other boys."

"Won't Emma Jones even leave him play?" demanded Jule, growing anxious about the Little Feller's chance for a natural childhood.

"With perfectly clean blocks on a square of scrubbed oilcloth," gloomily enlightened Butch.

"Well, of all things! Does he like it?"

"For a little while. But his little paddies wasn't made to be folded up like starched pocket handkerchiefs. He's a *boy* — and he oughter take naturally to dirt; other kids does, and it's healthy."

"I dunno as it's healthy," disagreed Jule, who was now a member of a woman's club, and considered herself an authority on many subjects concerning the home. "But I guess most young ones comes up in spite of it. And Emma Jones always was neater'n wax. And she's doin' her best to fetch the Little Feller up right—jest like she did Fairy."

"But he ain't her kid, and I won't have him interfered with no longer—it's gotta stop."

"But what real harm can Emma Jones do the Little Feller by keepin' him clean?" demanded Jule sensibly.

"Harm! Aw, thunder! Make a bloomin' sissy of him so he won't have no natural instincts left. Scour all the sand out'n him with her continual scrubbin's. And he oughter wear pants, but she won't leave him."

"How old is he?"

"Goin' on three—and look at the size of him," proudly insisted Butch.

"He'll be all right in dresses for months yet," assured Jule, judiciously. "And I'd kinder cool down on Emma Jones. She's a turrible upstandin' party as far as doin' things is concerned; but she's well-meanin'—and look at the work she saves Fairy. That girl ain't overstrong now. And you're payin' for your bungalow—you can't afford to hire help. You've gotta make the best of Emma Jones."

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"I have made the best of her—till I'm plumb tired out; leave her make the best of me."

"I knowed, Butch, when you was married to Fairy Jones, that there was bound, sooner or later, to be a big rumpus between you and Fairy's mother; 'cause you're both cut out bossy. And it's poor Fairy that'll suffer the most."

"But Fairy 'ud be a good deal happier if her mother 'ud leave us be. It's mostly for Fairy's sake that I'm breakin' with Mis' Jones," insisted Butch virtuously.

"I suppose you know that Fairy's father, Tulliver Jones, is still a-lookin' for a job in Ohio? Tulliver always gits along with you."

"Yes, Tulliver's so slack twisted that he'd git along with a rattlesnake—if the rattlesnake 'ud let him. Of course he's lookin' for a job. And it was Mis' Jones's fool notion to have him throw up his job down-town and go visitin' relatives that he hadn't saw for twenty years to look for an openin'—as she calls it. Though a fool 'ud know that Tulliver couldn't succeed among strangers."

"I've heard Mis' Jones say somethin' about rentin' their house furnished, now Tulliver's away. Where 'ud she and Rosedale go then?"

"She 'ud find a place—that wouldn't bother her none. I wisht I had her nerve."

"She might want to stay with you and Fairy," suggested Jule apprehensively.

"Never! We had a turrible scrap this evenin'. And I didn't do a thing. She says—in that there tone of hern—at supper: 'Aw, Willi-um, look at your clean bib — all spottie, spottie!' And it wasn't nothin' but burry juice. And she got so durned tonguey that the Little Feller he up and cried, 'cause, durn it all, he thinks the world and all of his gramma—ain't old enough to know no difference. Then I up and slapped the Little Feller—then Fairy cried, which pretty nigh broke the Little Feller's heart — and he hollered like tunket. Then Mis' Jones, she put in her blab about me controllin' my temper, which started me goin' some. And she's gotta stay at home—I can tell her so, too.

"The Little Feller he's about all in," added Butch gently, as he arose with the sleepy child in his arms. "Well, Jule, we gotta go now. And if you hear of a grand rumpus—and that Mis' Jones dassen't come to my house no more, you'll know how it is, and that I ain't one bit to blame. Tell Grandpaw Peebles that the Little Feller was here to see him."

And Butch walked glumly home.

The living-room of the bungalow was lighted when he arrived, and there, seated on a large trunk, like a statue of all the disagreeable virtues, was Fairy's mother, Mrs. Emma Jones, her thin form clad in her second best black dress, her beaky nose seeming sharper than ever.

Since their quarrel at supper-time, she had rented her house furnished, packed their clothes, and hired her trunk conveyed to her daughter's home as a matter of course. With her was Fairy's little sister, Rosedale; and they had come to stay till Tulliver found work.

Fairy looked appealingly at Butch, as she took their sleeping child from his arms, and the words of dissent about the bungalow's not being a boarding-house for the whole

"HE OUGHTER TAKE NATURALLY TO DIRT; OTHER KIDS DOES, AND IT'S HEALTHY."

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of Loretta Avenue died away, and he spoke gruffly to Mrs. Jones:

"Where shall I tote your trunk to?"

"The spare room—I knowed you'd be glad to take us in—I told Fairy so. It's only for an indefinite stay—till Tulliver has an openin'," explained Emma Jones pleasantly.

"Which is the one thing that Tulliver'll never have," groaned Butch, as he wrestled with the heavy trunk in the crooked little stairway.

Time passed, and if Mrs. Jones had been an affliction, coming several times a week to advise and superintend, she was now a veritable blight, changing the comfortable routine of the little home into a regular clean-up campaign that kept on after everything was clean. And the worst of it was, Little Butch could do nothing about it, for Emma Jones was a general at having her own way; and she would not get angry at Butch, considering herself a harmonizing force in the home.

One evening Butch crept in at the back door to escape his tormentor, whom he heard in the front room. He was dragging a chair across the freshly scrubbed floor to the table when Emma Jones bobbed into the kitchen and dexterously spread a newspaper under his feet.

"Is that the evenin' paper?" Butch aggressively inquired.

"It's yesterday's—and a clean floor ain't no place for dirty boots."

"So I noticed," Butch said sarcastically, and hated himself for sitting submissively with his feet on the paper.

"We've got another letter from Pa," announced Fairy, lines of worry on her pale forehead.

"How's Tulliver makin' it?" Butch forced himself to ask, though he was too angry to care to talk.

"No openin' yet," Mrs. Jones answered for her daughter. "He's still a-visitin' in Ohio. But I'm goin' to write to Cousin Hiram."

"Of all things!" dissented Butch. For there was a twenty-year feud between Emma Jones and her cousin Hiram.

"It's merely business. And while I think of it, I want you to write to Cousin Hiram, too, a-recommendin' Tulliver—and make it strong. Hiram's been in the meat business for forty years."

"Me? I ain't no good at such a thing—" began Butch, dismayed.

"You're the very one," declared Mrs. Jones, bringing pen and ink and paper; "a successful meat man—and have knowed Tulliver since you was a little boy—" and she spread the paper suggestively in front of Butch.

"I 'ud do anything for Tulliver, but I don't want to mix up with Cousin Hiram—if he's as grouchy as you say."

"We all have our faults," granted Emma Jones generously, and dictated, while Butch wrestled with the unfamiliar pen. "This is to testify that Tulliver B. Jones is personally known to me as a practical, up-to-date meat man——"

"Who's writin' this?" demanded Butch testily.

"—and I recommend him as a rustler—and one that will in every way make good——"

"Aw, lemme alone!" interrupted Butch. "I can't write that. I can say he's honest, and a good judge of meat, and faithful if kept to his job; but he ain't no steam-engine to work—he's gotta have a boss over him; everybody says so," he stated frankly, as one relative to another.

But in the end Little Butch wrote the recommendation exactly as Mrs. Jones dictated. Then he tramped up-stairs to bed, so angry at having been forced to write untruthfully that he decided to make his mother-in-law leave in the morning.

At daybreak Butch was awakened by a pounding on the front door, and his first dismal thought was: "Now I've gotta fire Mis' Jones;" but when he went downstairs he found Milo, Jule's husband, who told them that Grandpaw Peebles was dead. And all that day and the next Mrs. Jones was constantly at Jule's, so Butch had no chance to tell her that she must find another home.

"Tog up the Little Feller. I'm goin' to take him with me," Butch bade Fairy, on the afternoon of the funeral; for he was intensely proud of his small son.

"Funerals is no place for children," vetoed Emma Jones, who had returned from Jule's.

"It's one place where it wouldn't matter if he was clean," thought Butch resentfully. "But it won't be her say-so much longer what the Little Feller does. I'll fire her to-night."

Dressed in his best, Butch walked glumly to the funeral alone, for Fairy did not feel

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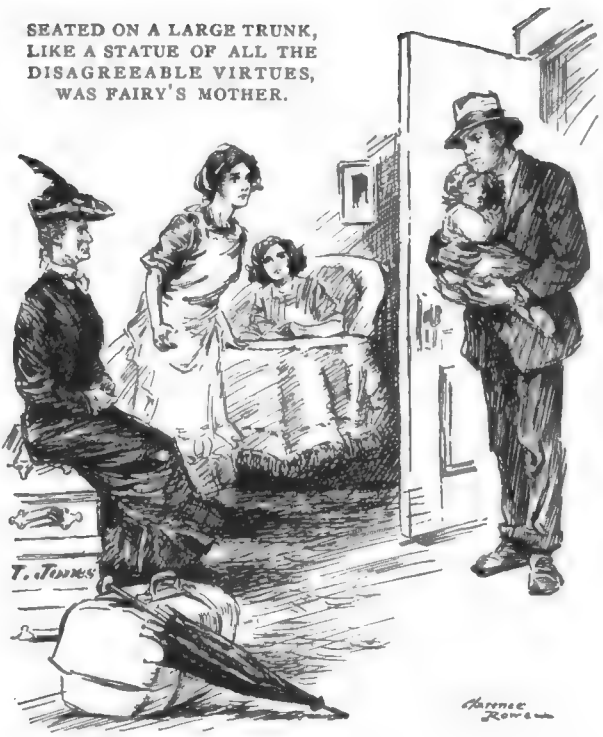
strong enough to go; and Mrs. Jones, after doing the work of three women for Jule, was worn out; besides, she wanted to write a long letter to Tulliver, who was now visiting Cousin Hiram.

As Butch Panner entered the hushed home of Jule and Milo Peebles, and took his place among their neighbors in the poorly furnished front room, a quieting influence stole over him. Everything was very neat, thanks to Emma Jones. On a small table was a bouquet of blue flags, brought from the meadows beside the St. Joe River where Jasper Peebles had so often fished. And on the plain coffin lay a ragged wreath of pink roses that the twins, Janice and Jasper, with awkward but zealous fingers, had clumsily fashioned.



SEATED ON A LARGE TRUNK, LIKE A STATUE OF ALL THE DISAGREEABLE VIRTUES, WAS FAIRY'S MOTHER.

And when the choir from the small wooden chapel, whose old minister watched over the spiritual welfare of Loretta Avenue, sang "The Rock that is Higher than I," Little Butch felt the glum mood that had held him so long slipping away, and a sense of better things came to him through the power of the song.

At first Butch was rather amused at the old man's angular figure and queer way of speaking. But he was soon listening attentively. For by the alchemy of his spirituality and sympathy the preacher was changing the awkward gathering into a meeting of brotherly love.

He said that Jasper Peebles, their old neighbor, though uneducated in books, had been wise in the lore of Christian living. No one would ever recall an unkind word or action now that he was gone. And although he was a poor man, he had left his son a goodly heritage—the memory of a gentle, unselfish life.

Little Butch, staring hard at the blue flags, lost the trend of the minister's sermon after this, and thought of his own wordy wrangles with Fairy's mother. Would the Little Feller in years to come have pleasant memories of him?

Suddenly it seemed to Butch a pretty small business to quarrel with his wife's mother. And the good things that Emma Jones had done for them arose accusingly before him. He remembered particularly when the Little Feller was sick for weeks that she had stayed with them—faithful, competent, never-tiring, saving the wages of a nurse—no small item for a poor man paying for his home. And while he realized that he could not change the domineering activity of Emma Jones nor the shiftless irresponsibility of Tulliver, he knew that he himself could be kinder and less fault-finding.

In this softened mood, in which life seemed more complicated, but more worth while, Little Butch Panner went slowly home. And he magnanimously decided to let the Little Feller be clean, if that would bring harmony. For Butch, looking into the future, wanted his son to respect him as Grandpaw Peebles had been respected.

He was entering his own yard, at peace with the whole world, when he beheld, as in a daze, his only child, small William Jones Panner, deeply entrenched in the loose dirt of a flower bed, his gingham dress, tow hair, and pale face and hands covered with a rich deposit of black soil and raspberry juice; for he was industriously making mud pies with a filling of of over-ripe raspberries.

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The Little Feller, absorbed in this soul-satisfying pastime, did not notice his father, who went chuckling into the house, having decided that his small son was well able to cope with his grandmother, and that there was probably enough Panner in Billy Boy, and back of that enough Flickinger, to keep him from being a sissy.

But what was Butch's astonishment to find in the neat little front room, sitting forlornly beside a battered telescope—of all folks—Tulliver Jones, back from his visit!

"Tulliver didn't find an openin'," explained Mrs. Jones, "but Cousin Hiram made him a present of enough money to come back on—I knowed Hiram wasn't the worst there is."

"And now our house is rented for the rest of the year—and I'm out of a job—and here I be," mumbled Tulliver dismally, cracking his knuckles in helpless embarrassment, while Fairy looked ready to cry.

Little Butch Panner, remembering his duty as a father and a husband, as it had so forcibly appealed to him that afternoon, sighed involuntarily at the thought of the added responsibility; then he turned with friendly warmth to the unsuccessful Tulliver, and said heartily:

"You folks can stay with us till the renters move out, and you can help in our meat-shop, Tulliver, till you git a better job—nothin' to feel blue over."

"Well, seein' you're so good as to offer it, I don't care if I do," gratefully accepted Tulliver, and then added: "It's good to be home ag'in. Darn visitin', anyway!"

"Supper's ready," announced Fairy with a happy face.

"Gramma, you'd better wash the Little Feller—he needs it," jocosely advised Butch as his small son appeared at the door.

ALICIA AND HARRIET'S AFFAIR

BY GEORGE WESTON

WHEN Fido came to meet me that afternoon (it was two o'clock on a Saturday), he had such a look of conscious rectitude that if he had stood up and smitten his chest and thanked his stars that he was not as other dogs were, I could hardly have been more surprised. With the same expression he took the newspaper from me and solemnly marched ahead with a certain stiffness in his gait and an even more certain superiority in his expression, so that in the presence of so much moral integrity I began to think of my faults, and the more I thought of them (looking sheepishly meanwhile at the superior Fido) the more ashamed I felt of myself. Suddenly, however, I thought I had solved the mystery.

"What's the matter, Fido, old man?" I asked, trying to carry it off jocosely enough. "Did Alicia catch Peter stealing the meat again?" Peter is our glossy black cat, and always when Alicia catches him stealing the meat Fido looks good enough and elevated enough to leave the late lamented Mr. Pecksniff simply nowhere. "Did Alicia catch Peter stealing the meat again?" I asked, jocosely enough.

But Fido only trotted on, paying no attention whatever to my levity except that his expression of goodness grew and grew, and his look of superiority almost amounted to downright grandeur.

"It is, of course," I uneasily tried to assure myself, "something he knows about Peter." But, to my growing astonishment, when I turned in at our gravel-path I saw Peter sitting on the top step of the veranda with his tail curled neatly around his toes, and with a look of such superior virtue on his glossy black face that when he joined Fido and walked sedately with him to the front door, I could hardly have been more astonished if Fido and Peter had started chanting the Pilgrims' Chorus.

"Well!" cried Alicia, throwing open the front door and peeping up at the telephone wire. "Just in time!"

I noticed then that Fido and Peter were following Alicia's glance toward the telephone-wire, and I looked too, searching keenly for a clue to this mystery which was thickening around me before I had fairly entered my own house. But the telephone-wire seemed to be much the same as ever, except that it appeared to be humming a low and significant note as if it also were in the secret and felt quite satisfied about

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it. "Just in time?" I asked, turning hopefully to Alicia. "Just in time, Alicia?"

"Yes!" cried Alicia, clapping her hands (at the telephone-wire), "and there's the loveliest chicken salad!"

Perceiving then that Alicia's reference to my timely appearance dealt with the subject of luncheon, and recalling that Alicia's chicken salad gives delight to all the senses except that of hearing (and Alicia can always be depended upon to supply in person that slight deficiency), I dismissed (for the time being) the strange and superior demeanor of Fido and Peter. I hastened into the dining-room as soon as I could manage it, and it was not until I had nearly reached the end of my second helping, and was sitting, as it were, poised with a fragment of chicken on the end of my fork, that the subject returned to my mind.

Under ordinary circumstances, when I am sitting at our dining-room table with a fragment of chicken on the end of my fork, Fido and Peter vie madly with each other in urging their respective claims upon my affections. But on the occasion in question I felt strangely alone and, looking at Fido, I could see that he had a mind far above chicken; and, looking at Peter, it almost seemed to me that Peter was devoting all his thoughts to the wickedness of the world, with special reference to the unregenerate conduct of mousers!

"What on earth is the matter with Peter?" I burst out (aghast).

"Oh, don't mind him, Edward," said Alicia, peeping out at the telephone wire again. "He's all right!"

"All right?" I demanded (still aghast, and with the chicken still held suspended on the end of my fork as a symbol of my astonishment). "All right, when he won't come and beg for this?'

"Yes," said Alicia, looking rather guilty, I thought. "I gave him two saucers of cream just before you came in, and I guess he isn't hungry."

"Two saucers of cream?" I exclaimed in rich surprise—for Alicia is generally most miserly with the cream. "What did you give him two for?"

"I gave him two," said Alicia, "because he's a good cat."

I stared at Peter, who gave me in exchange an exceedingly patronizing look as if saying: "Yes—it's very true—that's the sort of a cat I am—er-r-r." I was on the point of seeking further information upon the subject when a sudden scurry behind me focused the eyes of the company upon Dotty, our Hartz Mountain canary, whose cage hangs in the dining-room bay window.

"Naughty Dotty!" cried Alicia at once.

Whereupon I turned to the bird in question, thinking to find there perhaps a clue to the enigma which was beginning to press me in on every side. Dotty had jumped up in the corner of his cage nearest the window, and while I looked at him, he on his part turned and gave Alicia over his shoulder an exceedingly truculent glance, and forthwith he put his head between the bars of his cage and seemed desperately intent upon getting out, like a bird who had some place to go. I looked at Fido, whose expression was by that time enough to make any Pharisee slink away in shame; I looked at the cream-fed Peter, who seemed to be giving a tableau entitled "A Good Cat;" and then I looked at Alicia, who was frowning at Dotty with as much spirit as the bird was showing in trying to get out of his cage.

"Naughty Dotty?" I asked, in new amazement, and, with a significant glance at the smug-faced Fido, I asked: "Has Dotty been biting the postman's leg, too?"

A trace of guilt, I am glad to say, passed over Fido's countenance.

"Or has he been creeping into the pantry and stealing the lamb-chops?" I demanded with a stern look at Peter.

And as for Peter, Peter turned his head away, and I stretched my feet under the table with the air of a man who is the master of his own house, after all.

"No; he hasn't been biting the postman's leg!" exclaimed Alicia, with such an emphasis that I promptly drew my legs in again, "and he hasn't been stealing the lamb-chops, either; but he's had this whole neighborhood in a turmoil all morning, and if you want our Dotty to come between two loving hearts, why, then, go ahead and encourage him in it—that's all!"

I dropped my fork, staggered beyond belief; and after I had stared weakly at Alicia and Dotty (who had burst into a shrill and impudent song) I could only stare even more weakly at Fido and Peter, who looked so far above postmen's legs and lamb-chops that it was all I could do to keep my mouth from staying open.

"Loving hearts!" I muttered.

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"Yes; loving hearts!" cried Alicia. "On the telephone-wire!"

And having added this last maddening detail to the puzzle, Alicia stooped and looked up at the telephone-wire outside—Peter and Fido stooping and looking with her. While as for Dotty, that surprising canary had evidently found something very choice in the way of food, and he was eating it with extraordinary gusto on the end of his perch which was nearest the window.

"Loving hearts on the telephone-wire?" I fairly gasped.

"Yes; loving hearts on the telephone-wire!" cried Alicia. "Loving hearts and breaking hearts, too, for that matter!"

"Alicia!" I pleaded at last. "Tell me all!"

"Well," said Alicia, secretly pleased, I knew, by my surrender, and carefully helping herself to the currant jelly, "Dotty began almost as soon as you left this morning. He sang so loudly that it sounded like nothing in the world but screaming. You never heard anything like it—never! And when I told him to make less noise, he sharpened his beak on his bit of cuttle and *dared* me to come near his cage and say those words again!"

"Dotty did?" I asked in awestruck tones, looking at the subject of my inquiry, who was still feasting and making a great show of it, on the end of his perch which was nearest the window.

"Yes, Dotty did!" exclaimed Alicia with rising spirit. "And just by accident I happened to look out of the window, and there on the telephone-wire was a pretty little sparrow—a young one—and then I knew that Dotty had been singing to her and—and that he was trying to frighten me away so I wouldn't interfere!"

"And she was a pretty little sparrow!" I muttered, looking in a daze at our astonishing feathered pet.

"Yes," said Alicia. "She comes from a nest over Scotts' stable—she was only born last spring, and she has four brothers—I've often watched them, never dreaming that our Dotty was watching them too!"

My chicken salad utterly forgotten, I watched our watchful Dotty, who continued to eat away at a prodigious rate on the end of his perch nearest the window. Fido, too, I noticed, for all his elevation of countenance, began to take a sly interest in what Dotty was eating, and the pristine innocence of his expression was marred by a cloud which seemed to signify: "What boots it if I *am* a good dog, *if Dotty gets all the food?*"

"Well, sir," continued Alicia, her eyes carefully fixed upon her currant jelly, "I pretended to go away, and when Dotty started singing again I saw that he *was* singing to little Harriet!"

"To little Harriet!" I muttered again.

"Yes," said Alicia, "the little English sparrow—I call her Harriet, Edward—and Harriet was listening with her little head on one side as if she were saying: 'I am not altogether insensible of your attentions, sir.' And just as Dotty was in the middle of a terribly loud trill, a young sparrow came along who has always admired Harriet, and when he saw that Dotty was singing to her he was in an awful way. So I called him Harry, and I felt quite sorry for him."

"And Harry was in an awful way, was he?" I asked.

"Harry was in a terrible way!" Alicia made tragic answer. "First he scolded Harriet, twittering at her for ever such a long time; and then he flew to the lilac-bush just outside Dotty's window, and he just told Dotty what he thought of him!"

"And did Dotty mind?" I asked in a scandalized tone.

"Did Dotty mind!" cried Alicia. "Of course, Edward, our Dotty is an awfully nice bird, and we got him on my birthday, and we think a terrible lot of him, but all the same, Edward, our Dotty ruffled his feathers and he *swore* at Harry—swore at Harry, until I felt like turning my head away!"

"Why, I never heard of such a thing!" I gasped.

"But the worst of it," said Alicia, "is that Harriet seemed to enjoy what Dotty was saying to Harry. Of course, Edward," continued Alicia thoughtfully, "sparrows can't giggle, and I know they can't as well as anybody does; but when our Dotty swore at Harry, Harriet, up on the telephone-wire, settled her little head between her shoulders, and she *seemed* to giggle!"

With new amazement I glanced around at our circle of pets. Dotty continued to eat on the end of his perch nearest the window, as if every moment was to be his last, and Fido and Peter, their looks of superior virtue quite forgotten, were exchanging glances that seemed to say "What *is* he eating?"

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"And then," continued Alicia, frowning at our epicurean bird, "Harry flew away and came back with Harriet's four brothers."

"Her four brothers?" I demanded, staring respectfully at Alicia.

"Yes," said Alicia. "They're all marked the same as Harriet—I've known them ever since they could barely fly. And they all gathered around little Harriet on the telephone-wire and—and they reasoned with her. One of the brothers lost his temper at last and pecked her, and that made Harry angry, and he fought Harriet's brother for pecking her, and, oh, there was an awful time! They all flew away just before you came and—see? Dotty is trying to coax her back again."

"Trying to coax her back again?" I asked.

"Yes," said Alicia. "He's pretending he has something good to eat, and he thinks Harriet will come to see what it is."

"And isn't Dotty really eating anything?" I indignantly asked.

"He's eating nothing at all!" declared Alicia. And in a significant tone she added: "I know him!"

My indignation growing, I arose and, looking into Dotty's cage, I saw indeed that he *was* eating nothing at all, and doing it with all the gusto in the world, holding it under his foot as if it were the choicest morsel ever known, pecking it, chivying it with his beak, swallowing it and closing his eyes in ecstacy at its exquisite flavor.

"Look!" suddenly whispered Alicia. "There's Harriet!"

Again we all stooped and looked up at the telephone wire, and there I saw a pretty and demure little sparrow looking shyly toward our window. Dotty (with one eye on Harriet) threatened me with his wings, and began swearing at me with a fluency which reminded me irresistibly of Captain Kidd and the pirates of the Spanish Main.

"Look!" exclaimed Alicia again, "that's Harry!"

A sorrowful-looking young sparrow flew to Harriet's side. Harriet, however, never even gave him a glance, but continued to watch our Dotty, who was singing as if his life depended upon it. Dotty was paying no further attention to me, evidently regarding me as cowed, squashed, and utterly done for; but it was evident that he was pouring out his tunefulness at Harriet's feet and rapidly turning her poor little head.

"This has got to stop!" exclaimed Alicia.

"It has!" I firmly agreed.

"I know what I'll do, then," Alicia whispered, springing to her feet. She ran to the library and returned with a fuzzy little image of a duck which I had brought her for Easter. This duck was about as large as a week-old chick. It had wires on its feet and such bright black shoe-button eyes that it looked more alive than a real one. "I'll fasten it to Dotty's perch!" laughed Alicia.

"But what good will that do?" I complained. "I thought you were going to stop it."

"Well, don't you see?" said Alicia earnestly. "Harriet will think that Dotty has another bird in his life, and then of course her infatuation will be cured, and she'll go off with Harry just to spite Dotty, and to show him that she doesn't care!"

Whereupon Alicia opened the door of Dotty's cage and wired the imitation duckling to the perch. We then withdrew from the window and watched to see what would happen. Dotty, chirping with fear, jumped down into the bottom of his cage and cringed near his seed-pot, with many a fearful glance toward the smiling little image on his perch.

"Look!" breathed Alicia. "Didn't I tell you?"

I looked up at the telephone-wire. Young Harriet, with Harry by her side, had turned her back squarely upon the faithless Dotty and was evidently listening to what Harry was twittering into her ear. The next moment, after one scornful glance over her shoulder at Dotty, she flew down upon our lawn, the victorious Harry still by her side, and there they picked up two bits of dry grass and flew away, to start upon their nest in the most ostentatious manner, I am sure, that was ever seen in the kingdom of birds.

And there we were! Fido and Peter, who had evidently found that Dotty had been deceiving them in the matter of food, had resumed their looks of superior goodness; and the more superior and good they looked, the more Alicia fed them with cake and bits of chicken salad; and the more Alicia fed them with cake and bits of chicken salad, the louder I laughed; and the louder I laughed, the more appealing grew Dotty's chirps—the valiant Dotty, who had so lately been whistling for company, but whose only thought now was to be relieved of this Bird—this Smiling Enigma—which had, as Alicia said, so unmistakably come into his life, his thoughts—and his cage!

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A ROW OF BOOKS

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

THAT we all live on one another and that the weakest are killed by the strongest, may be a law of competitive society; but it is not a pleasant theory on which to build a gospel—still less is it one which we would willingly teach to children. But imagine, for a moment, a childish mind which accepts this law as a religion and is shaped by it, and then try to picture the career of such a child in after-life.

Frank Cowperwood, the leading character in "The Financier" (Harper), by Theodore Dreiser, was a materialist even as a boy. When his mother told him the story of Adam and Eve, he didn't believe it. One day he passed by a store window in which was a glass tank; in the glass tank were a squid and a lobster. The lobster was evidently hungry for the squid; but every time he darted in to the attack, the squid would shoot out a cloud of ink and disappear behind it. The boy was fascinated by this battle to the death; he could not sleep for thinking of it. Day after day he returned to the store window and saw that the squid was getting weaker—that his supply of ink was failing. One night he found, to his grief and astonishment, that his morbid wish was granted. The lobster cowered in his corner, and before him lay the squid cut in two and partially devoured.

The incident became for Frank Cowperwood a parable of life. His parents had dodged his questions with fairy-tales. Here at last was a dramatized answer which was real and vital—life was a fight. If you were only strong enough, you could take what you liked. There was no religion, no law, no morality—these were all shams; the only right was might. From that moment he set to work craftily to train himself to be a conqueror.

It will be seen that in Frank Cowperwood Mr. Dreiser has conceived the monstrous character of a brutally modern type—that of a man who in a former age would have been a mercenary or a pirate, but who to-day enters the walks of lawless finance; a man whose single good quality is his indomitable defiance in opposing himself to the ink-bags of all the human squids.

"The Financier" is a book which it is as easy to undervalue as it is to overestimate. Lacking for the most part in either ingenuity or brilliancy, it is a work of immense area, contrived with appalling patience. Here is a man, we are told, who, starting penniless, amassed a fortune before he was thirty. Mr. Dreiser is not content with giving us this information: he insists on piloting us through a jungle of statistical intricacies, showing how the wealth was acquired.

This riding tortoise-back into the realms of money-getting makes the story plausible but the reader tired. The details, which create the effect of reality, are piled so high that they shut out the light. More interesting than the acquiring of wealth is the spending of it—and this is treated with disproportionate brevity.

So long as Frank Cowperwood fights with the lobsters against the squids he succeeds in his desires; but at last, by an act of fatal treachery, he makes an enemy of a lobster stronger than himself. His chief benefactor is a Philadelphia politician, Butler, who has a daughter, Aileen. Cowperwood is married and the father of two children, but he acknowledges no moral law higher than his own power to attain. He falls dishonorably in love with Aileen. At the

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time of the panic, brought about by the Chicago fire, he finds his fortune endangered and goes to Butler for financial backing. Butler has secretly discovered his daughter's disgrace and uses his influence to smash Cowperwood, with the result that Cowperwood goes to jail.

There are many things about this book which promise the elements of greatness: its splendid industry; its unabashed sincerity; its mirrorlike portrayal of a certain phase of national life. But the elements of greatness never come together to produce greatness. The foliage of unnecessary detail obscures the trees—and one misses the spiritual perception which raises even selfish men into magnanimity in periods of crisis. The Civil War was being waged during the early years of Cowperwood's career; all he saw in the national calamity was an opportunity to make more money. The squid and lobster theory of the universe is all very well, but even among the lobsters there are seasons when life becomes too poignant and the theory is set aside.

Mary Johnston in "Cease Firing" (Houghton, Mifflin) has achieved a book utterly different from that of Mr. Dreiser in subject, yet curiously like it in strength and in defects. One would judge that both had been powerfully influenced by Zola's methods, and that both had missed the cumulative directness of his style. Zola achieved his astonishing effects by his masterly control of the massed information which he employed as background to his story. Mary Johnston and Mr. Dreiser have both been at infinite pains to fill their books with accurate knowledge, but they have each allowed their information to drown their invented narrative.

"Cease Firing" is told from the point of view of a private soldier in the Confederate Army. His romantic meeting and marriage with Désirée form the charming episodes of the early chapters. But soon the threatening fact of the war itself—of brothers fighting and dying, of a country in civil conflict—shifts the center of interest from a group of characters to the impersonal event in which they figure. The book ceases to be a novel and becomes a series of vividly pictured tableaux—a historical pageant, staged with acute appreciation for color and temperament. The book is a stupendous piece of historic reconstruction; but it is not a novel. The heroes and heroines are blotted out by the smoke of battle.

"Man was born free, yet we see him everywhere in chains," was the assertion which bugled the intellect of France to arms at the end of the eighteenth century. To-day a new revolution is being fought which has for its inspiration the same hatred of captivity: it is captained by a woman. The army which she leads is an army of children; they run before and behind her, crying, in the words of Peter Pan: "We are the sun rising; we are the new world; we are little birds that have broken out of their eggs—we are joy, joy, joy."

In reading "The Montessori Method" (Stokes), by Maria Montessori, and "A Montessori Mother" (Holt), by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, while I have been deeply interested in the discussion of an educational system, I have been more profoundly moved by the revelation of a calm, grave personality. And I was glad that this new world-mother should be called Mary—the name which, above all names, stands for motherhood.

Maria Montessori, we read, was born of parents rather less than well-to-do. Affronting the social etiquette of her day, she decided to study medicine and was the first woman to obtain the degree of doctor from the University of Rome. Making a specialty of children's diseases, she came to the conclusion that it took a cramped soul to deform a body.

The opportunity came to her to test her theory when she was made director of an institute for the feeble-minded. After years of observation and experiment in spiritual remedies for spiritual deficiencies, she achieved a miracle. The miracle was repeated many times—it was nothing less than exercising the souls of idiot children, supposedly incurable, until they gained their proper stature.

Not content with her intellectual equipment, she re-entered the University of Rome to study experimental child-psychology. As a result, in 1907 she founded the first Casa dei Bambini. A saint, working with medieval consecration along intensely modern lines, she lives in Rome, the city of immemorial pilgrimages, freeing the souls of little children.

Like everything that is true, the discovery of Maria Montessori is so simple that one marvels it should have remained hidden through the centuries. Kant guessed it partly when he wrote, "Perfect art returns to nature." Her system consists in the main in safeguarding for children the freedom which is their birthright. She has realized that education, as practised to-day, has for its purpose not the development, but the suppression, of personality—and that suppressed personality makes a diseased mind. We hound the souls of our children out of their sweet gravity into bitterness and frenzy, torturing them with the short-sighted ambitions which have made all former generations old and disappointed.

We do this, so we say, that they may be expert for the battle of life. Actually we thieve from the child its freedom, and send it voyag-

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ing with the regaining of that same freedom as its goal—a fretful voyage.

In the Montessori system neither prizes nor physical chastisements are applied as goads to tired little brains. The guillotines of corporal punishments and verbal barbarities are set aside; the children are left alone to look out upon the world and discover that it is good.

This book of Maria Montessori is subversive of all ancient inhumanities and unkindness. Her teaching will accomplish more than Socialism or any other dozen of our adult panaceas for social wounds. She begins, before any damage has been done, with the child.

If the principles of this world-mother could be applied to the refashioning of adult society, how many of our age-old dreams might not come true. One remembers the wise words from Palestine: "Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." Could she not make us all little children? Then there would be no more prisons, or armies, or exploitations of the poor. If all the children of our day were to come under the influence of Maria Montessori, there would not be a man or woman in the next generation; the world would be peopled with Peter Pans—boys and girls who never grew up.

There are fashions in fiction as well as in hats. One of the recent fashions has been stories of the stage. Very few of them have possessed the sincerity of truth; truth can be so ugly at times, and ugliness does not sell. "The Career of Beauty Darling" (Lane), by Dolf Wyllarde, is an ugly book; in this case it is a reason for admiration. It takes a good deal of courage on the part of a novelist to flout the public taste, flinging away chances of profit simply for the reward of being righteous. The misunderstood stepdaughter who goes wrong, makes an instant success on the stage, and finishes up as a duchess, has an evil influence on the morals of every young girl who reads about her and supposes that she also is misunderstood. And who has not supposed that at a certain age? This book, whatever its defects of taste, makes emphatic the lesson that the escapes from the wages of sin are few.

Beauty Darling commenced life inauspiciously—she was picked up off a doorstep. At the early age of fourteen the heredity of the parents she had never known began to tell; she had a misfortune and ran away from the mother of her adoption. She went on the stage as a chorus-girl, traveled on the road, and, after plentiful disillusion, bartered herself for success. At no time did she derive any happiness from her sinning—only creature-comforts; at twenty she was world-jaded. Then at last the bill for her way of living, long overdue, was presented and she paid.

The story is not great; but it is pitiful and real. It ought to be read widely; but it won't. It is a much-needed corrective to a popular delusion—which is, that you can thrust your hand into the fire and get off scatheless.

Anton Tchekhoff's death eight years ago caused a demonstration of mourning unprecedented in Russian literary annals. His stories and plays have entered into the literary currency of Europe. One work of his was published in England some years ago, but "The Kiss and Other Stories" (Scribner) is, I believe, his first volume to appear in America.

Very many of these stories are not stories as we understand them, but exquisite and fugitive impressions of life, suggesting vistas of thought and experience rather than following them. Sex enters into them powerfully; they are romantic cross-roads at which various characters meet unexpectedly in the course of a long journey. Anton Tchekhoff writes with haunting elusiveness; so half-spoken and delicately subtle are his words that one has often to re-read, having arrived at the end, before one discovers the clue of the story.

Above all things, his writing has that quality so notably the possession of Russians, temperament—quivering, individualized passion which employs moods as the mirage of some hidden reality. With American and English authors it is the story that counts superlatively; with Anton Tchekhoff the story is secondary—his main purpose is spiritual self-revelation.

"The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol" (Lane), by W. J. Locke, is rightly entitled; it is essentially a joy-book. Monsieur Pujol comes in for all kinds of hard luck, but he always turns up smiling. His secret of success is that he does favors for prosperous persons and keeps their addresses in his pocket for a rainy day. When he sees a rich man in a dilemma, he sees a possible life-buoy. He stars the sea of his adventures with persons who owe him a debt of gratitude. Lest you should gather from this that he is no more than a self-enthusiast, I hasten to add that he has the instincts of motherhood. His adventures with the foundling prove it.

But why, oh why, does Mr. Locke follow the current prejudice and show such horror of tears? "Fleurette"—one of the "adventures"—might have been a great story if there had only been a little more crying; as it is, it is merely pretty. I suppose crying would have spoilt Monsieur Pujol's joy.

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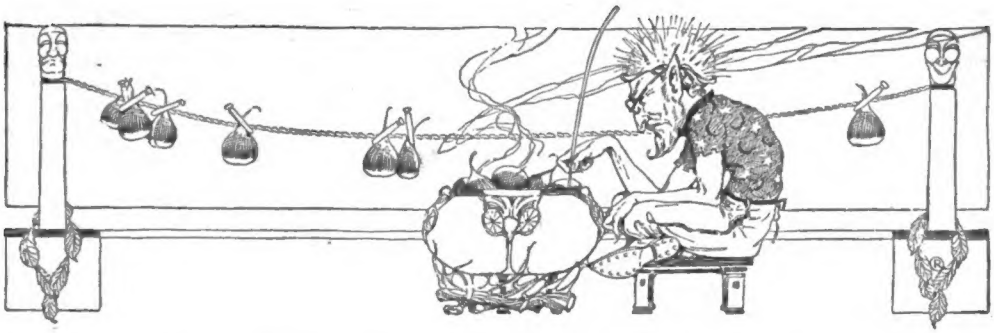

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A small boy handed in the following on an examination paper in United States history:

"General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary War. He had three horses shot under him and a fourth went through his clothes."

Two amateur burglars were reconnoitering a neighborhood. One pointed out a prosperous-looking house as a likely subject for their efforts.

"Nope," said the other. "'Tain't worth while crackin' that house. I looked through the winder, and they're so durn poor that two ladies actually had to play on one piano."

A man from the city went to a small country town in New Hampshire to spend his vacation. At the station he took the stage, which was drawn by two dilapidated horses, and found that he had no smaller bill than a five-dollar one, which he handed to the driver.

The driver looked at it for a moment or so, and then said: "Which horse do you want?"

The following is an elegiac tribute clipped from a country paper:

"But yesterday he moved among us in the conscious pride and strength of sturdy manhood; to-day his name is numbered with the silent majority. It is probable that the single immediate cause of his decease will never be known. The house on his father's farm was burning; there was need for active, decisive, heroic action; life was to be succored and property was to be saved and well he responded to the challenge; but his soul, conscious of its own great strength, urged his physical body beyond the limits of mortal endurance, and when he fell beneath an overturned piano it is probable that exterior and interior injuries combined to snap the thread of life."

The teacher told her boys in Sunday-school that every time we breathe some one dies.

Presently one of the youngsters was observed to puff and breathe heavily, his face red with the effort.

"Why, Roy, what is the matter with you?" asked the teacher.

"I—am—uh—killing—uh—Indians!"

A South Dakota state senator recently gave a new illustration of that fine saying of an ancient philosopher: "Man was born for mutual assistance."

A customer entered the small-town barbershop.

"How soon can you cut my hair?" he asked of the proprietor, who was seated in an easy chair, perusing the pages of a dime novel.

"Bill," said the barber, addressing his errand

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boy, "run over and tell the editor that I'd like my scissors, if he's got done editin' the paper. Gentleman waitin' for a hair-cut."

A traveler who believed himself to be sole survivor of a shipwreck upon a cannibal isle, hid for three days, in terror of his life. Driven out by hunger, he discovered a thin wisp of smoke rising from a clump of bushes inland, and crawled carefully to study the type of savages about it. Just as he reached the clump he heard a voice say: "Why in hell did you play that card?" He dropped on his knees and, devoutly raising his hands, cried:

"Thank God they are Christians!"

A big, brawny Texan, known for his nasal twang and ability to make money, was paying court to a young woman of his town, when she left Texas for Vancouver, British Columbia. Some time later she married there. When the Texan heard of it—but let him tell his own story:

"D'ye know what I done? I got on the train and I went up there, and I went to see her. And d'ye know what I said to her? I said to her, 'I'm goin' to *quit* ye. I'm goin' to quit ye right *now!*' "

They were city folks, and they had just become nicely established on the newly bought little farm. With the help of suggestions from interested neighbors, they were fitting out the place, and it was the wife who approached one of the kindly farmers with the question:

"How many eggs a day ought a really good hen to lay?"

The teacher was hearing the class in arithmetic. One of the pupils, a rather stupid boy, watched the figures on the blackboard with a great deal of interest, much to the teacher's satisfaction. The teacher did several sums on the board especially for this pupil, and as he erased the last figure he turned to the boy:

"Well, Andrew, do you understand those examples that I have just been doing?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, "but I would like to ask a question about them."

"What is it, Andrew?"

"Where do the figures go," asked Andrew, "when they are rubbed out?"

In the days when the sight of young America abroad was not as common as it is to-day, a beautiful Connecticut young woman made the ascent of Mont Blanc in the company of a party of English and Americans, mostly artists. The others had given expression in awestruck whispers to the impression which the sublime scene made on them, while the young lady stood apart in silence, gazing out over the vast prospect with eyes bright and lips parted.

Finally they turned to her for some expression of her emotions, and she suddenly exclaimed: "My! Ain't I high!"

A snobbish young Englishman visiting Washington's home at Mount Vernon was so patronizing as to arouse the wrath of guards and caretakers; but it remained for "Shep" Wright, an aged gardener and one of the first scouts of the Confederate Army, to settle the gentleman. Approaching "Shep," the Englishman said:

"Ah—er—my man, the hedge! Yes, I see, George got this hedge from dear old England."

"Reckon he did," replied "Shep." "He got this whole blooming country from England."

Gordon, seven years old, was playing bandit, and for some time had been staggering around, as if badly wounded by the imaginary bullets of his playmates. A neighbor who had been watching the game remarked:

"Gordon, why don't you fall down some time?"

"Oh," Gordon replied, "I would have been dead long ago if I had had on my old pants."

A young man walking through a foreign quarter of New York stopped with an amused smile in front of a small eating-place, on the window of which was painted in whitewash, "LAM STEW."

The proprietor, from his doorway, asked what the joke was, and the young fellow explained about the missing "b" in "lamb," and was thanked for the correction.

The next day, passing the same restaurant, he found that while the bill of fare had changed, the spelling lesson had not been forgotten. The proprietor was now offering "CLAMB CHOWDER."

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Everybody's Magazine
Trumbull White Managing Editor
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Published by The RIDGWAY COMPANY New York

SPRING & MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY

With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

ON THE evening of St. Valentine's Day, February 14, there was a surprise party given in New York.

Now there are a lot of good reasons why this particular party ought to be mentioned; why we are very happy about it—even proud of it—ourselves, and why we think our readers will be interested in it. For the surprise party was given to a fellow member of our craft.

On the staff of a magazine of national circulation is an associate editor, one of several of the same designation on this same publication. Before coming into his present position some years ago, he had served elsewhere, so that now he has twenty years of editorial work behind him. During these twenty years, slowly and steadily, he has been winning friendships by personal devotion, personal service, "doing unto others as he would be done by"—and then some more.

That explains the surprise party.

No anniversary to celebrate. No event of sudden consequence. No change of occupation. Just the common wish of this large circle of friends to volunteer something that would show such a friend how much they thought of him.

And so they gave him a dinner-party.

It had to be a surprise party, or the object of it could never have been brought to attend. Until thirty seconds before he was led into the banquet-room, not a hint had been given him. There sat the hundred friends at the single great round table.

Isn't it fine to do that sort of thing for such a man while you still have him in reach?

And this in New York, too!

Doesn't it give you a bit of a glow to learn that a hundred men and women, known to most of you as the real figures of importance in the magazine world, can come together for a surprise party, skylark at the dinner-table, and testify so earnestly their appreciation of a friend?

Appreciation. There you have the reason for the dinner. Appreciation for unselfish service.

"GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, *BUT* FRIEND"

For twenty years this friend has been doing things for others—things that count. Doing things for others who may or may not have deserved it. Digging out promising manuscripts from unpromising mail-bags. Coaching young authors whose work showed signs of hope. Rejecting bad stories from good friends, sorrowfully but truthfully. Giving up evenings and afternoons

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and mornings to sit with authors over details of construction, suggesting defects of characterization, cutting verbosity, polishing inelegance—yes, even correcting bad English.

We know of an author who, recently working on an order from a magazine to turn out an article within a certain time, found himself, just before the ending of his work, sterile and unable to go on; and who, seeing no way out, called upon this friend to pull him out of his slough of depression and ineffectiveness.

This editor, in short, has humanized his editorial desk. The watchword of his work has been *service*. Which, after all, is the highest attribute of man in his relations with his fellow men.

Few of us can aspire to be "guide, philosopher, *but* friend" to those around us.

Now this episode bears on all of us connected with EVERYBODY'S—readers and editors and publishers alike. The magazine is a composite of every one connected with it, inside and outside—the resultant of all the forces acting upon it, as the physicists would say. The atmosphere in which worth-while things can be done may not be shut in by closed windows and closed doors. The team-work that makes a magazine personality draws its strength from far beyond the walls of any office. It must take in all the readers and all the writers.

So it seems to us that this event ought to appeal to every one of you. It is the kind of thing that ought to be happening elsewhere, in many places, and in many crafts.

Not necessarily surprise dinner-parties. Not necessarily testimonials of personal gratitude for help given and friendships deserved. But recognition of loyal, competent service—service done not because of the pleasure in doing it, but done for the sake of helping.

It is fine to be told of such appreciation. But it is finer to tell it. There are not many things that will afford so much pleasure to both him who receives and him who gives.

Yes, there was a loving-cup; but that doesn't seem nearly so important as the things that were said and the spirit that ruled. In such circumstances it becomes easy to get over-sentimental, and that error was avoided by keeping on the side of humor.

And besides the toasts there were poems by real poets, all short and worth quoting because of quality and content. Here are two to prove it:

He takes us up with such good will,
Acceptance has an added thrill.
He turns us down with such good grace,
His sympathy has saved our face.
When Fate decrees a blackened eye,
He works like hell to show us why;
Or toils like blazes half the night
To make our bloomin' story right.
He's blue with us when we are blue,
And just as glad when we "break through."
And of himself thinks not at all.
That's him! That's Hall!

Others may build their fragile towers of dream,
Others may follow glory's mocking gleam,
Others may struggle for the crown of song,
Others may largely mouth of right and wrong,
Others may battle for the hero's bay,
Others, intent on power, may have their day,
Yet miss life's precious hours, in wider ends,
Ay, mourn the passing of remembered friends,
And know, through seeking much, how naught was done,
And find, for all their struggle, nothing won!

These others you have captained. You have seen
Them battle for the laurel's transient green;
But you achieve, where all these others fail;
You, you have conquered without plume or mail!
Yet something more than being poniard-true
And sabre-straight has brought this crown to you!
For you have known and played that happier part,
The helping comrade, and the open heart;
And in this world where naught survives its span,
You have kept green our godlier faith in man,
And we whom you befriended, we, who caught
The kindly heart behind each casual thought,
Pass on this prouder message, whispered low:
Here is a man all men were glad to know!

Then Mrs. Sydney Porter told of the long-time devotion of her husband, O. Henry, to his dearest friend; how he once altered a check signature from George Gilman Hall to George Gentleman Hall.

When the dinner was over, when the speeches had been made, and the poems read, the toastmaster rose and announced:

"At last we have been able to give Gilman Hall something, but it has taken a hundred of us to do it."

We feel an additional personal satisfaction in the matter, because it happens that Mr. Hall is an associate editor on EVERYBODY'S.

And that is why every reader of our magazine likewise is entitled to a share of the same satisfaction, a part of the glow and warmth of it.

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